

A THE *Burton*
Fool of Quality,
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY
EARL of *Moreland.*

VOL. II.

By Mr. BROOKE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for the AUTHOR.

By DILLON CHAMBERLAINE, in Dame Street,
facing Fownes's Street.

MDCCLXVI.

Fool of Quality

HISTORY



H. E. R. Y.

HEART OF MOUNTAIN

VOL. II

By Mr. BROOKER

Printed for the AUTHOR

By Messrs. Groombridge and Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



THE
Fool of Quality,
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY
EARL of *Moreland*.

Author. **Y**OU are welcome, my
Friend. But pray, to
what may I be indebted
for the Favour of this Visit?

Friend. In compliment to your Work,
rather than to its Author, I confess that
Curiosity impelled me-hither, in spite of
some other urgent Occasions. Indeed, I
A 2 heartily

heartily curs'd the Intruders who disturbed us in so interesting a Point of the Story; and I should not have slept since, had I not in some Measure satisfied my Impatience by making out the Remainder in my own Mind.

Aut. And pray, how have you contrived the Business?

Fr. In a way, as I thought, that could not be avoided. The natural Affections of a Parent join'd to the recent Obligations, by which old *Clement* was bound to his Son, must necessarily effect a perfect Reconciliation, and all End, as one would wish, in future Prosperity. In Truth, I thought it full Time to put a Period to the Reader's Distress, by putting an End to those of the unfortunate *Clement*.

Aut. Happily guessed, my Friend. Your Imagination has supplied my Place to great Advantage. To proceed, would answer no Manner of Purpose.

Fr. But then it struck me, this Morning, that the deplorable Condition, in which these People were found, could not be consistent with my Plan. This has brought me in a Hurry. I think that my Plan is still the right one. I fear, you
have

have indulged yourself in the Marvellous, at the Expence of Nature. It is the Fault of all Novellists. I am in great Pain for you. I can't conceive how you bring yourself off in this Plunge.

Aut. Here—Had you called sooner, you would the sooner have had your Spleen or your Curiosity gratified.

C H A P. VIII.

DURING his Fit, the Surgeon, came with his Instruments and Dressings; and, having in vain attempted to restore him, by sprinkling Water in his Face, and by the Application of Hartshorn to his Nose and Temples; he took some Blood from him, whereon, he opened his Eyes, and began to breathe with Freedom. He then examined his Wound, which was a little above his Forehead, and declared it so slight, as scarce to be an Excuse for keeping his Chamber. The Surgeon, having dressed it, received his Fee and retired. And my Father, ringing for the Drawer, ordered up a Flask of Burgundy, with a cold Fowl, Oyl and Vinegar.

When the Table was laid, and the Waiter desired to withdraw. My Father, again, looking earnestly and compassionately upon me, I believe, says he, my Child may be hungry; and, ftrait, his Countenance falling, and the Muscles of his Lips beginning to work, he broke into Tears. Barbarous Wretch! he exclaimed, unnatural Ostrich! who could, thus, leave the First-begotten of thy Bowels to the Nakedness of the Sands, and to the Blasting of the Elements.

No,

No, no, my Father, I cried; again throwing myself on my Knees before him; kill me not with your Tears, crush me not with this, your unmerited Concern! all is well, all is happy, and blest'd, as I can bear it to be. This Moment overpays my Years of Anguish, it is like Heaven after passing the Vale of Death and mortal Sufferings.

After Supper, of which my Father scarce tasted, he got up, and, as I rose at the same Time, he stepped to me, and, catching me passionately in his Arms; and putting his Neck across mine, my Child, he cried, my beloved Child, my Life's blessed Preserver! come, once more, to my Bosom, enter thy forsaken Mansion! too long has it been desert and desolate, without thee! But, here, I vow to the Almighty, that no Step-Dames, nor viperous Instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us; accursed be they, who shall attempt to divide us; and, may they come to an evil End, who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the Light of mine Eyes, till I am cold, and insensible to ev'ry other Joy.

While we sat over our Bottle, my Father called for Ink and Paper, and, first presenting me with a Purse of fifty Guineas,

he again gave me a Bill, at Sight, on his Banker, for five hundred Pounds. I started up, but, stopping me, he cried, hold, hold, my *Hammy*, I see myself over-pay'd in the Acknowledgments of that dear, though meagre Countenance; and, then, as I kneel'd before him, with both Hands held over me and Eyes railed to Heaven, he blessed me in an Ejaculation of the tenderest Ardour.

The Reckoning being discharged, and two Chairs ordered to the Door, my Father desired me to meet him at the same Tavern, the following Evening; and said that, in the mean Time, he would think of settling some certain Income upon me; and thus we parted, as though our Souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near Two o'Clock, and the Morning bitter cold. My *Arabella* had, long since, put her Child to Rest; and I found her in Tears by a Fire, scarce alive. She started up, on my entering; her Face gleamed with a sickly Joy; and she uttered some soft Reproaches, of Love and Apprehension, for my Absence at those Hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full Tide of our returning Happiness on her weak and alarmed Spirits; I took out some
Confections

Confections and a Pint of Sack, which I had purposely brought in my Pocket. I broke some Naple Biscuit into a Cup, and, pouring some of the Wine upon it, I set her the Example, and prevail'd on her to eat.

Mean while, she gazed, earnestly, and inquisitively, in my Face. My *Hammy*, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What Eyes are these, *Hammy*, what new kind of a Countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it, my God! that the Darling of my Soul should have done any Thing criminal. First, perish your *Arabella*, perish also her Infant, rather than, on our Account, or on any Account, the least of the Virtues of my *Hammy* should be lost.

No, no, my Angel, I cried, Daughter of highest Heaven! God has been wonderfully gracious to me, he blesses me, for your Sake, my *Arabella*. I have seen my Father, we are happily reconciled, and Famine and Affliction shall come near us, no more.

I then took the Bellows, and lighted up a good Fire, and, while we were emptying our Pint, of which I compelled my Wife to take the larger Share, I gave her a transporting Detail of what had passed;

and poured my Purse of Guineas into her Lap. So, we went to Bed in Peace, regardless of Futurity, the Happiest of all the Pairs on whom the succeeding Sun arose.

We lay in Bed, till the Day was far advanced. I then ordered some comforting white Wine Caudle for Breakfast, and, calling up the Landlady, I discharged our Quarter's Rent.

When she was dismissed; I consulted with my Wife whether she would chuse to retire to *France* or *Holland*, or rather to *York*, or some other remote Place, within the Kingdom. But, reflecting again, on the present Excess of my Father's Tenderness for me, she joined, in thinking it adviseable to act with his Concurrency; and I determined, that very Evening, to reveal to him, in Confidence, the whole pathetic History of our Marriage and Adventures.

Mean while, I thought it best, in all Events, to secure the Means of moderately compassing our Purpose, by taking up the £500 from my Father's Banker. I found, by Experience, that I had now little to fear from being known to any one. My shabby Apparel, and emaciated Face and Limbs, that had prevented the Knowledge

ledge and Remembrance of a Father, appeared a double Security against all other Eyes. I therefore ventured, though not without Circumspection, to Mr. *Giles's* in *Lombard Street*, and, presenting my Bill, demanded Payment.

My Friend, said Mr. *Giles*, it is not two Hours, since a Stop was put to the Payment of that Draught; and I was desired, at the same Time, to put this Paper into the Hands of the Party who should call. So saying, he gave me a Note which I opened, with a Trepidation that was turned into Agony on reading the following Words.

To *Hammel Clement*.

“ **M**OST subtle, and most accursed
 “ of all cruel Contrivers! thou
 “ didst thyself, then, set that Villain on
 “ thy foolish and fond Father, by whom
 “ his Blood was shed, and his Life nearly
 “ lost. I renounce thee, I abjure thee
 “ from henceforth, and for ever. And,
 “ as I continue to disclaim all Sorts of
 “ Ties with thee, either here, or hereaf-
 “ ter; so may Heaven continue to prosper,

“ *Bartholomew Clement.*”

On

On reading this dreadful Paper, I retired from the Counter without speaking a Word. I got home, I know not how, for I neither knew what I did, nor considered what I was about. I walked up Stairs, without perceiving that I was followed. But, I had scarce got into my Room, when five or six Men entered, almost along with me; and one of them, stepping directly up to my Wife, cried, Mistress, I arrest you in his Majesty's Name.

Hereat, I turned, and was stunned, and rouzed again in an Instant. I caught up the Poker, and, aiming at a well dressed Man, whose Face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the Crew, I missed the Crown of his Head, but tore off one Ear, and cut him, through his Cloaths and Shoulder, to the Bone. I then flew upon the rest. I dealt my Blows, with inconceivable Fury and Quickness. I cleared my Room in a few Seconds and, tho' several Shots were fired at me from the Stairs, I chased them all to the Entry, and, returning to my *Arabella*, I barrocaded the Door.

It was then that she interposed, and, dropping on her Knees before me, what is my *Hammy* about, she cried, what Madness

ness has possessed my Love? Would you be guilty of actual and instant Murders, through a rash and vain Attempt, of rescuing from our Laws a Person whom neither God, nor Man hath yet condemned? This, indeed, were to ensure the Ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my Heart's Master, let us neither commit nor fear Iniquity. Join with me, my *Hammy*, let us trust in our GOD, and nothing, but Good, can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late Terrors of her Countenance disappeared; and her Aspect was gradually overspread with a Serenity, to be imagined, in some Measure, from the Face of an Evening Heaven in Autumn; when the Songs of Harvest are heard through the Villages, all about.

I gazed on her, with a speechless and complacent Reverence. She gently took the Weapon from my unresisting Hand; and, leading me back, she seated me in the furthest Chair. She, then, removed every Bar and Obstacle to their Entrance. The Stairs were, now, filled with People who had been called to the Assistance of the King's Officers, but they still appeared apprehensive and fearful of advancing.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, said *Arabella*, be pleased to walk in; I deliver myself peaceably into your Hands; ye shall find no further Opposition to his Majesty or the Laws. The Officers, accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of Respect; neither did any of them offer to lay a Hand upon her. Good God! Madam, exclaimed the Foremost, is it possible you should be guilty of the Crimes laid to your Charge, by that Rascal whom your Husband has Half killed. He is carried off to the Doctors; but I think, in my Conscience, that he has got his Deserts; and, as for the few Hurts that we have received, we excuse your Husband, Madam, for your Sake; and we think him the braver and the better Man, for what he did. By my Soul, sweet Madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank ye, Gentlemen, said my Wife, gracefully smiling and curtsying; pray, be pleased to sit, while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty, indeed, of the Death of a Man, and, yet, guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the Defence of Virtue. But, Gentlement, says she, again smiling, you are likely to be troubled with more Prisoners than you look for. One of them, indeed, is young, and, as little meaning of Harm to any One, as his Mother.

Mother. I must, therefore, beg your Indulgence in sending for a Coach; and, pray, do me the Favour to accept this Trifle, as the Means of washing away Animosity between you and my Husband. So saying, she presented their Chief with a Guinea, who, rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a Coach.

Had the Harp of *Orpheus* been tuned, like the Voice of my *Arabella* at this Season; it is not to be wondered that Tygers should grow tame, and Bears crouch down before him, and lick his Feet. Since Wretches like these, hardened in hourly Acts of Insolence and Inhumanity, were now awed to downcast Reverence; and, on her Return from the Closet with her Infant in her Arms, dropped a Tear of still Compassion, as though they had not, wholly, forgotten, that they were born of Women.

In the mean Time, my Fury having subsided at the Instance of my Wife, I should certainly have fainted, if I had not been relieved by a Gush of Tears; which I endeavoured to conceal, by turning aside and putting my Hankerchief to my Face. A Cloud, of thick Darkness again overspread my Soul; and every internal

ternal Idea grew pregnant, and laboured with Apprehension and Horror. I cursed my Meeting with my Father, and his treacherous Appearance of Bounty, which had served to bring this decisive Ruin upon us; and I looked upon Fortune as solicitous and industrious, to bring Evil and Destruction, out of every Presentment and Promise of Advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed with the Keeper for a tolerable Apartment, at two Guineas *per* Week; and, putting on the best Chear I could affect before my Wife, I sent out for a nourishing Dinner. For I judged it late to be frugal, when Death was at our Door, and I had determined not to survive my *Arabella*, a Moment.

The Day following, I procured Copies of the Depositions of the three Witnesses, the First of whom was our own Servant Maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the Law, but, received no Consolation from their Report. They told me that, had my Wife been actually guilty of the Robbery, as alledged, she might have had some Prospect of being acquitted of the Murder, by being enabled to bribe off the Evidence. But, that, if she was really innocent of the Robbery as I affirmed, it, then, became the very Cause,

Cause, as well as Interest of the guilty Evidence, to have her condemned on both Articles of Accusation.

As the fearful Day approached, I bought, at second hand, two decent Suits of Mourning, with the requisite Appendages for my Wife and myself. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my Tears, and Half suffocated by my Sobs; and I did every Thing, but pray, for my *Arabella*; for I could not think of lifting my Heart to a Heaven, where I had lost all Dependence.

In the mean Time, my Beloved daily recovered Felfh and Health. Her Eyes grew more brilliant, her Complexion more clear, her Countenance was, as the Surface of a Depth of Peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of reflected Confidence, by beholding her Aspect.

Early, on the fatal Morning, when I had left her within at her Prayers, and had pulled my Hat over my Eyes, and sat down in a Corner, to vent the Throbbings of my Heart; I cast my Eye on a Paper that appeared from under the Door. I took it up with Precipitation, and, in it, found the following Lines.

Tho'

I.

*Tbo' Mountains threat thy naked Head,
 Tbo' circling Gulphs around thee close,
 Tbo' Help is distant; Hope is dead;
 Tbo' Eearth and Hell are sworn thy Foes:*

II.

*Yet, Heav'n their Malice shall defy,
 And strong, in last Extremes, to save;
 Shall stand, with guardian Seraphs, nigh;
 And, with thy Sland'ers, glut the Grave.*

I had no sooner read this Paper, than I dropped down, involuntarily, on my Knees. My Hands clenched together; and I breathed up a most ardent Petition, that some over-ruling Power would take my *Arabella* under his Protection.

Soon after, she came forth, adorned like the Moon when girt about with Clouds, through whose Blackness her Beauty breaks forth with improved Lustre.

While we sat at Breakfast, I presented her with the Verses. She read them, over and over, with deep Attention; and then, returning them with a Smile; this, says she, has been the Stratagem of some very charitable Person, who judged that
 Hope

Hope was wanting to support me at such a Trial.

As the dreadful Hour was at Hand; and as I had considered, before now, that at last it must come. I had prepared a small Bottle of Salts and a Cordial, to support myself, as well as my Wife, from an unseemly Dejection of Spirits in Court.

Ah, Sir! can you tell me how one Thing should come to pass? can you account for this most extraordinary of all the Workings in human Nature? That a Man, at some times, should more feelingly live, or die in Others, than in himself. Had I been called to my last Audit, had the Decision of my own Existence been at Stake, my Apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt, at that Period.

At length, the Keeper appeared, and warned my *Arabella* that she must speedily set out. I turned, instantly, cold and pale; and, it was long before I recovered Strength to rise from my Chair. In the mean Time my Wife returned to our Bedchamber, and, bringing out her Infant, gave him in Charge to a Nurse-keeper; she, then, held her Hands over him, and raised her Eyes to Heaven, in Blessing, for some Time. Again she fixed them

them on his Face, and, gazing upon him, as it were, for a last farewell Look, Tear dropped after Tear, in a pathetic and affectionate Silence.

Being conducted to the *Old-Baily*, my Wife, on entering the Court, turned suddenly pale; and her Countenance was downcast with a Diffidence that she could not for some Time overcome. The Concourse was excessively great, and, chiefly, consisting of the Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes. The great Man himself was there, with a Croud of his Dependents, and all the male and female Relations and Friends of the Deceased.

I gave my *Arabella* the Salts to smell to, and, as she weakly, and bashfully advanced to the Bar, a confused and jarring Murmur was heard on all Sides; and the Words *Impudence*, and *Innocence*, resounded throughout.

When, according to Order, she had held up her Hand, and heard her Indictment; the Judge, with a Countenance and Voice equally stern, demanded Guilty or not Guilty? She answered, Guilty, my Lord, I confess, of the Death of Lord *Stivers*, but, never guilty of any Kind of Robbery or Malice. Woman, said the Judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I should

should proceed to your Sentence. But, I ask you, for the last Time, Guilty or not Guilty? Not guilty, my Lord, she then rejoined; if to do what I approve, and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again, the Murmur was repeated, but continued much longer, and, with more Virulence on the one Part, and more Concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, Sir, with an Account of the Examination of the two first Witnesses, one of whom had been our own Servant Girl, and the other the principal Footman of Lord *Stivers*. They had all Manner of Encouragement, and Countenance from the Court, and concurred in ev'ry Circumstance that cou'd serve for Condemnation. The Sound of Triumph was heard, through all the Gentry, and the Populace, sighingly, gave my *Arabella* for lost.

The third Witness was then called. He was a very genteel and modest-looking young Man, and was now out of Livery.

My Lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute Voice, before I give my Testimony in this Case, I request that the two first Witnesses should be taken into Custody. Into Custody? cried the Judge, do
you

you know what you say? I do know what I say, my Lord, and I repeat my Request that they should be taken into Custody. Why, Friend, said the Judge, they are, as you are, they are Witnesses for the Crown against a Criminal, and no Man has a Right to order them into Custody. I say, rejoined the Youth, with an Air still more determined, that they are Witnesses against Innocence, against his Majesty, and against the Laws. That they alone are criminal; that I am Evidence against them; and, I, again, require it of your Lordship, of the Jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their Escape.

I see, exclaimed the Judge, you are a prevaricating Villain; but, I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this Fellow's Examination?

My Lord, my Lord, said the young Man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical Tone. You were not placed there to prejudicate, in any Matter; no more than I was called here to be Brow-beat and sentenced without Trial. If you find that I prevaricate, if you desire to sift me as Wheat, and find any Chaff in me; I refuse not the bitterest Punishment that our Laws can inflict. But, as your Lordship observes,

observes, I am an Evidence for the Crown, and his Majesty, God be praised, will not fix his Tribunal in any Unrighteousness. I therefore demand to be heard, in the Cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the Truth. And you, Gentlemen of the Jury! I petition you to intercede, in favour of Equity with his Lordship, and to prevail that these Criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away. And further, that they should be instantly searched; and all, that is found about them, reserved for the Inspection of yourselves and his Lordship.

My Lord, said the Foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill Consequence can ensue; from searching and setting a Watch over those People; their Testimony is already given, and can't be invalidated thereby.

I cannot agree to it, answered the Judge. They are free Subjects. There is no Indictment nor Deposition against them. They are, also, Evidence for his Majesty, and are therefore under his peculiar Protection. But, I would willingly hear what this Fellow, this Turncoat has to say for himself.

My

My Lord, replied the Youth, I now stand before a Tribunal that is, infinitely, more awful than that of your Lordship. And, provided I approve my Truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your Lordship's Displeasure. My Name is *Edward Longfield*. I was born to happier Prospects. My Father was a Gentleman. And, about eighteen Months ago, I took the Degree of Batchelor at Queen's College in *Oxford*. But, Misfortunes and Misunderstandings happening in our Family, I was left to be the Former of my own Fortunes, and, arriving at *London*, I was taken into Service by my late Lord *Stivers*. He grew fond of me, beyond my Merits, and I began to partake of his Friendship and Confidence, at the Time that I was deprived, of the most generous of Masters, by the most unhappy of all Events.

My Lord had one Foil to his many Virtues. It was an invincible Passion for Female-Beauty. The last Night of his Life, having called me aside, *Ned*, says he, I must take you on an Adventure To-morrow. I have positively the finest Girl in the Universe in Chase; and I must enjoy her in all Events. But the Devil on't is that she is virtuous, though I hope not incorruptible. I have put her
Husband

Husband out of the Way upon a feigned Action for Debt; and I have bribed her Maid over to my Party. So, that I have nothing to contend with but her own lovely Person, and that will be the sweetest Dispute in the World. Sure, my Lord, I cried, you wouldn't force her. Pshaw, said he, damn your impertinent Scruples. Another such Word, *Ned*, and you are blown with me, I can tell you. A fine Woman, my Lad, must be won at any Rate; if she is garrisoned with Virtue, and cannot be got by Stratagem; she must be taken by Storm.

The Day following, my Lord took me, and his Footman *Robert* there, who is one of the Witnesses, to a Tavern directly opposite to the House of the Prisoner. He dined there, alone, and kept us in waiting most Part of the Afternoon, in expectation of Intelligence from that other Witness there, who has borne false Testimony against her Mistress. As he looked out, from Time to Time, at one of the Street Windows, he at last, as I suppose, received the appointed Signal; for, hurrying down Stairs, he ordered us to follow. The Door was, purposely, held open for us by that Woman. Is all safe, *Deb*? says my Lord, Yes, says *Deb*; but may I depend on these who come with you? You may Child, cries my Lord, they are my

VOL. II. B own

own People. It's very well, cries *Deb*, I have just got Miss *Hodgins* out of your Way. My Mistress is above and alone for want of better Company. To her then, my Lord, she is a Dish for an Emperor. But, if she should prove too many for you, I know where the Shame will lie for ever. Well, well, cries my Lord, shut the Door softly *Deb*; and take these Lads, down with you, to the Kitchen. But, whatever ye hear, on your Lives! let me have no Stir, I charge ye. So saying, my Lord went, tripping, up Stairs; and we followed that bad Woman to her darker Region.

I soon observed that my Companion, Mr. *Robert* there, was intent on making up his Acquaintance with Mrs. *Deborah*; and, as I found myself extremely uneasy, I gave them the slip, without being observed; and, stealing up Stairs, I put my Ear to the Door where I heard the Voice of my Master. Blessed Heaven! to what surpassing Sentiments was I, then, an amazed Witness! to what Proofs of a Virtue, that cannot be rated, at less than Divine! If I should not be tedious, I would deliver to the Court; to you, my Lord, in particular; and to you Gentlemen of the Jury; the best Account, I can, of those wonderful Passages.

Hear

Hear him, hear him, hear him! was then almost the universal Cry! till he was permitted, by the Bench; and desired, by the Jury to speak with Freedom.

He, then, repeated, in a more ample and pathetic Manner, all that passed, as I have told you, between Lord *Struers* and my Wife. But, stopping, as he drew near to the fatal Catastrophe. I could no longer bear, he said, the piercing Cries, and agonizing Shrieks of such Virtue, in such Extremity. Had I any kind of Weapon, I thought I should have done my Lord good Service, by protecting the Purity, he was about to violate. But I trembled and grew exceeding sick, and, hast'ning down to the Kitchen, I threw myself into a Chair and swooned away.

While I was in my Fit, and that *Robert* and *Deborah* were busy about me. The fatal Stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the Prisoner made her Escape, with her Infant in her Arms. When I was somewhat recovered, and had taken a Dram of Mrs. *Deborah's* Bottle; she put down the Kettle and invited us to a Dish of Tea. I requested my Companions, from Time to Time, to step out and listen; but they reported that all was quiet above Stairs; and, when I wondered at

this; tut, says *Deborah*, the Lovers have made it up before now, I warrant; and my Mistress is so well pleased with what she was forced to, that it's well for your Master if he gets off before Midnight.

At length it grew darkish, and, being all of us surpriz'd that no Candles were called for, we went, in a Body, up Stairs, and *Deborah* ventured, gently, to tap at the Door; but, hearing no Voice nor Stirring in the Chamber, she turned the Bolt, softly; and, peeping in, she gave a loud Shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as I was prepared, by my Knowledge of the Lady's Virtue, for some dreadful Catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The Floor was Half covered with clotted Blood. My Master lay in the Midst, already stiff and cold; and Part of the fatal Scissars was, still, within the Wound. We all stood, for some Time, in silent Astonishment and then, with joint Tears, lamented his Fate. At length, says *Deborah*, I would gladly see if my bloody Mistress has taken Care to provide for her Journey. So saying, she stooped, and, taking his Lordship's Purse from his Pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety seven Guineas. She, then,
took

took out his fine Gold-Repeater; and, next, his Gold Snuff-Box; and last took his large Diamond Ring from his Finger.

Come my Lads, says *Deborah*, my Lord's Silence gives Consent, and we can no more be said to rob this Piece of Earth, than the People in the Mines, who gather Gold from Clay. If my Mistress is ever taken, she must suffer Death for the Murder; and they can do no more to her, for the Robbery, and twenty such Matters together. If you will, therefore, be of my Counsel, we will comfort ourselves, as we ought, for this melancholy Business; and share a Prize between us, that no one else has a Right to, and that no Body will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little Time, he appeared more sanguine than *Deborah* herself; and they urged me to join them, by a Number of interesting and cajoling Instances. I was dispirited. I was affrighted. I saw a Scene of Blood and Slaughter before me; and I doubted not that, if I refused them, I should be made the second Victim to their Resentment and Avarice. I pretended to value the Watch at an unmeasurable Rate, and that I should be greatly the Gainer, if I got it for my Dividend. Mrs. *Deborah* then went to her Mistresses Drawers; and,

taking out Half a Dozen of Silver Spoons, a Tea Equipage, and several Articles in Laces and Cambricks; she fairly laid them before us; and observed, at the same Time, that her Mistress would not call in a Hurry to demand them; and that the Landlord would take all if we did not come in for Snacks. She then made a new Division, she compelled me further to accept of the Snuff-Box. She gave the Purse of Gold intire to *Robert*; and contented herself with the Diamond Ring, some Gold Medals, my Lord's Handkerchief, and the Plunder of her Mistress.

While Mr. *Longfield* was in this Part of his Testimony; the Foreman of the Jury cried out, Stay, Sir! Good People, pray stop those Witnesses, there! I see, they are making off. And, now, do us the Favour to search their Pockets; and to put what ye find into two Hats severally; and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done; Mr. *Longfield*, says the Foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr. *Longfield*. Here is my noble Master's Watch; and here is his Snuff-Box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable Persons, at present, in Court. And, I bless

I bleſs my God that I have been enabled to preſerve them, for the Vindication of Innocence, and the Illuſtration of Virtue, at this Day.

Here, Mr. *Longfield* paused; and the Judge cried out, Clerk, hand me up the Examination of this Prevaricator. This his Lordship perused with a Countenance, and Scrutiny, apparently inveterate. But, finding that the Deponent had not touched upon the Robbery, and, that neither the Words, *feloniously*, nor, *of malice*, were inserted in that Part, that referred to the Death of Lord *Stivers*, he tore the Examination into twenty Pieces. Come, come, he cried, again, I have not yet done with this same *Longfield*. I perceive, perfectly well, how he came by the Watch and Suff-Box. The Transference was not difficult, from the Prisoner, who stole them, to this her Confederate. But, tell us, my wonderfully honest Friend! How came you to keep these Things from their lawful Owners, for the very long Space of twelve Months and upward? Why did you not, immediately, or long before now, give Examinations against those, whom you so suddenly take it into your Head to accuse? And, why would you suffer that, so exceeding chaste, and innocent Lady, to labour, all this Time, under the Infamy

with which her Character, in my Judgment, is still justly loaded?

To all these Questions, Mr. *Longfield* barely smiled; but, bowing with his Head, and making a Motion with his Hand to two Gentlemen, who sat on one Side in the Gallery. Mr. *Archibald*, an eminent Merchant, and an Alderman of the City, got up and spoke to the following Effect.

I wish, my Lord, that I could as well content your Lordship, as I can satisfy the Jury, and all others present, on the Articles you require. The Day, immediately succeeding this fatal Accident, Mr. *Longfield* came to me, and, in presence of Mr. *Truelove* here, my worthy and substantial Neighbour, gave a Detail, almost Word for Word, of all that he has this Hour deposed in Court. He then deposited the Watch and Snuff-Box with us; and did not reclaim them till early this Morning. As I am of his Majesty's Peace, he, also, gave in this Examination, before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your Lordship, till I have your previous Engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue Warrants for apprehending the Delinquents; but Mr. *Longfield*, most sensibly and judiciously, observed, that such a Step must, unquestionably, shut the Door a-
gainst

gainst Justice and all Knowledge of the Truth. That the Criminals were Two to One, against their Accuser. That on the slightest Alarm, they would infallibly abscond. Or make away with the Effects, of which they now held themselves the peaceable and unquestioned Possessors. Or contrive some further Plot, to invalidate his Evidence. Or, probably, make him away by Pistol, or Poison, and so deprive that unhappy Gentlewoman of the only Witness of her Innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the Court, under the Confidence of my Confederacy; they will have no Reserve upon them; no foreformed Evasions, or Contrivances for Escape. My unexpected Testimony will suddenly confound their Guilt; and, they may happen to carry some Articles about them, which might serve for their Conviction, beyond ten Witnesses.

In the mean Time, Mr. *Longfield*, Mr. *Truelove*, and I, were solicitous and unwearied in our Inquiries after the unfortunate Prisoner, that we might persuade her to stand her Trial, and to deliver herself up to Justice. But all our Search proved fruitless, till the Day in which she was discovered and taken.

Here, Mr. *Archibald* ended, and the Judge exclaimed; Crier! call the two first
 B 5 Witnesses

Witnesses into Court; that we may hear what they say to this fair Weather Speech. The Crier, accordingly vociferated several O Yeses, for *Deborah Skinner*, and *Robert Callan*, to come into Court. But, had they been within call, they did not chuse to hear. During the Attention of the Court and Jury to Alderman *Archibald*, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next Neighbours, and proceeding, in like Manner, from one to another, they at length confounded themselves with the Croud, and got clear off.

My Lord, then, began to sum his Charge to the Jury; and dwell't, with much Emphasis, on some Articles. Here, says he, we have lost a Nobleman; a Minister; one of the first Ornaments of our Country, and Stays of our Land. And what, I pray ye, have we got, in recompence of this great Damage? Why, my Friends, we have got a new Thing upon the Earth; we have got a Saving of the Honour of a Milliner. But, if this Princess is inviolate, as still is pretended; how come she to be guilty of this most horrid of all Murders, before she knew to what Extremity his Lordship would have proceeded? How did she dare, capitally, to execute a Peer of the Realm, on a simple Attempt, for which our Laws would not have confined a common Porter? This
Woman

Woman must, certainly, have been a Trader in Blood; and her felonious Intents, and Malice, are fully expressed, in the very peculiar Use and Inhumanity of the Weapon, with which she perpetrated this most desperate Deed. You need not therefore, Gentlemen go out of you Box to bring her in guilty of the Murder. I will not affirm, with equal Certainty, touching the Robbery. And yet, to me it is apparent, that she could not have enterprized so barbarous a Fact, if she had not done it in Prospect of plundering the Deceased. But, as she is capitally punishable in the first Instance; I leave ye, Gentlemen, to determine of the Second, at Pleasure.

First, permit us, my Lord, replied the Foreman, to examine what we have got in these Hats. He then drew a long Purse, from among the Relicks of *Robert*, and having counted out seventy Guineas, Mr. *Longfield*, says he, would you know my Lord's Purse? If it is my Master's Purse, said *Longfield*, it is of green Silk, and has toward the Top, a Coronet and the Letter S. wrought under it, in Silver Twist. The very same Sir indeed, rejoined the Foreman. And, now, let us see what Mrs. *Deborah* might have got in her honest Keeping? So saying he took, from the second Hat, a small Wooden Box. It was

was nearly stuffed with Cotton, in which he found my Lord's Diamond Ring, three Gold Medals, and the Ends of the Handles of several silver Spoons. Mrs. *Clement*, says he, I imagine we may have got some of your Property, among us. Pray, had you any Mark to your Silver Spoons? Yes Sir, said she, scarce audible; a *G.* at Top for *Graves*, and a *D.* and *A.* below, for *Dorothy* and *Arabella*. I wish, Madam, replied this Gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an Equivalent for your Merits, as to restore to you this trifling Remnant of your Rights.

Come, Gentlemen, cried the Judge, the Day wears apace. It is Time for ye to retire, and consult on the Verdict ye are to bring in.

My Lord, answered the Foreman, you, truly observed that we need not leave our Box, for the Purpose you require. We are already agreed, and unanimous in our Verdict. And, I would to Heaven! that we were not confined, on this Occasion, to literal Precedents and Forms of Law; that we might give a Verdict, some way adequate to the Merits of the Prisoner, who, however depressed by Fortune, is superior in all Excellencies; whom we judge to be an Honour to Human-Nature,

ture, and the first Grace and Ornament of her own Sex. But, since we are limited, by Custom, in these Matters. We do say, with one Voice, and a Conscience that compells us to Utterance. Not Guilty, my Lord, not guilty!

The Words were scarce pronounced, when the Court-House was almost split by a sudden Peal. Hats, Caps, and Wigs, universally filled the Air, and jostled against each-other. The Triumph was caught and echoed by the Crouds without; and the Sound was repeated, and floated, from Street to Street, till it seemed to die away, in distant Parts of the City.

My Wife, then turned gracefully Curtsying to the Foreman, I thank you, Sir, says she; I thank ye, Gentlemen, says she again, Curtsying to the Rest of the Jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the Assembly, and sat down. But I could not contain my Gratitude, my Transport overpowered me; and, falling on my Knees, and lifting my Hands toward the Jury. GOD, alone, can reward ye, Gentlemen, I cried; may he for ever preserve the Prosperities, Honours, and Families, of the worthy Citizens of *London*, from Violation and Insult.

I then

I then rose, hastily. I slipped out of the Bar; and, rushing up to Mr. *Longfield*, I caught him, eagerly, about the Neck. I could not speak. I hid my Face in his Bosom, and broke into Tears. He attempted to disengage himself; but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr. *Clement*. I congratulate you, Sir, with all my Soul. But, you owe me nothing; I barely did my Duty.

O, my Friend, my Brother, my Preserver! I cried; I owe you more than Life. Existence had been my greatest of Curses, without you. That I am not, at this Moment, the deepest damned of the Creation. That I find myself the most blessed of all Beings. To you, alone, it is owing, my *Longfield*, my Deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me; we, never more must part. You are my Captive for Life. And I, and all that I am, or have, is your's to Eternity.

As the People, within and without, were still in great Commotion, the Court appeared much alarmed; and the Judge, and most of the Gentry, made homeward, through a private Door that opened into a back Alley. But, their Fears were groundless. For the Croud was wholly intent on another

another Object, and impatiently waited for a Sight of my *Arabella*.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr. *Longfield* and myself, they made way, for her, on either Hand; and the Atmosphere again rung with Shouts and Acclamations. So sincere is the Respect that the Populace pay to Virtue; and such is their Exultation when Innocence rises superior to Oppression. But, when Innocence and Virtue are accompanied by Beauty, their Reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to Adoration.

Thus we returned to *Newgate*, amidst the Blessings, Prayers, and Praises, of a yielding Multitude who, still, respectfully opened as *Arabella* advanced. The Windows, on all Sides, poured forth Congratulations, and those through whom we had passed, pressed forward for another Sight, as though their Eyes could not be satisfied with beholding.

Before we entered her late Prison, my Wife turned about, and curtsied, three or four Times, to her numerous Attendants, with an acknowledging Grace and Humility that seemed oppressed by their Favours. She then entered hastily and, running up Stairs, she caught her Child from the Nursekeeper. She held him some Time
in

in her Arms; her Bosom gently heaved; and the Tears rolled, in Silence, down her placid Countenance. But, on our Approach, she turned suddenly into the Bed-chamber; shut to the Door; and continued there in private for near an Hour.

In the mean Time, I sent out for a warm Dinner and a Bottle of Wine. Mr. *Longfield* now told me that he had, often, been tempted to introduce himself to us, during my Wife's Confinement; but, he feared that the Discovery of any Acquaintance or Correspondence, between us, might prejudice *Arabella* upon her Trial. And that, therefore, he had made use of the little Stratagem of the Verses, which he had thrust under our Door, in order to preserve us from a total Depression of Spirits.

When the Cloth was laid; I whispered gently, through the Keyhole, to my *Arabella*; and soon after she came forth, with a Harmony and Beatitude of Motion and Aspect, as though she had instantly dropped from that Heaven, which had wholly possessed her during her Absence.

At Table, Mr. *Longfield* gave us some Heads of his History. He further told us that, since the Death of his late Lord, he had entered into another Service; but that he

he had been out of Place for about a Month past. I have saved, says he, about thirty Guineas of my Wages; but that is not the whole of my Treasure. This Morning, as I was just upon entering the Court, a very comely Gentlewoman twitched me by the Sleeve. She asked me if my Name was not *Longfield*, and if I was not one of the Witnesses on the impending Trial? When I answered in the Affirmative, she took me a little aside, and, putting ten Guineas into my Hand, keep up, said she, to your Evidence, be zealous in avenging the Blood of your Lord, and this is not the last Gratification which you shall receive.

After some further Discourse, I called up the Keeper, discharged the Reckoning and Fees, and returned Thanks for his Civility and particular Respects to my *Arabella*. I then sent for a Coach, and we drove Home together.

On the Way, I prevailed upon Mr. *Longfield* to take up his Lodgings, at Mrs. *Jennett's*; provided he could be accommodated, at a reasonable Rate.

Mrs. *Jennett* received us, with warm Congratulations, we immediately ordered the Kettle down, and invited her to a Dish of Tea; over which she agreed with our
Friend,

Friend, for the Street Room on the same Floor; at three Shillings *per* Week.

The Day following, I left Mr. *Longfield* to entertain my *Arabella*. I went to our late Landlord, and called him to an Account for the Furniture we had left in his House. Hereupon, he produced an Inventory of Particulars, taken upon Oath, with the Bill of Appraisment and Sale, and returned me the Surplus, that remained over the Rent, amounting to somewhat upward of nine Pounds. *Deborah*, as I suppose, had carried off whatever was most valuable and portable.

I then hastened to the Miss *Hodginses*, they received me with such Transports as my Heart found to be unfeigned. They, already knew the happy Tidings. They huddled on some loose Matters; and away we tripped, together, with all possible Dispatch.

The Meeting was accompanied by many tender and mutual Tears. Ah, my Love! cried the Eldest of the Miss *Hodginses*. Pride and Beauty of your Sex, how jealous we are of you! We went Yesterday to your Trial, with the most substantial of our Friends, in order to give you a Character, if required; but, you
neither

neither called upon us, nor would look on the Side where we stood. Ah, my dear Girls, my sweet Friends! cried *Arabella*, how could I hope or imagine, that you would acknowledge or even think of so low and lost a Wretch as I was.

Arabella was now at Liberty to revisit her old Acquaintance. She was caressed more than ever; and took in so much Work that she was obliged to hire a Girl to attend the Child.

I was now at the very Pinnacle of human Happiness. I had twenty Guineas left of the fifty I got from my Father. My Wife earned from two to her three Shillings *per* Day. And Mr. *Longfeld*, who generally dined with us, frequently brought Tea and Sugar, or a Bottle of Cordial, or some such Matter in his Pocket, which he pretended to have gotten excessively cheap, or as a Present.

Thus we lived, in a Kind of frugal Affluence. Affliction was no more. The Remembrance of Distress and Poverty had vanished, as a Dream. Our Days moved upon Down; and Joy and Peace, nightly prepared our Pillows.

Happy Days, happy Hours, above the Lot of Mortality! Heaven preserve me
from

from ever tasting the like again; lest they also should be attended by so terrible a Reverse.

Mr. *Longfield* was very lovely in his Person and Manners. He had made the Belles-Letters his peculiar Study; and he used to procure a Variety, of entertaining Novels and Memoirs, in *French*, which he read fluently into *English*, while my Wife was at Work. We had contracted a Friendship which I imagined too strict for Time or Chance to untie; and I loved him the better for his Attention to my *Arabella*, whose Entertainment seemed to form the chief Delight of his Life.

I gave him my Story, in Parts, from Time to Time; and he had plentifully watered the several Passages with his Tears. His own Experience had taught him to join, with Mr. *Goodville*, in thinking that the Education, of a mere Scholar, was no way suited to the common Occasions of Life. He, therefore, introduced me to Mr. *Marfeh*, his late Master, to whom he had recommended me as private Tutor to his Son; and we agreed at £50 per Ann. to commence as soon as the young Gentleman should descend from the Nursery.

Mr.

Mr. *Longfield*, as I told you, was very lovely in his Person; and he daily became more amiable and engaging in my Eyes. I was pleased that he appeared, in the same Light, to my Wife. She was indebted to him for her Life, and, in her, I held myself indebted to him, for all Things. I thought that we could never love him enough; and I, daily and nightly, importuned my *Arabella*, to affect him with a Tenderness equal to my own.

At length I became uneasy, I knew not why, nor wherefore. I grew diffident at the Comparison which I made in my Mind between *Longfield* and myself, and I was disgusted, as it were, with my own Demerits, wherefore, I grew dejected and dispirited, and yet affected to appear the reverse of what I was. I however sighed in secret. When I could form a Pretence for retiring or going abroad, I took a solitary Walk or withdrew to some Recess, where I lightened my Oppression by a loose to my Tears; and I was thereby the better enabled to seem chearful, on my Return, and to assume a Face of Gaiety that was foreign to my Heart. Ah! are not the real Evils of Life sufficient? Yet Man adds to the Heap by his tendency to realize what is merely imaginary.

The

The Source of my Malady was now no longer a Secret to me. 'My *Longfield*, I cried to myself, my *Arabella*, my Angel, you are still faithful my *Longfield*, you are still chaste my *Arabella*; and there is nothing, wherewith I can reproach the one, or the other. But you are, both of ye, too amiable; you are fitted for each-other. Your *Clement* loves ye too well to be a Bar to your Happiness. You Two are the whole Treasure and Delight of his Existence. He will have no Bliss but your's; your Happiness shall be his; and he will die to accomplish it; since his Life is an Interruption.

I was pleased that I daily declined; but the Affectation of Chearfulness became irksome and painful to me. One Night, as we sat together, my Wife looked at me, with an affectionate Disturbance; what is the Matter, *Hammy*, she cried. What is come over my Love? You look not, you speak not, like the once fond, the delighting and delighted Consort of your *Arabella*.

Ah, I cried, it is enough. I die, and I die contented, since I leave the only two happy, for whom I could wish to live. What is this I hear, *Hammy*? replied my *Arabella*; you die, you say, and you say, also,

also, that you die contented. Ah!—You love me no longer; what Business have I, then, any longer to—live, she would have said, but she, instantly, swooned.

My Eyes were suddenly opened. I cursed my infatuating Jealousy. I wished for instant Death to rid me of my Confusion. Neither did I dare to look up into the Face of my injured Friend, who by this as I feared, had discovered my Folly; and who, all trembling and pale as Death, was assiduous in helping to the Recovery of my Wife.

At length she opened her Eyes, and, looking about with a languid kind of Displeasure, Mr. *Longfield*, says she, your Services have been great; but, at present, I am not under any Necessity for your Assistance; whereupon, he, silently, bowed and withdrew to his Apartment.

I then dropped on my Knees before her. My *Arabella*, my Angel, I cried. Loveliest of Womankind, most consummate of human Creatures!——But, here, with a forbidding Hand, and a Countenance averted, no *Hammy*, no, says she, (in a Voice interrupted by Tears,) after what has passed your Lips, I cannot be deceived, and I will not be comforted. You would leave me you say, *Hammy*, and you
would

would leave me forlorn. But, I will not be forsaken, I will prevent your Unkindness. I will go where I shall not be altogether friendless. Ah, my Aunt! my all Relations in One, why did you abandon me? You thought you left me the World, in this Husband, this Friend and Protector, as you called him. But he says he is contented to part, and he bids me be happy without him. I come then, my dear Aunt; I will rejoin you, my beloved Parent; you will take your forsaken *Arabella* to your Bosom. You will comfort her, the best you can; and we will part no more.

Here, her Words were suffocated by Sobs and a Burst of Affliction. But, still continuing my Posture, I am guilty, my Love, I cried, I am guilty past Pardon. Alas, you have been wedded to Weakness and Frailty, ill deserving of Purity and Perfection like yours. But, I will live, if you desire it, my *Arabella*; I will live, to repent my Follies, and to repair my Defaults. But I cannot, a Minute longer, survive your Displeasure.

She, then beckoned me to rise, and sit beside her, which I did; when, reaching one Arm about my Neck, and gently leaning over, she joined her Face to mine, and

and silently shed her Sorrows into my Bosom.

Soon after, I perceived that she was seized with a kind of shivering; and, calling to the Girl, I ordered her, in all Haste, to warm the Bed, and I assisted my Wife directly to undress.

As soon as she lay down, and was somewhat composed, I stepped to my Friend's Apartment. I found him leaning on a Table, with his Eyes downcast, like the Image of Discomfort stooping over a Monument. What is the Matter, I said, what ails my dear *Longfield*? I hope I have not offended him past Forgiveness. Indeed, I am not well, says he. Heav'n's, what an Overcasting! of such a Sunshine, too! Do not look at me, *Hammy*, I can't bear to be looked at. I beseech you to leave me to my own Thoughts, till Morning. I understand you, Mr. *Longfield*, I cried, I confess myself no longer worthy of your Friendship, and I shall no more demand it of you, till you condescend to make the Tender; and, so saying, I suddenly quitted his Chamber.

All Night, my *Arabella* was cold and hot, by Turns; and her Sleep was discomposed by Starts and Moanings. In the Morning, I observed that her Breath

was short and feverish, and I got up, in haste, and went for a Physician. The Doctor refused to pronounce, with Certainty, on her Disorder; but said that he greatly feared she was taking an Ague.

As soon as he had written his Prescription, I went, eagerly, to wish Mr. *Longfield* a good Morning, and to apologize for the Abruptness of last Night's Behaviour. But, my *Longfield* had taken a long Adieu, and this Letter, which I shall ever preserve about me, was all I had left to console me for his Loss; or, rather, to give me Cause to lament his Departure, for ever.

To Mr. *H. Clement*.

“ I Leave you, dearest of Friends, and I
 “ leave you for ever. Wretch that I
 “ am to have brought Affliction on the
 “ only Two for whom I would have lived,
 “ for whom I would have died.

“ Heavens, what a Fate is mine! I vo-
 “ luntarily depart, and I go where I must
 “ be miserable, since I leave those whose
 “ Sight and Converse made the Whole of
 “ my Enjoyment. That which doubles
 “ my Unhappiness is partly to suspect that
 “ I have been guilty; is it any Alleviati-
 “ on, that I had no Knowledge of my
 “ Fault;

“ Fault; and that I now fly from it, on
 “ the first Notice?

“ Your *Arabella*, my *Hammy*, I begin
 “ to fear that I loved your *Arabella*.
 “ Alas! I feel that I still love her, and
 “ that I must love her during Life. I
 “ loved her, indeed, with a Tenderness
 “ full of infinite Respect; but the Pangs
 “ I suffer, at Parting, give me, also, to
 “ understand that I loved her with infi-
 “ nite Passion.

“ Ah, fond and foolish Passion! that
 “ could neither hope, nor wish, nor even
 “ accept of any Kind of Gratification, save
 “ the Sight and Society of the Object of
 “ its Ardour. No, most amiable of Men!
 “ were it possible for your *Arabella* to
 “ stray, but in Thought from her Truth,
 “ from her Duty, from her Tenderness
 “ to you, I could have loved her no lon-
 “ ger. She would have lost that Seraphic
 “ Excellence, that more than mortal Pu-
 “ rity, for which I almost adored her;
 “ which gave a sweet Apology to my
 “ Heart for its Affection; and betrayed
 “ me into a Persuasion that I loved her no
 “ more than I ought.

“ I am jealous for you, my Friend, I am
 “ jealous of myself, in your dearer Behalf;

“ and I will amply avenge you on the injurious and hapless *Longfield*.

“ Ah, let no Man henceforward, confide to his own Strength. I daily beheld your *Arabella*; I daily conversed with her; but I saw not my Danger; I, therefore, did not resist the Current that drew me beyond my Depth. The Gracefulness of her Motions, the Sound of her Voice, and the Loveliness of her Aspect, hourly sunk upon my Soul, with an intoxicating Delight; and I wished, and was solicitous to become pleasing in her Eyes, at the Time that I would have taken the Life of any Man, who had attempted to deprive you of your smallest Right in her Affections.

“ My Confession has been full, and reaches the utmost of my Faults; but, from what a Dream of Delight has it suddenly awaked me! How blessed have I been with my *Hammy* and his *Arabella*! how happy were we in each other, surpassing the Lot of Mortality! Enchanting Sensations! Ye are departed for ever; and all the future Portion, that ye leave me, is Bitterness.

“ But, beware of one Thing, I conjure you, beware, that you never reveal
“ the

“ the smallest Hint of my Love, to your
 “ *Arabella*. Wound not her Delicacy, I
 “ beseech you, with so disgustful a Recol-
 “ lection. Neither deprive your unhappy
 “ Friend of the only Consolation that now
 “ is left him; an innocent, tho’ fond
 “ Hope, that, should she ever remember
 “ your *Longfield*, it may not be with De-
 “ testation.

P. S. “ In the Drawer of my Table, on
 “ the left Hand, you will find ano-
 “ Paper, carefully sealed, and ad-
 “ dressed to you. It contains a poor
 “ Legacy, though all that could be
 “ bequeathed by

“ Your departed,

“ *Ed. Longfield.*”

I wept, as I read this pathetic Epistle.
 I felt all the Passion and Anguish of my
 Friend. My Breast heaved and was agi-
 tated with Emotions of Self-Reproach, and
 with a Tide of returning Tenderness to
 my *Longfield*.

Ah, unjust, tho’ most generous of Men,
 I exclaimed, I alone am guilty, and thou
 assumest to thyself a Burden that thy
 Virtue disclaims. Would to Heaven that

Men, and Angels, might love my *Arabella* with a Purity like thine; she would not then, as now, be wholly dependent, on my sole and poor Guardianship, for the Defence of her Innocence.

I found seventeen Guineas, in the fore-mentioned Paper; a most seasonable, and yet a most unacceptable Supply, as I feared, from the Generosity of my *Longfield's* Temper, that it contained very nearly the whole of his Possessions.

As the Doctor had conjectured; my Wife's Distemper turned out a tertian Ague; and, after exhausting the Circle of the *Materia Medica* toward a Cure; the Dregs of the Disease settled into a Rheumatism, that principally affected her Arms and Hands, and thereby prevented her from earning any Subsistence for herself or her Infant.

It was now upward of four Months, since Mr. *Longfield* had left us; during all which Time, I hardly ever departed from the Side of my *Arabella*. Our Finances were again reduced to about two Guineas, and this was not sufficient to discharge our sixth Quarter, that had been due some Time. I was, however, confident of a Supply in the Tutorship, promised me by
Mr.

Mr. *Marfelt*; and I dressed, in the best I could, and waited upon him.

I was concerned to find the Family in Black. But, when Mr. *Marfelt* himself appeared, and told me, with a Voice interrupted by Sighs, that his only Son, my Pupil in Expectance, had been lately carried off by a malignant Small-Pox, my Mourning passed all Shews and Suits of Sorrow.

I took my Leave, with a Dejection and Absence of Mind, that forgot there was any Road left for me upon Earth. I went, I knew not where, a Way that led from Home. I saw nothing but the Labyrinth within my own Soul; and, from thence I could perceive neither Outlet nor Escape.

Rapines and Robberies, again offered themselves to my View, as the only Expedients, by which Heaven had ordained, that my Wife and my Infant, that Virtue and Innocence should be permitted to live. Nature has cast my Lot, said I to myself, among Tygers and Vultures, who have no Choice, save to perish, or subsist by Prey. I dwelt, long, on this Thought; and then pushed it to Extremity, and the Perpetration of desperate Deeds. Again, the Stretch of my Resolution began to relax; and the Tide of my Thoughts flowed

backward to the Sensations and Meltings of Humanity. Ah, I cried, my fellow-Creatures; you, in whom I see myself; my Brothers, in whose Service I would gladly spend my Life; pardon me, that I take from you what I would give you, twenty fold. Or, rather, powerful Author of Nature! I cried, take from us our Existence, since thou refuseth the Means whereby we may exist!

My Eyes at last were opened, and I perceived that I was now much further from my Lodgings than when I set out from Mr. *Marfelt's*. I turned homeward, as well as I could, fatigued in Body, and with more than a Mountain's Weight upon my Mind. On the Way, I lifted my Eyes, and wrung my Hands together, in a Kind of Agony; Bread, Bread! I cried inwardly, merciful Heaven, a little, but a very little Bread! my helpless Wife, my helpless Infant! a little Pittance for them, I crave it, in Mercy! and, O, save me from more than the Torments of the damned, from beholding them famished, and gasping for a Morfel of Sustenance before my Face.

I looked round, and beheld nothing but Scenes of Luxury or Plenty; with Joy, Business, or Content, visible in the Countenance of the Meanest. Ah, what is here?

here? said I to myself, Powerful Being, how partial are thy Dispensations! How highly are those exalted; to what a Depth dost thou crush the Wretch whom thy Wrath has distinguished! I am selected from among thy Works. I am, equally, the Outcast of Heaven and of Earth. Might I become, but as one of yonder Beggars, I should derive a chance Morsel from that Charity, which now hardens itself against me, against my Babe, and my *Arabella*, the most pitiable Objects of the Creation.

As soon as I had crawled Home, another Weight was added to the Burden I already bore. A Bailiff was in Waiting; and my Landlady, with an Aspect as inexorable as Iron, ordered me directly into Custody for the last Quarter's Rent.

I was, on this Occasion, obliged to disburse my last two Guineas, and further to deposit my Wife's Gown, as a Security for the small Remainder of Rent and Caption Fees. I had not, now, wherewithal to purchase a Pennyworth of Bread, that, like the Widow of *Sarepta*, my Wife, my Child, and I, for this last Time, might sit down together and eat, before we died.

Thus abandoned of every Hope, divine or human, I did not dare to turn my Eye,

to borrow Patience, or Consolation, from the Countenance of the Saint to whom I was united. I pretended to have forgotten somewhat, and again, hastened out of Doors. The Night had just fallen, and was still and gloomy. Rage, Anguish, and Despair gave me new Strength and Spirits; and I turned, fiercely, down an unfrequented Street, without any Arms, save my Fury and natural Phangs, with which I determined, like the maternal Lionsess, to rend Subsistence, for my Young, from the first I should encounter.

I perceived a Man advancing, at some Distance. I hastened to meet him, and, coming within a few Paces, stand! I cried, pass no further! Why, said he, with a fearless and benevolent Voice, is there any Thing wherein you desire I should serve you? Oh, save me! I replied, you must, you shall save me from the terrible Damnation of seeing my Wife and Infant famish before me. GOD, said he, sends you this, by my Hands. He sees your Distress, but disapproves your Conduct. You have now twice sinned in this Way. But, *Clement*, beware the third Time; another Offence like this would prove fatal to you.

He spoke, and, putting five Guineas into my Hand, he instantly slipped away
or

or vanished, I know not which; for, such was my sudden Astonishment and Confusion, that I neither remarked nor saw what became of him.

At length, I awaked, as from a Trance. I stepped up to a single Lamp that glimmer'd before me; and, opening my Hand, I perceived that the Money which I held was Gold. I hurried it into my Pocket; and turning back, I began, slow and penfative, to move toward Home. The Fury with which I was, so lately, exasperated againſt Heaven and Earth, again ſubſided; and my Heart began to change from that of a Tyger, and to feel a new Infuſion of Compunction and Humanity.

Ah, I cried, I am then known. The Darkneſs of the Night hath not been able to conceal me. My Guilt is laid open before God and his Angels; and my preſent and paſt Tranſgreſſions are entered in his Book. He yet pities, he yet relieves me. He ſnatches me from the Gulph, wherein I had already plunged and ſaw no Bottom; to ſhew me that no Extreimity can paſs his Power; and that, on this Side of Exiſtence, it is always too early to deſpair of his Bounty. I will, then, be patient, O my GOD! I will no more repine nor kick againſt thy Diſpenſations. It is ſufficient that I ſtand within thy continued Notice.

This

This last Instance of thy Goodness! it is enough, it is enough! I desire no further Proof of thy Providence or Regard; and, tho' thou kill me, I will trust in thee, to the latest Gasp. But, for me it matters not how thou pleasest to dispose of me. I will surrender to thee that which is infinitely more dear. I confide to thee my Wife and Child. O, that thou didst love them with a Love like mine! But, they are thine, as I am thine; and if they perish before my Eyes, why, let them perish. We were, all, born to perish before the Eyes of our Heavenly Father; and he may slay, without Compunction; who can revive, at his Pleasure; who would not, perhaps, slay us, if it were not to revive us to a better Life; to a Life that shall, no more, be acquainted with Calamity.

Before I reached Home, a sudden Faintness came over me, and, turning into a Dram-Shop, I called for a Quartern, and changed a Guinea. If the other four Guineas, said I to myself, are made of æthèrial Money, I have, however, got something substantial, to supply my little *Tommy* and my dearer *Arabella* with a Morsel of Bread.

As soon as I got to my Lodgings, I redeemed my Wife's Gown, and sent out for

for a frugal Supper. I, then, stepped up Stairs, and, taking a Chair, just opposite to my Wife, I sat down and continued silent, but dared not to look up. She eyed me, through and through. My *Hammy*, says she, you are apt to meet with strange Adventures, in very short Spaces of Time. I know you not for the same Person; you are not what you were a few Minutes ago.

I, then, found myself under the Necessity of openly avowing to her all that had happened. But, gracious Heaven! to my Death, through Time, and through Eternity, never shall I forget the Reply she made.

Hammy, said she, with the Face, Air and Accent of Heaven's mildest Minister, it ill becomes me to reprove a respected Husband for the Excess of his Goodness to me and my Child; and yet, I have suffered more from the Consideration of this Excess, than from all our other Trials and Calamities put together. I love you intirely my *Hammy*, but I love that Part of you most, which you appear to regard the least; it is a Part that must survive the Dissolution of all the Rest, their short Joys, their idle Anxieties, their fierce Desires, and empty Possessions, and it must thereafter, be yourself, to all Eternity.

When

When a Man is bound on a Voyage to some distant Region, he fails not to enquire into the Length and Dangers of the Way; the Nature of the Climate; the Disposition of the Inhabitants; what Food they subsist upon; and what Sort of Goods chiefly, bear a Price or Value in so remote a Country. With such Goods, alone, a wise Voyager will load his Vessel; nay, he will be careful to make and transmit Lodgments, before he sets out; as also, to form and establish previous Friendships in that Country, that he may not be rejected, as one unknown and unregarded, when he happens to arrive. Ah, my Husband, I will not adventure to ask what Enquiries, and Provisions, you have made for the great Purpose.

I once thought, my Love, that Learning was the principal Promoter of Piety; as it best taught the Nature of God and Man; their Relations to Each-other, and the consequent Duties of the Creature to his Creator. But I have, long since, discovered that, to *know*, is not to *feel*; and that *Argument* and *Inclination* are, often, as opposite, as Adversaries that refuse all Means of Reconcilement.

I will suppose you, for Instance, in the Depth of your Knowledge and Extent of
your

your Genius, the most comprehensive of all Creatures, and the widest Discoverer of the Attributes of Infinity. But what will this do for you, my *Hammy*? You may contemplate these great Objects, as Matters with which you are no way connected. You may yet repine, and curse, in secret, the particular Dispensations of that Providence; whose general Wisdom and Propriety your Philosophy admits.

GOD, with all his Omnipotence, can, no otherwise, make his Image in our Humanity happy, than by connecting us with himself; since from Him we derive our Existence, and in Him that Existence can alone be continued. And this Connection can no Way be formed, but by our Dependence upon Him. And this Dependence can, no way be made, but, by our Confidence in Him; by feeling that, in ourselves or the World around us, there is neither Footing nor Hold to save from sinking for ever; and by catching at God alone for the Support of that Existence which his Bounty bestowed.

It is this Confidence, my dear Husband, which is called by the Name of FAITH, throughout the Gospel; which strengthens all Weaknesses; which heals all Diseases; which enlightens all Blindness; which may be capable of Omnipotence, by its Connection

nection with God; and, in his Power, can perform all Manner of Wonders. At least, *Hammy*, we ought to have such a Portion, of this Faith, as might enable us to say, to the Worst that can befall, what the three *Jewish* Captives said to the King of *Assyria*; *Our God is able to deliver us, and he will, in Time, deliver us from all these Afflictions. But, though he should not deliver us; we will not forsake our Hold and our Confidence in him; neither bow to any Temptation that Guilt can set up.*

From the Beginning to this Day, the World has ever proved a Traitor to those who trusted in it. And O, my *Hammy*, that you would join with me, in looking only to the Principle, from whence Salvation can come to a poor and impotent Creature. For all Creatures, are poor and impotent in themselves. Even the Cherubim and Seraphim, the mightiest and most exalted of the Works of Omnipotence, would be reduced to a State of Nothingness by an Independence on their Creator.

Since God, therefore, cannot communicate Happiness to a Being, who refuses to trust in his Goodness, or to repose upon his Power; where he is peculiarly favourable, and determines to take a faithless tho' beloved Creature to himself; he blesses him

him with all Sorts of Crosses and Disappointments. He breaks, under him, all the Props of Worldly Confidence. He snatches from him the Helps, on which his Hope had laid hold. That, in the Instant of sinking, he may finally compel him to catch at his Creator; and to throw himself on the Bosom, of that infinite Benevolence, which is desirous of receiving him to everlasting Rest.

Be pleased to reflect, my Love, how affectionately solicitous (if I may venture to say so) your Saviour has been to win you to himself. He has left you, by Turns, to the Confidence, of a Variety of the most promising Establishments. As first, in the Success of your own Talents, when they acquired you as much, weekly, as might subsist you, for a Year. Again, when you had all the Right, that Man could have, to rely on the Honour, and even the Interests of the Government, for whom you were so prosperously and profitably engaged. And again, in the Encounter and Preservation of your Father, on whom Nature, and your own Merits had, further, given you an indefeisible Title, and Foundation for Dependence. But, you may remember, my *Hammy*, that your God caught all these, and all other the like Pillars, as suddenly from under you, as though they had been instantly

stantly changed to a Void. And yet, you did not appear, at those Times, to discern, that it was no other than your heavenly Father, and your heavenly Friend, who contrived, by such Crosses, to wean you from Impotence; and to woo and to win you, from your Courtship of a Cloud, to an Affiance with essential and infinite Beauty.

I am your loving, and humble Wife, my Husband. And this is your dear and promising Infant. But, what are we further to you? You neither made us, nor can you preserve us; nor are you obliged to provide for us, beyond your weak and finite Endeavours. Commit us then to him, in whom we have our Existence; and know that, should he permit this Innocent to suffer, and my Confidence in his Mercy to fail of Support; the Retribution is instantly, and infinitely in his Hands, and his Excess will even consist in the Overflowings of his Goodness.

I love you, my *Hammy*, too much; too intensely, for my own Peace here; I will say nothing of my Interests in an eternal hereafter. And yet, my Darling, were it put to my Choice, I would rather famish, with you from Hour to Hour, and Day to Day; provided you perished content and resigned, and in a blessed Conformity
to

to the Will of your Creator; than to enjoy, in Conjunction with you, for a Million of Ages, all that this World can bestow, till its Dissolution.

Here ended my *Arabella*, but the Sweetness of her Voice continued to vibrate in my Ear; like the Tone of a fine tuned Harp, when the Finger has ceased to touch the sounding Strings.

She had, opportunely, laid hold of the Season for making the Impression she desired; as my Mind was still affected and softened by the late Adventure. I did not indeed, yet, behold the World or its Author in the Light, by which they are represented, in the Christian System, but, even in the Eye of Philosophy, all that my Wife had said appeared reasonable, and right, and conformable to the Nature of a Being infinitely powerful, benevolent, and wise. Here was a PRINCIPLE, without whose continued Will and Operation, no one Thing, in the Universe, could either begin, or continue to exist; and as all Things in that Universe, must of necessity depend upon him, he had of necessity an equal Claim to their Confidence in him. I reflected, indeed, that he had hitherto permitted much, of Evil, to intermingle with the Beauties, both of material and moral Nature; but this I held
to

to be well accounted for, if we considered him as a Being who chose to Work by Progression; as first, by producing a Chaos out of Nothing; and again, by producing the present System out of Chaos; and lastly, by preparing the present System for a final State of unchangeable and consummate Perfection. I, therefore held it incumbent to bear the Bruisings of Mortality, with Content and Thankfulness; as a Matter previously necessary to our future Sublimation. Even, as the coarse Earth of *China*, must be crushed, and pounded to Powder, before it can obtain that Purity and Consistence, which renders it capable of the final Polish and Beauty.

I am apt, Sir, to think, that there are very few Men, who do not, at different Times, behold the World, and its Creator, in very different Lights; according to the different Events, with which they are affected; or according to the different Tempers, which a Change of Constitution will, frequently, produce. If a Man is in Health, and finds Successes coming upon him from several Quarters; all is Summer, all is Sunshine, he sees nothing but a delightful World, and a wise and benevolent Disposer thereof. He feels no Want, he perceives nothing amiss; and therefore thinks

thinks that all is full, and that all is right. In the very next Hour, let the very same Man be but crossed in his Fortunes, or distempered in his Blood; and his Universe shall be covered with a sudden Gloom; the World, which he now beholds, shall be crouded with Objects of Wretchedness; divine Providence shall appear to him, as a dæmoniac Dispensation of all kinds of Evil. And, though he may not dare to say, he will secretly think, that, if he had the Formation and ordering of Nature, he would, never have had the Malevolence to fill it with Tempests, Earth-quakes, Inclemencies; Plagues, Pestilences, Famines; Tumults, Wars, Devastations; Strifes, Violences, Murders; Grievs, Losses, Calamities; Rage, Vexations, Disappointments; Pains, Diseases, and Deaths.

Again Sir, I am apt to think, that there are very few Men, who do not depend upon this World for Happiness; as our first Parents depended on a Tree, a mere Piece of vegetable Wood, for the Con-
ferring of Wisdom and Divinity upon them. They will tell you, indeed, that human Life is short; that even that short Term is hourly determinable, by a thousand trifling Accidents; that it is subject to a Number of unavoidable Calamities; that all its Joys are transient, and ever follow-

followed by a weighty reverse of Pain; and that, even, its best Possessions are attended by Cares that overbalance their Value. They say true, but, to what Purpose? They regret that Things are so, without learning to prize them the less; and they repine at the Miseries that are incident to Mortality, as it were, at a Distemper for which, however, they never think of providing a Remedy. They tell you, that the World is a broken Staff, yet they still lean upon it; they curse it, and, yet, cling to it as to their only Blessing. And thus, Sir, it is most likely, that, from the Beginning of Things, to their final Dissolution, each Man will be seeking, on Earth, for a Happiness, to which no other Person could ever attain. It is a Happiness for which the immortal Soul is athirst, and, though she finds the whole World no better than an empty Vessel, she is never tired of her Trials and endeavours to drink.

This however was not, altogether, the Case between the World and me, at this Period. I had been so bruised and buffeted and treated with such Severity, and Bitterness, by it; that I neither looked nor wished for any Advantage from it. I, therefore, cast about for some kinder Support; and I said, to myself, as the best Lover of earthly Happiness may say with
great

great Truth; if there is not another State, to which this System of Things is merely preparatory; if there is not some infinite Good to be derived from this World of multiplied Evils; the Author thereof must have been some very malevolent or very petulant Being, who delights in the Misery and Anguish of others; or makes Sport of the Wretchedness of the Creatures of his Power. Neither can Angels or Men, Invention or Reason, any otherwise account for the present calamitous State of mortal Nature.

In these Sentiments, I eagerly applied, for further Instruction, to those Writings that had brought Life and Immortality to Light. I began at the Creation, and proceeded with the deepest Attention and Delight. Again, another System of Matter and Morals, another World and another God presented themselves before me. But I shall not, here, detain you with an Account of my new Faith, as I may justly call it. For, though I always had held myself, vulgarly speaking, a Christian; I found, on Examination, that I had been wholly a Stranger to the Necessity; as well as Beauty, of the Christian Dispensation; neither had I felt a single Ray of its comforting Influence.

My

My Wife began now to recover of her Rhumatism, and hoped soon, again, to be able to take in Work. I determined however to be beforehand with her, if possible; for, at this Time, I regarded not how mean or humiliating my Occupation would be, provided I might earn any kind of lawful and honest Bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in Search of such Employment, I observed a Porter, attending before the Door of a Tavern, clad in an ordinary Frock, with a Belt about his Waste, and an Apron before him. I thereupon went to *Monmouth Street*, and purchased a Uniform for the like Purpose. I then passed through several Streets, till I came to a splendid Tavern, where no Porter was in Waiting. I stepped over the Way, where I deposited my former Coat with a poor Huckster-Woman, to whom I promised some small Matter for the Trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly Robes, and, applying to the chief Drawer, I promised him Part of my Earnings, provided he put me into speedy Employment.

I had not staid long, till I was dispatched to a considerable Distance with a Letter. I was afterwards sent on a Variety of Errands and Messages; and, by the
Close

Close of the Day, I had accumulated three Shillings; six Pence whereof I gave to the Drawer. I then step'd, in high Triumph to my Friend, the Huckster Woman. I gave her two Pence; reassum'd my former Garb; and left my Weeds in her Custody. I returned Home, with a Satisfaction, to which I had been a Stranger of a long Time; and I, that Night, eat heartily, talked chearfully, and slept in Peace.

I continued this Occupation, during five successive Days, in one of which I earned to the Amount of five Shillings.

It is sure that, laying personal Pain and the social Feelings apart, human Happiness does not, in any Way, depend on the Degrees of Station or Fortune, or on any external Circumstance whatever. It is merely domestic; it is wholly imbosomed, and cannot live from Home. I was, now, engaged in one of the lowest and least lucrative Employments of Life; but a DIVINE FRIEND was at Hand, of whose Favour I was confident, I was content, I was chearful; and I felt a Peace within that pass'd all the understanding I should, otherwise, have had of Happiness, though I had been in Possession of the Crown-Revenues.

Late on the fifth Night of my new Occupation, as I was on my Return, and within a few Doors of my Lodging, I was seized and assaulted by four Men, who were Porters, as I found by the Sequel. I struggled the best I could, and got one of them under me; but the Rest fell upon me, and cuffed, kicked, and bruised me, in a miserable manner. Oy, they cried, you are a Gentleman, and be damned, and yet, Thief as you are, you must steal into our Business, and glean away the few Pence, by which we get our daily Bread; but we'll cure you for carrying of Burthens, we warrant you!

They would undoubtedly have murdered me, had I not feigned myself already dead; but, observing that I lay without any Signs of Life, they made off in Haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and, holding by the Rails and Wall, got with Difficulty Home, where, crawling up Stairs, my Wife helped to undress me, and I went to Bed:

She then sent for our old Physician, who ordered me some Potions, with outward Fomentations to assuage the Contusions. I was however seized, that Night, with a violent Fever, which continued upward

ward of three Weeks, but without any Delirium; and, within another Week, I was able to sit up, though still very weak and greatly ematiated.

Our last five Guineas, with the Fruits of my late Employment, were now nearly expended on Doctor, Drugs, and so forth. Wherefore, I found it necessary to abridge our domestic Charge as close as possible; and, having sent our Girl with a Token for my Porter's Habiliments, I gave them to her in Lieu of what remained of her Wages, and, with the Help of an additional Shilling, discharged her.

I was now able to bear the Light, and the Windows were Half opened; but, how was I shocked, on observing that my *Arabella*, and my little *Tommy*, were as pale and as much fallen away as myself. For, *Arabella* had Half starved her Infant, and almost wholly starved herself, in order to save sufficient for my Sustenance during my Illness; Yet, she bore up with a sweet and smiling Semblance; and, in her alone, was realized all, that ever I have seen, of the boasted Patience of Stoicism, or, of the Power of Christianity in effecting a *new Nature*.

Within a little Time, I was once more able to walk about the Room; when, on

the Day preceding that wherein our Quarter's Rent was to become due; Mrs. *Jennett* enter'd with a Face wherein was prefaced, whatever Insolence, Hardness of Heart, or Contempt of our wretched Situation could dictate. Mr. *Clement*, says she, if so be your Name be *Clement*, I suppose I am not to tell you that To-morrow is Quarter Day. And yet, if some People, Mr. *Clement*, can't afford to eat, I can't see how they can afford to pay Rent, Mr. *Clement*; and so, you know, 'tis ev'ry bit as comfortable to starve in Jail, as in Lodgings. But this is nothing to the Purpose. I am, myself, but a poor Woman, and no better than richer Folks. Yet Poor as I am, Comparisons may be odious between some People and some People, and, then, I don't come for Charity; I come for nothing but my own, and that, you know, is the least that will satisfy any Body. If you had any one else to befriend you, but myself, you might a' been put upon the Parish before this. But, as I was saying, I can't be an only Friend and all Friends at once. And I must tell you that I hate Objects; for, I have so much Pity in my Nature, that it pains me to look at 'em; and, above all, I can't abide 'em in my own House. And so, as I told you, Mr. *Constable* will be here in the Morning; and he will shew you to Lodgings that will fit you much better,

better, and so Mr. *Clement* and Mrs. *Clement*, if so be that your Names be *Clement*, I wish ye both a mighty good Morning. And so away she went, without waiting an Answer.

As soon as she was gone; *Hammy* says *Arabella*, our kind Landlady puts me in Mind of the Wife of honest *Socrates*, whom he took for the Trial and Exercise of his Patience. Ah, how cringing was this Woman! how insolent is Servility when it attains any Power! But what, I wonder, is become of our Friends the Miss *Hodginses*? I would have sent to inquire after them; but I was petted at their Neglect of us, during our long Illness. I will step there this Minute, and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my *Hammy* from the Fangs of this Fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a chearful Air, and going, pleasantly repeated, your Servant, Mr. *Clement*, if so be that your Name be *Clement*, I wish you a mighty good Morning.

She was not long abroad, and, on her Return, I observed a kind of heavenly Radiance that seemed to beam through her Countenance, from whence I prophesied all Manner of happy Success. But, continuing silent for some Time, and look-

ing eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my Bosom, and burst into Tears.

Ah *Hammy*, she cried; I had Hopes I was very stout; but frail Nature, in spight of Grace, confesses me a Coward. I thought I could have seen you perish, with Patience, with Delight, provided I saw a happy Immortality before you. But, now that your Sufferings are at Hand, I find them insupportable. I tremble also for your Faith, lest it should not support you under the impending Trial. Yes, *Hammy*, all is over. All is finished, my Love, and the Hand of our God is in it. Our dear Miss *Hodginses*, were not to blame; the Eldest died suddenly, since we saw them; and the Youngest is with a distant Relation in the Country. We have Nothing, further to hope, neither to fear from this World. Our God has shut us out by every Door; and will neither permit the Friendship, the Humanity, or Charity of others, neither our own Industry or Ingenuity to yield us a Morsel of Bread; to convince us that we are his; and that all Things are his; that when he openeth his Hand, there is Plenty on every Side, but, when he pleaseth to shut, there is no Resource. What say you then, my Husband? Are you willing to run this last short Course? The Prize is glorious, unspeakable

speaking, and lies within a very few Paces of your Grasp. You must run it, my Husband, and your Repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But Patience and Courage would give you Strength to endure; and, a little further Conformity to the Will of our Disposer, would turn all the Bitterness into Delight. Our Time is done, our Task is finish'd; we are already brought to Nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a Chain of successive Proofs. I see the Hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any Instances of his Notice and Attention, whatever his final Purpose may be. I will no longer struggle with his Omnipotence; nor make my Ignorance a sounding-Line for his unbottomed Wisdom. If, to see you and our little Innocent thus famishing by the Hour; if, in contemplating your Wants and imagining your Pains, I feel an Anguish, above what Death can give. Why, let it be; rend Heart into a thousand Pieces! A Period must at length be put to our Sufferings; and all, beyond, shall be Peace, or what God pleases. But, do you *Arabella*, do you lead the Way, my Patroness, my Director! I will endeavour to keep the Brightness of your Example in View; that, neither here, nor hereafter, I may lose

D 4

Sight.

Sight of her, without whom, here or hereafter, I think I cannot be happy.

About Nine, the next Morning, our Landlady entered, followed by two Constables and two Appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first Thing she did was to search our Pockets for Money, but, without Effect; as we had expended our last Penny, the Day before, for Bread. She, however, found my Wife's Case of Scissars and other Implements for her Business; and, gathering up our Boxes, Linen, Handkerchiefs, and a Variety of Articles, which we never had a Notion of converting into Money, she laid them all before the Appraisers, who, on frequent Consultation, valued the same to four Pounds nine Shillings, my Wife's Gown included, being nine and thirty Shillings more than we owed. But this our honest Landlady, very prudently observed was scarce sufficient for Costs, and other Damages, which she had suffered or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our Accounts.

Thus, we were turned out, almost naked, to the Mercy of the Elements; O, how deeply degraded below the Birds of the Air, the Beasts of the Forest, or even the Worms of the Sod, who rightfully claim Sustenance from the Earth whereof they

they were bred; and have some Hole apart, whereto they may creep for Shelter.

The World indeed lay before us. It was wide and all sufficient; and yet, nothing to our Purpose. We had neither Act or Part, Concern or Interest therein. It was to us, as a Harbour to Tempest-beaten Mariners, who are shut out and driven thence, on Suspicion of the Plague.

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our Way, we knew not whither; without Home wherto we might travel, or Point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living, who would receive or acknowledge us; and we seemed to have no Way, save that of hastening, as fast as we could, from the Presence of Mankind.

Slow and tottering, as we went, my Wife and I carried our little *Tommy*, by Turns, and, in the smoother Places, he walked with the Help of our Hands. Thus, with much Toil and Fatigue, we got out of *London*, and reposed ourselves on a Bank that lay a little off the Causeway. Here, we found ourselves greatly distressed with Thirst, and, getting up again, we made toward a small Hut that stood beside the Road, where they had the Charity to treat us with a Draught of cold Water. With this we were wonderfully

refreshed and recruited; and, putting on again, *Hammy*, says my *Arabella*, no Conqueror, on his triumphal Entry into *Rome*, ever exulted as I do in your Fortitude, this Day. And, what signifies it, now, that it comes to the Test? It is but to travel, my Love, till we can travel no further; and then, we drop, fit and ready, and ripe for Eternity. O, how sweet it is to perish with a Patience that is pleased; how fearful, how horrible, to die struggling and kicking against the Almighty.

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting Each-other; I applied for Alms, from Time to Time, to a Number of Passengers; but, my Voice and Address were so feebly importunate, or their Attention was so engaged on distant and different Matters, that my Oratory returned as empty as it set out.

At length I met a poor Beggarman, with a Wife and seven Children following in a Train. I looked at him wistfully, and having civilly saluted him, I entreated some little Matter, from his Bag or his Can, to keep my Infant from perishing on the Highway. God's Mercy, Master! says the charitable Mendicant, I am very sorry to see any Body poorer than myself; but, the Truth is that I have travelled a great

great Way, and have eat and drunk all, with a Pox, except this last two Pence Half-penny; here it is, Master, God's Blessing go along with it, I grieve, and shall grieve, that it is not two Pounds for your Sake.

In Expectation of the Refreshment we should derive from this Supply, we kept on at a creeping Pace, till we came to a little Ale House, that stands about Half a Mile from this Town. There we entered, and called for a Penny worth of Bread and a Pint of Drink, with some Milk for the Child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor Man of the House, having eyed me with a kind of earnest Compassion, you look, said he, to be in much Trouble; but, if your Trouble is of a kind that may be cured, there is one Mr. *Fenton* at Hand, whom God has placed in this Country, as the Sun in Heaven, to give Comfort to all within his Reach.

My Heart revived within me, at these Tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy Revolution. Having finished our Pint, and laid up the Remainder of our Bread in Store, we discharged our Reckoning, and set out on our last Stage.

The Prospect of speedy Relief, and the Possibility that it might not arrive too late,
gave

gave us Spirits beyond our Powers, and we pushed on till we came nearly opposite to this House, though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slackening our Pace, we found ourselves growing extremely sick; whether it was, that we were overpowered, by the late Nourishment we had taken, or by a Toil and Fatigue that surpassed our Abilities.

Hammy, said my *Arabella*, God be praised! it is done, it is finished. I die, my *Hammy*, but I would not die within the Gaze of public Passengers. Help me into the Field, if you are able, my Love. I have no further Use for Charity, now, save that of laying my Limbs, with Decency, in the Ground.

She spoke, nor had I the Power to answer. But, overcome as I was by Sickness and Anguish, I exerted myself to help her through the Turnstile; and sitting down on the Sod, I laid her Head in my Lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the Situation, in which your Charity found us.

Friend. Your Story of *Clement*, my Friend, is truly interesting, and in some Passages may be edifying also. I have only to observe that it is too long for an Episode,

Episode, and that the Character of your Heroine Milliner is constrain'd and unnatural; it is elevated above the Fortitude and Virtues of Man himself, but quite out of the Sight and Soaring of any of her weak and silly Sex. Had she been a Princess, an Empress, she could not have figured, in your History, with greater Dignity.

Author. There lay my Error, Sir, unhappily, I did not reflect that Royalty or Station were necessary to Christian Resignation and Lowliness of Temper.

Fr. Your Drollery is more provoking than argumentative, I must tell you, Sir. I was not speaking of the Lowliness, but of the Fortitude of your *Arabella*; indeed it exceeds every Thing that I have met in Romance. Such an Exaltation of female Character is of evil Influence among the Sex; each Woman will be apt to arrogate some of the Merit to herself; their Vanity will be inflated, and they will rise, on the Stilts of *Arabella*, to a presumptuous Level with their natural Lords and Masters. Women, unquestionably, have their becoming Qualities; in the Bedchamber, Kitchen, and Nursery, they are useful to Man; but, beyond these, my Friend, they are quite out of the Element of Nature and Common-Sense.

Aut.

Aut. I have sadly mistaken this whole Affair, it seems, I actually apprehended that Woman might be admitted as a Companion to Man, and was intended, occasionally, to soften his Temper and polish his Manners. They have, at Times, formed Governors, Legislators, and Heroes. The great *Pericles* derived all the Powers of his Oratory, and the Elegance of his Taste from the Example and Instructions of the lovely *Aspasia*; and the *Gracchi* also caught the Spirit of their Eloquence, and the Fire of their Patriotism, from their Mother *Cornelia*.

Fr. Pshaw, the Women you have mentioned were but as single Luminaries, perhaps One in many Centuries, who shot away and shone out of their appointed Spheres.

Aut. Mayhap, I can produce still better Authority to prove to you, my Friend, that Woman was not merely intended to form and instruct us, to soften and polish the Rudeness of our Mass; she was also appointed to native Empire and Dominion over Man.

Fr. By all Means, my dear Sir, I am quite impatient to be instructed in the Policies

Policies and Constitution of this your petticoat Government.

Aut. Whenever you shall be pleased to turn over to the third Chapter of the first Book of the Prophet *Esdra*s, you will, there find it written to the following Purpose.

In the Reign of *Darius Hystaspes*, Successor to the *Grand Cyrus*, (whom you may have read of in Romance) *Darius* made a great Feast to all his Princes and Nobles, chief Captains, and Governors of his hundred and twenty seven Provinces.

And, at the Feast, three young and princely Geniuses arose, and offered to dispute for Pre-eminence before the great Assembly. And the Question turned on, what was STRONGEST? and the first said WINE is strongest, and the second said the KING is strongest, and the third said WOMAN is strongest. And then, the Advocate for the Bottle thus began.

O ye Princes! bear me Testimony, that Wine gives and takes away according to its Mightiness. It takes away the Strength and Capacities of Nature, and gives Powers, Virtues and Talents of its own Acquiring.

It

It trips up the Wrestler, and lays a Giant low; and bears the Feeble and the Fearful into the Midst of the Battle.

Wine is an Opener of Hearts and a Revealer of Secrets. It raises Hope into Certainty, and gives Jollity and Enjoyment in exchange for Care.

It unfolds the Purse of the Usurer, and enriches the needy; and frees the Prisoner from his Chain, and the Debtor from his Obligation.

It levels the Rich and the Poor, the High and the Low, the King and the Clown to one Temper and Condition. It can set Companions, Friends, and Brothers at Variance; and cause Rivals, Competitors, and Enemies to embrace.

Wine enlarges the narrow Heart, and thaws the frozen Understanding; it instructs the Ignorant in Arts, and to the Silent and Illiterate gives Phrase and Elocution.

It can elevate the Peasant from a Cottage to a Throne; for he who is drunk is as great as an Emperor.

O ye

O ye Princes! what in Nature can be stronger than that, by which all the Powers of Nature are inverted or surpassed?

And having so spoken, he held his Peace.

Then arose the Advocate for Kingly Dominion, and, waving his Hand, thus addressed the Assembly.

O Princes! how short and sickly is the Influence of Wine, it passes away as a Vapour at the Dawning; we recollect it with Disgust, or remember nothing thereof. But all Power, that is stable or durable, subsists in Majesty.

The King is but one Man among a hundred and twenty seven Nations of Men; yet he overseeth, connects, and governs the Whole. His are the Honours, Counsels, and Strength of all his People.

The Sun, who from on high looketh down on the wide World, beholdeth not at once the Extent of our King's Dominion. He must travel for the Prospect through the blue Expanse of Heaven, and leave the western Nations involved in Night,

Night, when his Beam begins to rise on
their Fellow-Subjects in the Orient.

For the King they plow and they sow,
they reap and plant Vineyards. For him
the Stars shine and shed Influences upon
Earth, and the Seasons change to yield our
Monarch Variety of Productions. For him
the Fruits ripen, the Shrubs drop their
Balm, and the Blossoms breathe their
Odours; all Winds blow Incense to him,
and the four Quarters of the World pay
him Tribute Day by Day.

If he bids to build they build; and if
he bids to lay waste the Nations are made
desolate. Bliss and Bane, Life and Death,
Ruin and Restoration are in the Breath of
his Lips.

If he cries, War! it is War; the Ban-
ners of Blood are let loose to the Wind,
and the Sound of the Clarion kindles all
Men to Battle. His Hosts cloath them-
selves in Harness, and range in terrible
Array; and his Horses begin to neigh and
tear up the Ground, and his Chariots to
roll as distant Thunders. They move and
cover the Earth wide as the Eye can reach.
The Forests are laid flat, the Mountains
shake beneath them, and neither the Rocks
nor Rivers impede the March of his Ar-
mies. They trample into Dust the Fruits
of

of the Field, and the Labours of the Industrious; Houses, Vineyards, and standing-Corn, the Villages, and Towns smoke and flame on every Side.

Yet none ask the King, wherefore is Peace, or wherefore is War? For he stands exalted on Ruin, and is glorified in Destruction; his Word is the Bolt of irresistible Power, and his Will makes the Appointment and Sanctitude of Law.

And having so said, he sat down amid the Applauses of the whole Assembly.

Lastly, slow and bashful, arose the young Advocate for the FAIR, and bowing thrice around, let his Words go forth as the breathing of soft Music.

Great, O Princes! great is the Strength of WINE, and much greater the Strength and Glory of MAJESTY. But yet there is a POWER, that tempers and moderates, to which Rulers themselves pay delightful Obedience.

Man is as the rough and crude Element of Earth, unmollified by the Fluidity of Water and Light. Heaven therefore sent WOMAN, gentle, bright and beauteous Woman, to sooth, form and illumine the Rudeness of his Mass.

She

She comes upon Man, in the Meekness of Water, and in the Brightness of the Morning-Beam; she imperceptibly infuses Love and Delight into him, and bids his Affections go forth upon Kindred and Country.

The Planter who planted the Vineyard, and the Vintner who pressed the Grape were born of Woman; and by Woman alone, the Subject and the Sovereign receive Existence, with all that can make Existence advantageous or desirable.

She brings Man forth in his Weakness, and she brings him up to his Strength; he is fostered in her Bosom, he is nourished with her Substance, and he imbibes into his Being the Sweetness of Humanity with the Milk of his Mother.

Without Woman, where would be Father or where would be Child? where the Relations, Endearments and Connections of Kindred, the Charities that bind the wide World together into one inclusive Family, the great BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

She comes not against you, in the Hostility of Weapons, or Fearfulness of Power. She comes in the Comfort and mild Light of Beauty; she looks abashed and takes
you

you Captive; she trembles and you obey. Yet her's is the surest of all Signories on Earth; for her Dominion is sweet, and our Subjection is voluntary, and a Freedom from her Yoke is what no Man could bear.

There are no Forms of human Government that can exempt us from her Sway, no System of Laws that can exclude her Authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the Darkness, and put our Face to every Danger, to win and bring home Treasure and Ornaments to our Love? even the Robbers and savage Spoilers of Mankind grow tame to the civilizing Prerogative of Beauty.

If Men seek Peace, it is to live in kindly Society with Woman; and if they seek War, it is to please her with the Report and Renown of their Valour.

Even the Higheft, the Mightiest, the Lord of Lords and King of Kings is caught in the fascinating Net of his *Apame*. I saw her seated by his Side; she took the Crown from his Head, and gave it new Lustre by the Beauty of her Brow and the Brightness of her Tresses. I saw her chide him in her Playfulness, and strike him in her Petulance; yet he pressed the Hand of her pleasing Presumption to his Lips;

Lips; he gazed fondly and fixedly on her; if she laughed he laughed also, but if she affected Displeasure, he spoke and looked Submission; and was fain to plead and sue for Reconcilement.

Here ended the blooming Orator. The Monarch rose from his Throne and gave loud Applause, and the Roofs resounded with the Shouts and Acclamations of the Assembly.

Wherefore it was decreed, *by the Laws of the Medes and Persians*, that female Beauty ought to govern the World in Meekness, and that Men owed thereunto a voluntary Obedience.

Fr. Pray, my good Sir, this same *Esdra*s, is it among the Canonical Books?

Aut. I can't affirm that it is. But, it is held as authentic, and very sacred, I assure you.

Fr. It is a pity that your System of female Government should be apocryphal. But, since you have not proved their Dominion to be *jure divino*; permit me to retain my Faith, and to go on with my Story.

C H A P. IX.

MR. CLEMENT, said Mr. *Fenton*, I am singularly obliged and instructed by your Story. The Incidents of your Life have been very extraordinary, and have been evidently accompanied by the Controul and Attention of a peculiar Providence. The same Providence is, undoubtedly, with, and over all his Works; though we are not willing to admit him in, what we call, common Occurrences, and which, we think, we can account for, without his Interposition. But, in the Passages of your Story, we see Omnipotence walking along with you, Step for Step; by sudden Successes, by Calamities as sudden, compelling you to attend to Him; wrenching every other Prop and Support from your Dependence, shutting every other Prospect and Resource from your Sight; and, never forsaking you, in Weal or in Woe, till he had fully convinced you of his Fellowship and Regard, and had reconciled you to the bitterest of the Dispensations of your Creator.

Your Story, my dear Friend, has been, generally, conversant in middle, or low Life; and I observe that there is scarce a Circumstance, in it, which might not have

have happened to any Body, on any Day of the Year. And yet, in the Whole, I find a Chain of more surprizing and affecting Events, than I have met with, in History, or even in Romance.

God, I see, has made use of very severe Methods, to call you, and as I may say, to compel you to come in. But, do you think, Mr. *Clement*, that any Methods, less severe, would have been equally effectual? You must admit they would not. And, this demonstrates to me the Difficulty, and almost the Impossibility, of diverting any Man from that Habit of thinking and acting, which he contracts from the People with whom he is daily conversant. In a World of Saints, a Sinner must be a Devil; but, in a World of Sinners, the Man, who has Grace to deviate, must be a Saint indeed.

Had I been in your Situation, on the Day in which you say my Charity relieved you, I should have thought myself very little beholden to that Person, who would have plucked me back from my opening Paradise, into a World of whose Woes I had been so justly weary. No, no, my Friend, I did you and your *Arabella* the worst Office, as I think, that ye will ever receive. It was not to you that God in-

tended

tended any Benefit, by restoring you to Life; it was to those, and I hope they are many in Number; who are to have the Advantage of your Example and Instructions. It is an Advantage of which I, also, propose to avail myself; and I request you, in Behalf of my little *Harry* in particular, to accept your first Retainer from our Hands.

So saying, Mr. *Fenton* carelessly slid a Purse of a hundred Guineas into *Clements's* Coat Pocket, and, hastily calling to know if Supper was ready, left the Room without Ceremony.

In about an Hour the Cloth was laid, and Mr. *Fenton* ordered his Family to be called together. He had seldom seen *Arabella*, and never had noticed her, for fear of adding to that Confusion with which he saw her oppressed at their first Meeting. But now his Senses were all open and alive for Observation, and, on her Entrance, he saluted her, as he would have received and saluted a descending Seraph.

She had not yet recovered her Flesh or her Complexion; and Mr. *Fenton*, for some Time looked at her, in vain, to discover those striking and irresistible Beauties, to which Lust had fallen a Victim, by which Friendship had been seduced, and to

which a whole People had borne joint Testimony, by a Voucher of public Prostration and Applause. But, of all that Mr. *Fenton* had previously thought necessary for producing such extraordinary and astonishing Effects; he saw nothing but a Sentiment of Lowliness, throughout; a something, in Face, in Voice, and in Motion, that was lovely, for no other Reason, that He could find, but for its being quite impossible that it should not be beloved.

When they had sat down to Table, and eat, and chatted awhile on indifferent Matters; Dada, says *Harry*, sure Mrs. *Clement* is a greater Scholar than Mr. *Vindex*; and she taught me a latin Lesson to Day; and I would rather learn five Lessons from her, than one from him; for she can't look so cross at me as Mr. *Vindex*, do you think she can, Dada? No, *Harry*, I think not, says Mr. *Fenton*; if she can find in her Heart to be cross, she can't find it in her Face, and so we shall know nothing of the Matter. Well, well, Dada, says *Harry*, for all that, I'm sure she can't find in her Heart to whip Half so hard, and so I don't repent of my Bargain. What Bargain, *Harry*? Why, says *Harry*, you must know that she is to be my Tutor, and I am to pay her at the rate of twenty Kisses a Day. But, indeed, it is not an honest Bargain, as you shall hear, poor Mrs. *Clement* has
cheated

cheated herself most sadly; for every Kiss I give her, I take Two away; and they are the sweetest Kisses you ever got in your Life.

Here poor *Arabella* was put, sadly, to the Blush, though she could not help joining in the Laugh of the Company.

Harry, says Mr. *Fenton*, you talk, as feelingly of Kisses, as if you had been the Son and Heir of one *Secundus*, who wrote a very ingenious Treatise on the Subject. But, pray Mrs. *Clement*, do you understand the Languages? Ah, Sir, said *Arabella*, again blushing, I fear that my young Lover has brought me into a sad Scrape. I know nothing indeed, Sir, that does not serve to put me in mind of my own Ignorance. Ah, what a Boast is there, replied Mr. *Fenton*, the Wisdom of *Solomon*, and all subsequent Philosophers fall infinitely short of such an Extent of Knowledge. But, tell me, *Hammel*, continued Mr. *Fenton*, does your *Arabella* understand the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages? Not that ever I knew of, I do assure you, Sir, said *Clement*; and, yet, I thought I had discovered the Limits of her Talents; tho' I despaired of ever reaching the Extent of her Virtues.

Hammy, Hammy, said *Arabella*, would you banish me from a Table, where Conversation makes the Feast, and Mr. *Fenton* is a Speaker? But, Sir, since my Desire of instructing this your little *Harry*, the dearest and loveliest of all human Creatures, has brought me to the Shame of betraying a foolish Smattering in such Matters, I will tell you how it happened.

My dear good Father was a Clergyman, and, as his Living was very small, he derived his principal Income from Boarding, and Instructing the Children of the neighbouring Gentlemen. As I was his only Child, he loved me to a faulty Excess, and hardly ever suffered me to be out of his Sight. I used therefore to Work at my Sampler, in his School-Room; and, the frequent Repetitions, which the Boys made of their Lessons, insensibly and involuntarily forced themselves upon my Memory. I was, by Degrees, infected with the Desire of knowing something of what engaged the whole Attention of all about me. The Floor and the Windows were, often, spread with Books, which I took up and perused in private at my Pleasure. And, at length, I was applied to, by most of the Scholars, as well for my Assistance in framing their Exercises,
as

as for my powerful Mediation in saving them from the Lash.

My Error, in thus wandering from the Sphere of my Sex, will appear, as I hope, the more excusable; when I assure you, Sir, that, from the Moment I entered the World with my dear deceased Aunt, I never looked into one of those my favourite Authors; though I still retain many of the Passages in them. But, above all, I shall never forget the Indiscretion of *Homer*, in his Character of *Hector*, the great Enemy of *Greece*. The Poet appears to make a mighty Parade of the Power, the Valour, and Virtue of his Countrymen. He further gives them the whole Merit and Justice of the Cause; and he calls upon Gods and Men, in their Favour, for the Righting and Reformation of Iniquity and Offence. But, does he give you the sensible and odious Instances of this Iniquity on the Part of the Adversary? By no Means, as I take it. He sums up all *Troy*, and even all *Asia*, in the Character and Prowess of a single Man. On the Part of the *Trojans*, on the Side of the Delinquents, you see nothing but *Hector*, you hear of nothing but *Hector*. And again, what do you hear of him, or what do you see of him? Even all that is admirable; all that is amiable; whatever can be, severally, culled and collected, from the Worth and

the Sweetnesses of human-Nature; in his Submissions to his King, in his Attachments to his Country, in his filial Affections, in his conjugal Delicacies, in his paternal Fears and Feelings, in his Ardour for his Friends, in his Humanity to his Enemies, and, even in his Piety to the Gods that he worshipped (no Deduction from his Courage according to ancient Arithmetic) I should be glad, I say, to know in what History, true or feigned, I might find his Fellow.

How injudiciously, then, did this Author connect an iniquitous Cause with so righteous a Person; to whom no one living could take Exception; and, with whom no one living could cordially be at Variance. In favour therefore of *Hector*, you wish well to the Abettors of the Ravishers of *Helen*. And, in Favour of *Hector*, you are, almost, tempted to wish ill to those generous Patriots, who, at the Risque of their Honours, their Fortunes, and their Lives, came to vindicate the undoubted Rights of their Country; and consequently the Rights of all Mankind. — But — but — Is there no one so friendly, here, as to interrupt me, before all my Folly is let out?

You have no such Friend here, I assure you, Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*.

Well,

Well, well, Gentlemen, said *Arabella*, blushing deeper than before, I leave ye to laugh away; and I would stay, and laugh with ye with all my Heart, at any Expence but that of female Learning, ye know. And so saying, up she started, and away she would have flown; but Mr. *Fenton* got between her and the Door.

Mrs. *Clement*, Mrs. *Clement*, said he, would you serve us so? Do but think, what Sort of a World this would be without a Woman; and then think what a Figure this Hum-drum *Hammy*, of yours, and I should make without you. So saying, he took her Hand and replaced her in her Chair. But why, continued he, why all this Blushing, my dear Mrs. *Clement*? indeed my Child it is a Compliment that we cannot deserve.

Ah, Sir, cried Mrs. *Clement*, it is a Compliment which I would very gladly spare, if I could help it. But, I must be a very guilty Body to be sure; and my Faults I find must be very much my Enemies, when they are ready to fly in my Face, every Moment.

Why, Mrs. *Clement*, said Mr. *Fenton*, do you hold Blushing to be any Evidence of Guilt? Certainly, Sir, said *Arabella*, it

can be nothing but a Consciouſness of ſomewhat amiſs, that ought to give Shame to any ſenſible Perſon. Mr. Serjeant *Clement*, cried Mr. *Fenton*, pray, what is your Judgment on the Caſe in Hand?

In truth, Sir, ſaid *Clement*, it is a Caſe to which I am not prepared to plead. I have, indeed, heard many and various Opinions on the Subject, though generally coinciding with that of my *Arabella*. And, more particularly, in Converſations of ribald Entendre, I have heard it affirmed, that the Bluſhing of a Woman is a ſure Proof of her underſtanding much more than became her.

Hold there, cried Mr. *Fenton*, the mere underſtanding of Good or Evil, can no more be a Fault in the Creature than in the Creator, the Eſſence of Guilt bears no Reference to Knowledge, but conſiſts in the Approbation of Evil alone. A Woman therefore, who bluſhes at what ſhe diſapproves, bluſhes not for herſelf, but for the Faults of her rude and ill-mannered Company, who have not the Grace to bluſh for themſelves.

When I ſpeak here of Bluſhing; I would not be underſtood, by any Means, to include the Fluſhings of Deſire, or the Reddenings of Anger, or any ſuch like turbulent

lent and irregular Emotions. I mean no other than that ready Expression of Shame, which, as our *Arabella* sweetly hinted just now, arises from an Apprehension of something being amiss in ourselves, or others. But who or what is it that apprehends, in this Case? Is it Guilt that is afraid or ashamed of Guilt? No surely. It is Virtue, alone, that can fear or be ashamed of the Neighbourhood of its Adversary.

I will take an Instance from a Person, who is actually guilty of something very enormous, and who blushes, on his being questioned or suspected of the Transgression. His blushing here demonstrates his Sensibility; and his Sensibility demonstrates some Principle within him, that disapproved and reproached him for what he had committed. And so long as this Spark or Principle remains unquenched in the Bosom; so long as the wicked themselves can feel Compunction and be ashamed of wickedness; so long their Recovery is not to be despaired of.

It is therefore from the Fountain of Virtue, alone, that this Flush of Shamefacedness can possibly flow. And a Delicacy of Compunction, on such Occasions, is as a sensitive Plant of Divinity in the Soul, that feels, shrinks, and is alarmed on the slightest Apprehension of approaching Evil.

Well, Sir, said *Arabella*, allowing all that you have advanced in Behalf of Blushers, (and that is doing them more Favour than I fear they deserve) can it amount to more than this, that, however faulty they may be, they still have Goodness enough to acknowledge their Guilt, or in other Words, that they have the Justice to be ashamed of themselves?

Yes, Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, it amounts to much more, and you know that it does. But you are a wicked little Sophister, and deserve to be punished, by our yielding to you the Cause that you have undertaken against yourself.

When I observed that nothing, but Virtue, could undesignedly express a Disapprobation of Vice; I ought further to have observed that, the greater and the purer, the more excellent and more vivid that this Virtue is, the more apt it will be to take Alarm, at the bare Apprehension of having said or done, or of being suspected to have said, or done, or thought of any thing amiss, or contrary to its own Nature.

As far as a guilty Person loves and is reconciled to Guilt, it becomes a Part of himself, and he cannot blush at it. But
Goodness

Goodness will blush in a Closet, in a Desert, in Darkness, on fearing it was in Danger to have said or done any Thing unbecoming or disgustful to its own Sensibilities. For a delicate Virtue is, like a delicate Chastity, that will blush to have been seen, or, even suspected to have been seen within the Suburbs of Drury.

But again, where such a delicate Virtue is accompanied by Lowliness, there needs not any Thing amiss, nor the slightest Apprehension of any Thing amiss, to excite this sweet Confusion in the Soul and in the Countenance. Humility will blush to be found in the Presence of those whom it reveres; it will blush to be thought of, either too meanly or too highly, by those whose favourable Opinion it wishes to merit; and I once knew a Lady blush, for being detected of Accomplishments that would have been Matter of Pride and Boasting to any other Woman.

This graceful Effusion of a virtuous and humble Heart is, as I once hinted, the highest and, generally, the most grateful Compliment that a Person can pay to the Company; as it is an Expression of Deference, and a comparative Acknowledgment of superior Merit. But, it is more peculiarly amiable in your Sex, Mrs. Clement; it is that *Shamefacedness*, so grateful
to

to God and Man, and which, in Scripture, is called the most becoming Cloathing, and best Ornament of a Woman.

However, my dear Child, as this Emotion is generally attended with some little Matter of Pain; the present Company are too much your Friends, to receive any kind of Pleasure from a Compliment as unmerited, as it is wholly unnecessary. And, in Truth, there is but one Thing, that I can think of, for which Mrs. *Clement* ought to blush.

Pray, Sir, don't hold me in Pain, what is it, I beseech you? It is for being a Reproach almost to her whole Sex.

Ah, Sir, cried *Arabella*, rising, smiling, and blushing, and curtsying down to the Ground; excuse me if I don't stay to hear myself so abused; and, turning, away she swam and disappeared in an Instant.

As soon as she was gone, *Clement* took out his Purse of a hundred Guineas, and, pray Sir, said he, what shall I do with all this Money? O, as for that Matter, said Mr. *Fenton*, I know People, not half so ingenious as you are, who could quickly contrive to get rid of a much larger Sum. Lay it out in decent Cloathing for yourself and

and your *Arabella*, and I will find some way to have you reimbursed. In short, *Hammel*, I can't think of parting with you, if my Fortune may serve for a sufficient Cement. I will pay you two hundred Guineas yearly, while you stay with me; and I will settle on you, one thousand Pounds, in case of my Mortality, to put you into some little Station of Independence.

Sir, Sir, cried *Clement*, hesitatingly, you oppress me, you — Hush, hush, said Mr. *Fenton*, putting his Hand to his Mouth, no Compliments, my dear Friend. It is not your Thanks but your Services that I want; and you may readily make them more than an Equivalent to such Matters. I value the Instilling of a single Principle of Goodness or Honour, into the Mind of my dear *Harry*, beyond all the Wealth that the Indies can remit. Ah, *Hammel*, why wasn't that Brat of yours a Girl, instead of a Boy? She might one Day have been the Wife of my precious *Harry*; and I should then have had some of the Breed of this wonderful *Arabella*.

But, *Hammy*, continued Mr. *Fenton*, I would not have you, through any Zeal, or Attachment to me, think of pushing my Boy into Learning or the Languages, beyond his own Pleasure. Neither would
I have

I have you oppress or perplex his infant Mind, with the deep or mysterious Parts of our holy Religion. First, be it your Care to instruct him in Morality; and let the Law precede the Gospel, for such was the Education which God appointed for the World. Give him, by familiar and historical Instances, an early Impression of the shortness of human Life, and of the Nature of the World in which he is placed. Let him learn, from this Day forward, to distinguish between natural and imaginary Wants; and, that nothing is estimable or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary, or useful to Man. Instruct my Darling, daily and hourly, if possible, in a Preference of Manners and Things that bear an intrinsic Value, to those that receive their Value and Currency from the arbitrary and fickle Stamp of Fashion. Shew him also, my *Hammel*, that the same Toils and Sufferings; the same Poverty and Pain, from which People now fly as they would from a Plague, were once the Desire of Heroes and the Fashion of Nations. And, that Thousands of Patriots, of Captains, and Philosophers, through a Love of their Country, or of Glory, of Applause during Life or Distinction after Death, have rejected Wealth and Pleasure, embraced Want and Hardship; and suffered more, from a voluntary Mortification and Self-denial, than our Church seems to require

require in these Days, for the Conquest of a sensual World into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a Crown in the Kingdom of Eternity.

So saying, Mr. *Fenton* got up from Table, and observing that it was late, wished *Clement* a good Night.

Our Hero was now eight Years of Age; and weekly, and daily, continued to be exercised, in Feats of bodily Prowess and Agility; and in Acts of mental Benevolence, and Service to Mankind.

Mr. *Fenton* had, already, provided his Favourite with a Dancing-Master, the most approved for Skill in his Profession; as also, with a noted Fencing-Master, who further taught him the noble Sciences of the Cudgel and Quarter-Staff. He was now on the Search for the most distinguished Champion of the *Bear-Garden*, in order to accomplish our Hero in the Mysteries of Bruising, of Wrestling, and of Tripping; and having, in a short Time, procured the Person desired; he purchased for his *Harry* a small but beautiful Spanish Jennett that was perfectly dressed, as they call it, or rid to the Manage; and, once in every Week or Fortnight, he accompanied his Darling to the Riding-House in *Islington*, where he saw him instructed in all

all the Arts and Elegancies of Horsemanship.

Thus, *Harry* had his little Hands as full of Business as they could hold. But he was, naturally, of an active and vivid Disposition; and Time, unemployed, lay upon him as the heaviest and most irksome of all Burdens. He, therefore, proceeded from his Book to his Exercises, and from one Exercise to another, as an Epicure does among a number of Dishes; where the Variety of the Seasoning excites in him a new Appetite to Each.

Within a few Weeks after the late Dissertation upon Blushing, the same Company being present and Dinner removed; *Harry*, says Mr. *Fenton*, tell me which of the Two is the Richest, the Man who wants least, or the Man who has most? Let me think, Dada, says *Harry* ——— Why, sure, they are the same Thing; aren't they, Dada? By no Means, my Darling, cried Mr. *Fenton*.

There lived two famous Men, at the same Time, the one was called *Diogenes*, and the other *Alexander*. *Diogenes* refused to accept of any worldly Goods, save one wooden Cup to carry Water to his Mouth; but, when he found that he could drink, by lying down and putting his Mouth to the

the

the Stream, he threw his Cup away as a Thing that he did not want.

Alexander, on the other Side, was a great Conqueror. And, when he had conquered and got Possession of all the World, he fell a crying because there was not a hundred more such Worlds for him to conquer. Now, which of these two was the richest, do you think?

O Dada, exclaimed *Harry*, *Diogenes* to be sure, *Diogenes* to be sure. He who wants nothing is the richest Man in the World. *Diogenes*, Dada, was richer than *Alexander* by a hundred Worlds.

Very true, my Love, rejoin'd Mr. *Fenton*. *Alexander* had a whole World more than *Diogenes* wanted, and yet desired a hundred Worlds more than he had. Now, as no Man will allow that he wants what he does not desire, and all affirm that they want whatsoever they do desire, Desires and Wants are generally accounted as one and the same Thing. And yet, my *Harry*, there is a Thing, of which it may be said, that the more we desire it the less we want it, and that the less we desire of it the greater is our Want.

What in the World can that be, Dada?

—It is *Goodness*, my Love. Well, says
Harry,

Harry, I will not puzzle my Brains about nice Matters. All I know is, that no Man has more Goodness than he wants, except it be yourself. I don't talk of Women, for I believe *Mrs. Clement*, here, is very good; pray look in her Face, *Dada*, don't you think she is very good?

I see, *Harry*, said *Mr. Fenton*, that young as you are, you are a perfect Physiognomist. Why, pray Sir, said *Arabella*, is it, in earnest, your Opinion, that the Character of Mind or Manners, may, in any Measure, be gathered from the Form of the Countenance? Is not the World filled with Stories of the Deceit and Treachery of such false Appearances? You remember how *Horace* says that a prudent Mariner puts no Trust in the Gildings or Paintings of a Ship; such superficial Glossings, as one might think, ought, rather, to be suspected of an Intention to conceal the Rottenness of the Timber. And then, the Passage of the famous Physiognomists, at *Athens*, so often quoted as a Proof of Capacity and Knowledge in this Way, proves wholly the Reverse, as I take it; their Judgment of *Socrates* is opposite to Truth in every Instance; they pronounce him the most debauched, irascible, and malicious of Men; and it is a very poor Apology that *Socrates* makes for their Ignorance, when he affirms that he was, by Birth, the very Person they deemed

deemed him, but that Philosophy had given him a new Nature; for if Education can change the Heart, without changing the Countenance, how can we form any Conjecture of the one by the other?

Though I insist, *Mrs. Clement*, that you are wrong in your Thesis, replied *Mr. Fenton*, I admit that you are perfectly just in your Inference. For, if a Change of Mind or Manners can make no Change in the Aspect, the whole Science of Physiognomy must fall to the Ground. I therefore take this Passage, relating to *Socrates*, to be a mere Fiction; and I affirm that neither Philosophy, nor Christianity, can make a new Heart or a new Nature in Man, without making a suitable Alteration in his Visage.

As the Heavens are made expressive of the Glory of God, though frequently overcast with Clouds and Tempest, and sometimes breaking forth in Thunders that terrify, and Lightenings that blast; so, the general Tenour of a human Countenance is made expressive of the Nature of the Soul that lives within; and, to which it is ordained an involuntary Interpreter.

Many Persons have made it the Study of great Part of their Lives, to counteract Providence in this honest Appointment;
to

to shut this Window, by which, an impertinent World is so apt to peep in, and spy what they are about; and, as far as possible, to make the Expressions of their Countenance, to belie every Sentiment and Emotion of their Heart.

I have known *Hypocrisy, Treachery, Pride, Malice, and Lust*, assume the opposite Semblance of *Saintship, Fidelity, Lowliness, Benevolence, and Chastity*: But, it is painful to keep the Bow of Nature long bent; its Elasticity will still struggle to have it restored; and a skillful Discerner, at the Time of such Delusion, will often detect the Difference between a real Character and the acting of a Part. For, when Nature dictates, the whole Man speaks; all is uniform and consenting in Voice, Mien, Motion, the turn of each Feature, and the Cast of the Eyes. But, when Art is the Spokesman, and that Nature is not altogether suppressed; the Turn of the Eye may contradict the Tongue; and the Muscles of the Face may counteract each other in their several Workings. And, thus, I have known an Expression of Resentment remain on the Brow, while the Face laboured to invest itself with a Smile of Complacence; and, I have known the Eye to burn with ill-governed Concupiscence, while Voice, Action, and Address, united

united in the Avowal of chaste and honourable Regards.

I perceive, Sir, said Mr. *Clement*, by your own Account, that he must be a very learned Proficient, in the Study of Physiognomy, who can decide, with any kind of Certainty, on an Art that requires such Attention and Penetration.

I beg leave to differ, answered Mr. *Fenton*. The Science is much more obvious than you may imagine; and I fancy there are very few Persons, who do not trust, without reflecting, to their own Skill in this Way; and who do not, inadvertently, form a Character to themselves of almost all the People with whom they are conversant.

I am persuaded that there is not a single Sentiment, whether tending to Good or Evil, in the human Soul, that has not its distinct and respective Interpreter in the Glance of the Eye, and in the Muscling of the Countenance. When Nature is permitted to express Herself with Freedom by this Language of the Face, she is understood by all People; and those who never were taught a Letter can instantly read her Signatures and Impressions; whether they be of Wrath, Hatred, Envy, Pride, Jealousy, Vexation, Contempt;

tempt; Pain, Fear, Horror and Dismay; or of Attention, Respect, Wonder, Surprise, Pleasure, Transport, Complacency, Affection, Desire, Peace, Lowliness, and Love.

Now, all Persons are born with Propensities (whether they be mental or constitutional) to some Passions and Affections, rather than to Others. I will take two Instances; the one, of a Male Infant who is born with a Propensity to Pride and Arrogance: The other of a Female Infant, who is born with a Propensity to Bashfulness and Lowliness. In either Case, it is evident, that, from the first Occasion that may serve to excite these several Affections, in these several Infants, the Sentiments of their Souls will be suitably and intelligibly expressed in their Aspects; and every further Occasion of renewing the same Impressions will render them more obvious and legible to every Eye. Inasmuch that, if no future Influence, arising from Accident or Education, shall check the Pride of the one or divert the Lowliness of the other; the Male will be seen to look on those about him with an habitual Self-sufficiency and Contempt of his Species; and the Female will be seen to regard Humankind, with an amiable Diffidence and a complacent Respect.

Let

Let us see however, how far Education may be able to change these Sentiments; and, how far a Change of Sentiments may produce a Change of Face.

If the Scorners should be so happy as to meet with worthy Tutors, wise, and diligent to inculcate the Insufficiency of all Creatures, and more particularly the Wants, Weaknesses, and Vileness, of our lapsed Natures; and that no Honour can belong to Man in this his State of Depravity. But above all, should this Scorners prove so happy as to be educated in the never failing School of Christian Meekness; even the School of Adversity, of Pain, Sickness, depressing Poverty, and Mortification; his lofty Crest by Degrees will be effectually unplumed; his Sufficiency and high Mindfulness will sink to an humble Prayer and look out for Relief; and he will respect even the Wretched, because he will acquire a social Sense and Fellow-feeling of their Wretchedness.

Here, then, is another Man, as new made and as different from his former Self as he can possibly be supposed from any other of the human Species. But, will this total Change of Sentiment produce no Change of Aspect, think you? Will this benevolent and lowly Man retain the same Front
of

of Haughtiness, the same Brow of Overbearance, the same Eye of Elevation, the same Lip of Ridicule, and the same Glance of Contempt? It cannot be said, it cannot be imagined.

When God, by his inspired Penmen, expresses his Detestation of a *lofty Look*, was he quarrelling, do ye think, with the natural and unavoidable Cast of an unhappy Countenance? No, no, my dear Friends. In condemning a proud Aspect, he condemned a proud Heart; forasmuch as he knew that a Loftiness of Look and a Sauciness of Soul could not be divided.

But, to clear up this Question from any remaining Doubt, let us suppose that the female Infant, with bashful and lowly Propensities, is just brought down, blushing and trembling, from the Nursery. Let us suppose her Education to be taken in Hand, by a Mama of Figure and Fashion, and by other Dames of Quality, whose Estimate of Happiness is measured merely by the Mode. She now becomes instructed in more Instances of Self-Denial, than such as dictated and tuned by Christianity, would have sainted her for Eternity. She is taught to suppress her natural Feelings and Inclinations, and to bridle the Impulses of an affectionate and humble Heart. She is taught to prize what she dislikes,

dislikes, and to praise what she disapproves; to affect Coldness and Distance to Inferiors whom she regarded, and to proportion her Appearance of Inclination, and Respect, to the Station of the Party.

As I have been Ear-witness to several of these Quality Lectures, I might give you many familiar Instances of their Nature and Tendency. Fye *Harriet*, says my Lady, what does the Girl blush at? You are handsome and well-shaped, my Dear, and have nothing to be ashamed of, that I know. No one blushes now a Days, except silly Country Wenches who are ignorant of the World. But, if you have any naughty Thoughts that make you blush, why, keep 'em to yourself Child, and we shall never be the wiser. But, don't let your Face be a Town-Crier, *Harriet*, to let every Body know what you have in your Mind. To be ashamed, my Girl, is the greatest of all Shames.

Again, my Dear, I warn you, that you must not be so fond of the Miss *Collesses*, who used to visit you in the Nursery. For, though they are good sort of Girls, their Parents are People in but middling Life, and we never admit 'em when there's Company in the House. And then, there's the Miss *Sanclairs*, how low you curtsied

to 'em Yesterday; and what a Rout you made about welcoming and entertaining them; but, let me have no more of that, for though they are rich, they are Cits, and People of Business; and a Nod of your Head, or Inclination toward a Curtsy, with some Yeses and Noes when they ask you a Question, will be Matter enough of Salute and Discourse from you to them.

You say that your Stays are too low before, and that they pain you about the Waste; but I know it is impossible; for a young Lady must never dislike or be pained, by any Thing that shews the Fineness of her Skin or Shape to Advantage.

I must further advise you, *Harriet*, not to heap such Mountains of Sugar, nor to pour such a Deluge of Cream into your Tea; People will certainly take you for the Daughter of a Dairy-Maid. There is young *Jenny Quirp*, who is a Lady, by Birth, and she has brought herself to the Perfection of never suffering the Tincture of her Tea to be spoiled by Whitening, nor the Flavour to be adulterated by a Grain of Sweet. And then you say you can't like Coffee; and I could not but laugh, though I was quite asham'd at the wry Faces you made the other Day, when you mistook the Olives for Sweetmeats.

But

But these Things, my Child, are relished by Persons of Taste, and you must force yourself to swallow and relish them, also.

I was talking awhile ago of young Lady *Jane Quirp*. There's a Pattern for you, *Harriet*; one who never likes or dislikes, or says or does any Thing a Hair's Breadth beyond the Pink of the Mode. She is ugly, it is true, and very ill-natured; but then she is finely bred, and has all the becoming Airs of a Miss of Distinction. Her you must love, my Child, and to her you must pay your Court; for you must learn to love and prefer such Matters and Persons, alone, as will serve, in the Beau-Monde, to render you noted and respected for the Accomplishments in vogue.

These Lessons and Efforts, in Time, have their Influence. Miss comes to accommodate her Taste, and Relish of Things, to the Taste and Relish of those whom she is proud to resemble. She now is ashamed of Nothing, but in Proportion as it is below the Top of the Mode; and she blushes at no Indecency that Fashion is pleased to adopt. Her whole Soul and Essence is futilized and extracted into Shew and Superficials. She learns that Friendship, in high Life, is nothing but Compliment; and Visits, Intimacies, and Connections,

the polite Grimace of People of Distinction. That, to talk elegantly upon Nothing, is the Sum of Conversation. That Beauty and Dress are the Constituents of female Perfection. And that the more we depreciate and detract from others, the more eminently we ourselves shall shine forth and be exalted. She is followed by Fops, she is worshipped by Fortune-hunters. She is mounted aloft upon the Wings of Flattery, and is hardened against public Opinion by Self conceit. While she beholds a circling Group, of the Taylor's Creation, admiring the Harmony of her Motions, the Fineness of her Complexion, and the Lustre of her Ornaments, the same Vanity, that bids her to be desirous of Conquests, bids her also to despise them: But, for the vulgar World, she regards it as the Dust beneath her Steps, created to no End, save to be looked down upon, and trodden under Foot.

Will ye now affirm, or can ye conceive, that any Trace of native Bashfulness and Lowliness should remain in the Frontlet of this Piece of Court-Petrefaction? No such Trace can remain.

As I observed to ye before, that every Affection of the human Soul has its distinct and respective Interpreter in the Counte-

Countenance; I am further to take Notice that each, of those many Interpreters, hath its respective Set of Tubes and Fibres leading thereto, through which the Blood and Spirits flow on their respective Emotion. Thus, whatever the general Tenour of a Person's Temper may be, such as joyous, or melancholy, irascible, or placid, and so forth; the Vessels, relative to these Affections, are kept open and full, by an almost constant Flow of the Blood and animal Spirits, and impress such evident Characters of that Person's Disposition, as are not to be suppressed, except for a Time, and that too by some powerful and opposite Passion. For the Muscles, so employ'd, grow stronger and more conspicuous by Exercise; as we see the Legs of a Chairman, and the Shoulders of a Porter, derive Bulk and Distinction from the Peculiarity of their Occupation.

Now, I will take the Argument in the strongest Light against myself. I will suppose a Man to be naturally of a melancholy Cast of Countenance; that he has the additional unhappiness of a bileous Constitution; and, that he is confirmed in this Look and Habit of Despondence, by a Train of distressful Circumstances, till he arrives at his twentieth or thirtieth Year. I will then suppose that his Habit of Body, and Temper of Mind are totally

F 3

changed,

changed, by Medicine, a Flow of Success, a happy Turn of Reason and Resignation, or perhaps of Complacency in the divine Dispensations. He now grows sociable, benevolent, chearful, always joyous when in Company and placid when alone. I ask, on this Occasion, will ye continue to see the same Cast and Habit of Melancholy in this Man's Countenance? No more than ye can see the Gloom of last Winter, in the smiling Serene of a Summer's-Evening. For some Time, I admit, it will be difficult for the Set of joyous Muscles, and Glances, to overpower their Adversaries who have so long kept the Field; but, in the End, they must prevail; they will receive constant Supplies, from within; and the Passages, for their Reinforcement, will be opened more and more; while their Opponents daily subside, give Place, and disappear.

What I have observed, with respect to Melancholy, may be equally affirmed of any other Affection, whose opposite gets an habitual Empire in the Mind. I say habitual, because there are some Persons of such variable and fluctuating Tempers, now furious, now complacent; now churlish, now generous; now mopingly melancholy, now merry to Madness; now pious, now profane; now cruelly hard-hearted, now meltingly humane; that a
 Man

Man can no more judge of what Nature or Disposition such People are, than he can determine what Wind shall predominate next *April*; and yet, when the Wind blows, he can tell by every Cloud and Weather Cock, from what Point it comes; and may as easily decypher the present Temper, by the Aspect.

But, Sir, said *Arabella*, might not Nature impress, as in the Case of *Socrates*, such conspicuous Characters of Vice (in his peculiar Cast of Countenance and strong Turn of muscling) as no internal Virtues should be able to retract?

By no means Madam, answered Mr. *Fenton*. For, if such Characters are impressed by Nature on the Countenance, independent of any such Characters in the Mind, this would, first, overthrow the whole System of the Physiognomists, who judged of the Mind by the Countenance alone. And, secondly, it would overthrow the Opinion of *Socrates* himself, who allowed that his Countenance had received such Impressions from the natural Bent and Disposition of his Mind. But, again, if the Mind has really a Power to impress her own Character or Likeness on the Countenance; what should take away this Power, why does she not retain it? Why should not a total Change of Character

rafter in the Soul, make some suitable Change of Character in the Aspect? It does, Madam, it does make a total Change. And there are thousands of Faces, in yonder sanctified City, that, once, expressed all the Sweetness of bashful Modesty; and yet are, now, as much hardened and bronzed over with Impudence; as the Face of the Statue at *Charing-Cross*.

In the soft and pliable Features of Infancy and Youth, the Mind can express itself with much more Force and Perspicuity, than in the Features of People more advanced in Years. The Nerves and Fibres, in our early Age, are all open, active, and animated; They reach to the outward Surface of the Skin; and the Soul looks forth, and is seen through them, as a *Spanish* Beauty is seen through a Veil of Gauze. But Time destroys many of these intelligible Fibres; it also obstructs others; and it renders the Remainder less susceptible of those Offices and mental Impressions, for which they were ordained; till the Surface of the Countenance grows so callous and rigid, that the Beauties of the Soul can no more be discovered through it, than the Luminaries of Heaven through an Atmosphere of Clouds. Scarce any Thing, save sudden Passion, can then be discernible, like Flashes of Lightning that break through the Gloom.

For

For this very Reason, my dear Mrs. *Clement*, were it possible for you to advance in Virtues, as you advance in Years; you will however grow less amiable in the Eyes of Mortals, as your Beauties will be, more and more, shut in from their Observation.

This brings me to my last and most important Remark, on the Nature and Power of Beauty, itself. And here we must note that, though Nothing can be affectingly lovely or detestable, that does not arise from some Sentiment of the Soul, there is yet, in many Faces, such a natural Symmetry or Disproportion, as is generally called by the Name of Beauty, and Ugliness. Thus, in some Countenances, you perceive a due Relation and Agreement between the Parts. While in others, the Forehead may overwhelm the nether Face; or the Mouth threaten to devour the other Features; or the Nose may appear as a huge Steeple that hides a small Church; or, as a Mountain that is the whole of a Man's Estate; insomuch that, as some may be said to want a Nose to their Face, in the present Case they may be said to want a Face to their Nose. But this Species of Beauty and Ugliness excites no other kind of Pleasure or Disgust save such as we receive from two

Pieces of Architecture, where one is executed with Propriety, and the other is obviously out of all Rule. And, to continue the Simile, if People should be seen looking out at the Windows of those two Buildings; we may come to detest and avoid the First, and to love and frequent the Latter, for the Sake of those who live therein. And just so it is, with regular Faces that express a Deformity of Soul; and, with disproportioned Features that may, however, be pregnant with the Beauty of Sentiment.

By Beauty, therefore, I do not mean the Beauty of Lines, or Angles; of Motion, or Music; of Form, or Colour; of numerical Agreements, or Geometrical Proportions; nor that which excites the Passion, of some pragmatistical Inamoratos, for a Shell, a Tulip, or a Butter-fly. All these have, undoubtedly, their peculiar Beauty; but, then, that Beauty has no Relation to the Power or Perception of that which contains it; it is derived from something that is, altogether, foreign; and owes the whole of its Merit to the superior Art and Influence of God or Man.

In the Designings of Sculptors, of Painters and Statuaries, we, however, see very great and truly affecting Beauty. I have, at times, been melted into Tears thereby; and

and have felt within my Bosom the actual Emotions of Distress, and Compassion, of Friendship and of Love. I ask then what it was that excited these Sensations? Could any Lines, Colourings, or mere Symmetry of inanimate Parts, inspire Affections, of which in themselves they were incapable? No. They could only serve, as the Vehicles of something intended to inspire such Sensibilities, nothing further. We must, therefore, look higher for a Cause more adequate to such extraordinary Effects; and the first that presents itself is the Designer, who must have conceived amiable Sentiments within himself, before he could impress their Beauty on these his Interpreters, in order to excite suitable Affections in others.

Here then it is evident that, whatever we affect or love, in the Design, is no other than the Sentiment or Soul of the Designer; though we neither see nor know any Thing further concerning him. And thus, a Sculptor, a Painter, a Statuary, or amiable Author, by conveying their Sentiments, in lasting and intelligible Characters to Mankind, may make the World Admirers and Lovers of their Beauty, when their Features shall be rigid and incapable of Expression, and, when they themselves shall no longer exist among Men.

From

From hence it should seem, as indeed I am fully persuaded, that Mind can affectingly love nothing but Mind; and, that universal Nature can exhibit no single Grace or Beauty, that does not arise from Sentiment alone.

The Power of this sentimental Beauty, as I may say, is, in many Cases, great, amazing! and has not yet been accounted for, that I know of, by any Philosopher, Poet, or Author; tho' several have made it their peculiar Study and Subject. We have seen, and read of many Instances, where it carries People, as it were, quite out of themselves; and gives them to live, and to be interested, in the Object of their Affections alone. They will run to fight, bleed, suffer, and even to die in its Defence. And in its Absence, they will pine, and despair, and attempt to destroy themselves, rather than bear to be divided from what they love, in a Manner, above their own Existence.

This is wonderful, perhaps mysterious! and may possibly be involved in impenetrable Darkness. Let us try however if we can throw any probable Lights upon it.

We have already seen that human Artificers can impress the Beauty of their own

own Sentiments on their inanimate Works. Suppose, then, that God should be barely the same to universal Nature, that a finite Designer is to the Piece he has in Hand. He finds that the Stuff or Material, which he is to form and to inform, is, in itself, utterly incapable of any Thing that is beautiful, and consequently incapable of any Thing that is desirable. He, therefore, finds himself under the Necessity of imparting to his Works, some faint Manifestation or Similitude of Himself; for otherwise they cannot be amiable; neither can he see his Shadow in them with any Delight. On Matter therefore, he, first, impresses such distant Characters of his own Beauty, as the Subject will bear; in the Glory of the Heavens, in the Movement of the Planets, in the Symmetry of Form, in the Harmony of Sounds, in the Elegance of Colours, in the elaborate Texture of the smallest Leaf; and, in the infinitely fine Mechanism of such Insects, and Minims of Nature, as are scarce visible to Eyes of the clearest Discernment.

But, when God comes toward Home, if the Phrase may be allowed; when he impresses on intelligent Spirits a nearer Resemblance of himself, and imparts to them, also, a Perception and Relish of the Beauty, with which he has inform'd them,
he

he then delights to behold, and will eternally delight to behold his Image, so fairly reflected by such a living Mirror. Yet, still, they are no other than his own Beauties that he beholds in his Works; for, his Omnipotence can impress, but cannot possibly detach a single Grace from himself.

I am not quite singular in this Opinion. I have somewhere read the following Stanza.

*'Tis Goodness forms the Beauty of the Face,
The Line of Virtue is the Line of Grace.*

Here is also a little Poem, lately published on a Lady, who was beholden to the Graces of her Mind alone for all the Attractions of her Person and Countenance.

*What is Beauty? is it Form,
Proportion, Colours pale or warm?
Or is it, as by some defin'd,
A Creature of the Lover's Mind?*

No — It is internal Grace
Pregnant in the Form and Face;
The Sentiment that's hear'd, and seen,
In Act, and Manners, Voice, and Mein;
It is the Soul's celestial Ray,
Breaking through the Veil of Clay;
'Tis the Godhead, in the Heart,
Touching each external Part;

Wrapt

*Wrapt in Matter, else too bright
 For our Sense, and for our Sight.
 BEAUTY (Envy be thou dumb)
 Is DIVINITY in——*

Here we reach at the Nature of that Enchantment, or Magnetism, with which some Persons are so powerfully indued, as to engage the Liking of all who barely behold them; an Enchantment often attractive of Friendship, Affection, Passion, to Tenderness, Languishment, Pain, Sickness, and Death.

Here also we discover why the Bliss, which we reach after, eludes our Grasp; why it vanishes, as it were, in the Moment of Enjoyment, yet still continues to fascinate and attract as before; forasmuch as the BEAUTY, after which we sigh, is not essentially in the Mirror where we behold its Similitude. Thus, *Ixion* is said to have clasped a Cloud, without reflecting that it was but a bare Resemblance of the real Divinity who had excited his Passion.

This will at once account for all the wonderful Effects of Beauty. For, if nothing but GOD is lovely, if nothing else can be beloved; he is himself the universal and irresistible Magnet, that draws all intelligent and affectionate Beings, through the Medium of Creatures, to the Graces of
 their

their Creator; till the Veil shall finally be taken away, and that he himself shall appear, in his eternal, unclouded and unspeakable Beauty, infinitely lovely and infinitely beloved.

But, I have out talked my Time, says Mr. *Fenton*, rising, and looking at his Watch. I am engaged for an Hour or two above Street, and wish ye a good Evening.

While Mr. *Fenton* was abroad. *Ned*, who would not willingly have exchanged his Unluckiness for the Heirship of an Estate, happened to take a little Ramble through the Town. He held a Stick, to the End of which he had a long Ferule of hollow Tin, which he could take off at Pleasure; and, from the Extremity of the Ferule, there arose a small collateral Pipe, in an Angle of about forty five Degrees. He had filled this Ferule with Puddle-water; which, by a sudden Pressure of the Stick, he could squirt out, to double the Height of his own Stature.

On his Return, he saw an elderly Gentleman advancing, whose Shadow, being lengthened by the declining Sun, attended, with a slow and stately Motion. As *Ned* approached, he exclaimed, with a well

well counterfeited Fear, look, look! what's that behind you? take Care of yourself, Sir, for Heaven's sake, take Care!

The Gentleman, alarmed heret, instantly started, turned pale, and looked terrified behind him, and on either Side; when Ned, recovering his Countenance, said, O Sir, I beg Pardon, I believe it's nothing but your Shadow. What Sirrah, cried the Gentleman, in a Tone highly exasperated, have you learned no better Manners than to banter your Superiors? and then, lifting a Kane Switch, he gave our merry Companion a few smart Strokes across the Shoulders.

Friend. This, I presume, must be some very respectable Personage, some extraordinary Favourite of yours; since, within a few Lines you stile him, three or four Times, by your *most venerable of all Titles*, the Title of a Gentleman.

Author. Sir, I would not hold three Words of Conversation with any Man who did not deserve the Appellation of Gentleman, by many Degrees, better than this Man does.

Fr.

Fr. Why then do you write or speak with such acknowledged Impropriety?

Aut. I think for myself, but I speak for the People. I may think as I please, for I understand my own Thoughts; but, would I be understood when I speak to others also, I must speak with the People, I must speak in common Terms according to their common or general Acceptation.

There is no Term, in our Language, more common than that of *Gentleman*; and, whenever it is heard, all agree in the general Idea of a Man some way elevated above the Vulgar. Yet, perhaps no two, living, are precisely agreed, respecting the Qualities they think requisite for constituting this Character. When we hear the Epithets of a fine *Gentleman*, a pretty *Gentleman*, much of a *Gentleman*, *Gentlemanlike*, something of a *Gentleman*, nothing of a *Gentleman*, and so forth; all these different Appellations must intend a Peculiarity annexed to the Ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent Qualities of the Character they have formed in their own Mind.

There have been Ladies who deemed a Bag-Wig, tasseld Waistcoat, new fashioned Snuff-

Snuff-Box, and Sword-Knot, very capital Ingredients in the Composition of — a Gentleman.

A certain easy Impudence acquired by low People, by casually being conversant in high Life, has pass'd a Man current thro' many Companies for — a Gentleman.

In the Country a laced Hat and long Whip makes — a Gentleman.

In Taverns and in Brothels, he who is the most of a Bully is the most of — a Gentleman.

With Heralds, every Esquire is, indisputably, — a Gentleman.

And the Highway Man, in his Manner of taking your Purse; and your Friend, in his Manner of debauching your Wife, may however be allowed to have — much of the Gentleman.

Fr. As you say, my Friend, our Ideas of this Matter are very various and adverse. In our own Minds, perhaps, they are also indetermin'd; and I question if any Man has formed, to himself, a Conception of this Character with sufficient Precision.

Precision. Pray — was there any such Character among the Philosophers?

Aut. Plato, among the Philosophers, was the most of a Man of Fashion; and therefore allowed, at the Court of Syracuse, to be — the most of a Gentleman.

But seriously, I apprehend that this Character is pretty much upon the Modern. In all ancient or dead Languages we have no Term, any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the Habits, Manners, and Characters, of old *Sparta* and old *Rome*, we find an Antipathy to all the Elements of modern Gentility. Among those rude and unpolished People, you read of Philosophers, of Orators, Patriots, Heroes, and Demigods; but you never hear of any Character so elegant as that of — a pretty Gentleman.

When those Nations, however, became refined into what their Ancestors would have called Corruption. When Luxury introduced, and Fashion gave a Sanction to certain Sciences, which *Cynics* would have branded with the illmannered Appellations of Debauchery, Drunkenness, Whoredom, Gambling, Cheating, Lying, &c. the Practitioners assumed the new Title of *Gentlemen*, till such *Gentlemen* became as plenteous as Stars in the Milky-Way,
and

and lost Distinction merely by the Confluence of their Lustre.

Wherefore, as the said Qualities were found to be of ready Acquisition, and of easy Descent to the Populace from their Betters, Ambition judg'd it necessary to add further Marks and Criterions, for severing the general Herd from the nobler Species — of *Gentlemen*.

Accordingly, if the Commonalty were observed to have a Propensity to Religion; their Superiors affected a Disdain of such vulgar Prejudices; and a Freedom that cast off the Restraints of Morality, and a Courage that spurned at the Fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing Characteristics of — a *Gentleman*.

If the Populace, as in *China*, were industrious and ingenious, the Grandees, by the Length of their Nails and the cramping of their Limbs, gave Evidence that true Dignity was above Labour or Utility, and that to be born to no End was the Prerogative — of a *Gentleman*.

If the common Sort, by their Conduct, declare a Respect for the Institutions of civil Society and good Government; their Betters despise such pusillanimous Conformity, and the Magistrates pay becoming
 Regard

Regard to the Distinction, and allow of the superior Liberties and Privileges — of a Gentleman.

If the lower Set shew a Sense of Common-Honesty and Common-Order; those, who would figure in the World, think it incumbent to demonstrate that Complacence to Inferiors, common Manners, common Equity, or any Thing common is quite beneath the Attention or Sphere — of a Gentleman.

Now, as Underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the Manners of their Superiors; and as this State of Mortality is incident to perpetual Change and Revolution; it may happen that when the Populace, by encroaching on the Province of Gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of Insolence, Debaucherry, Irreligion, &c. the Gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the Station that their Inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the Supposition may appear at present, *Humanity, Equity, Utility, Complacence, and Piety* may, in Time, come to be the *distinguishing Characteristics* — of a Gentleman.

Fr. From what you have said, it appears that the most general Idea, which People have formed of a Gentleman, is that

that of a Person of Fortune, above the Vulgar, and embellished by Manners that are fashionable in high Life. In this Case, *Fortune* and *Fashion* are the two *constituent Ingredients* in the Composition of modern *Gentlemen*; for, whatever the Fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against Reason, right or wrong, it is equally the Duty of a *Gentleman* to conform.

Aut. And yet, I apprehend that true Gentility is altogether independent of Fortune or Fashion, of Time, Customs, or Opinions of any Kind. The very same Qualities that constituted a *Gentleman*, in the first Age of the World, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the Constitution of the same Character, to the End of Time.

Fr. By what you say, I perceive that we have not yet touch'd on your *most reverable of all Characters*. I am quite impatient to hear your Definition, or rather Description of your favourite *Gentleman*.

Aut. The very first Time you tire, I will indulge you, if you desire it.

C H A P. X.

NED was not of a Temper to endure much, without attempting at Retaliation; and directing the Pipe of his Ferule to the Front of his Adversary, he suddenly discharged the full Contents in his Eyes and Face, and upon his Cloathing; and, strait taking to his Heels, he hoped to get in at Door, before the Stranger could clear his Sight to take Notice where he sheltered.

Ned however happened, at this Time, to be somewhat over sanguine in his Expectations. *Mr. Snarle*, for that was the Name of the Party bespattered, had just cleared one Eye, in Season, to remark where his Enemy entered; and hastening Home, he washed, undressed, and shifted his Linen and Cloaths, with less Passion and fewer Curses by the Half, than he conceived to be due to so outrageous an Insult.

Mr. Snarle had himself been a Humourist, in his Time, and had acquired a pretty Competence by very fashionable Means; such as Gambling, bearing Testimony for a Friend in Distress, procuring Intelligence for the Ministry, and Wenches for

for the Peerage. He had, some Years ago, been bullied into Marriage by the Relations of a young Termagant, while he attempted to take such a Sample of her Charms as might enable him to recommend her to an Acquaintance of Quality. She was neither gentle by Nature, nor polished by Education; she liked nothing of her Husband except his Fortune; and they lived together in a State of perpetual Altercation, and mutual Disgust.

Old Age, and a quarrelsome Companion for Life, seldom happen to be Sweeteners of the human Temper; and Mr. *Snarle* had now acquired such a Quantum of the Infirmities both of Body and Mind, as might justly apologize for a peevish Disposition. He had lately taken a handsome House on the Hill, for the Benefit of Air. As soon as he had reclaimed himself from the Pickle into which *Ned* had put him, he sent to enquire the Name and Character of the Owner of that House where he had taken Refuge; and, being sufficiently apprized of what he wanted to know, he walked toward Mr. *Fenton's*, hastening his Pace with the Spirit and Expectation of Revenge.

Mr. *Fenton* had arrived but a little before, and desiring to know Mr. *Snarle's* Commands, he was informed, in Terms

the most aggravating and inveterate, of the whole Course and History of *Ned's* Misbehaviour. The Delinquent thereupon was called up to instant Trial. He honestly confessed the Facts, but pleaded, in Mitigation, the Beating that *Mr. Snarle* had, already, given him. But as *Mr. Fenton* did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural Petulance of a Disposition that, otherwise, was not void of Merit; a Rod was immediately brought; and *Andrew* was ordered to horse, and *Frank* to flog the Criminal in Presence of the Party aggrieved.

During this Operation, *Mr. Snarle* observed that *Frank's* Hand did not, altogether, answer to the Benevolence of his own Heart; whereupon, he furiously snatched the Rod from him, and began to lay at *Ned* with might and main. Hereat *Mr. Fenton* ordered *Andrew* to let the Boy down, and observing, that he would no further interfere in a Cause, where the Appellant assumed Judgment and Execution to himself, he carelessly turned his Back upon *Mr. Snarle*, and left him to cool his Passions by his Evening's Walk homeward.

Poor *Ned* was more afraid of *Mr. Fenton's* Displeasure, than he would have been of

of a full Brother to the Whipping he had got. But Mr. *Fenton* was too generous, to add the Severity of his own Countenance to the Weight of *Frank's* Hand; and *Ned* was quickly reinstated in the good Graces of the Family.

His Genius however returned, with an involuntary Bent, toward obtaining Satisfaction for the Injuries he had received from Mr. *Snarle*, provided he might retaliate without fear of Detection; and he was not slow in contriving very adequate Means.

There was a Villager in *Hamsstead*, about ten Years of Age, who had conceived an uncommon Kindness for *Ned*, on account of his Sprightliness, his Wit, and good Humour. To this condoling Friend he had imparted his Grievances; and, on him alone he depended, for Execution of the Project proposed for Redress.

On a certain moonless Night, they mustered four tame Cats, and having bound some Feuze round three or four Inches of the Extremity of each of their Tails, they lodged them together in a Bag; and somewhat after Suppertime, when all the Town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the House of Mr. *Snarle*. There *Ned's* Friend, with his Knife, dext'rously

the most aggravating and inveterate, of the whole Course and History of *Ned's* Misbehaviour. The Delinquent thereupon was called up to instant Trial. He honestly confessed the Facts, but pleaded, in Mitigation, the Beating that *Mr. Snarle* had, already, given him. But as *Mr. Fenton* did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural Petulance of a Disposition that, otherwise, was not void of Merit; a Rod was immediately brought; and *Andrew* was ordered to horse, and *Frank* to flog the Criminal in Presence of the Party aggrieved.

During this Operation, *Mr. Snarle* observed that *Frank's* Hand did not, altogether, answer to the Benevolence of his own Heart; whereupon, he furiously snatched the Rod from him, and began to lay at *Ned* with might and main. Hereat *Mr. Fenton* ordered *Andrew* to let the Boy down, and observing, that he would no further interfere in a Cause, where the Appellant assumed Judgment and Execution to himself, he carelessly turned his Back upon *Mr. Snarle*, and left him to cool his Passions by his Evening's Walk homeward.

Poor *Ned* was more afraid of *Mr. Fenton's* Displeasure, than he would have been of

of a full Brother to the Whipping he had got. But Mr. *Fenton* was too generous, to add the Severity of his own Countenance to the Weight of *Frank's* Hand; and *Ned* was quickly reinstated in the good Graces of the Family.

His Genius however returned, with an involuntary Bent, toward obtaining Satisfaction for the Injuries he had received from Mr. *Snarle*, provided he might retaliate without fear of Detection; and he was not slow in contriving very adequate Means.

There was a Villager in *Hamstead*, about ten Years of Age, who had conceived an uncommon Kindness for *Ned*, on account of his Sprightliness, his Wit, and good Humour. To this condoling Friend he had imparted his Grievances; and, on him alone he depended, for Execution of the Project proposed for Redress.

On a certain moonless Night, they mustered four tame Cats, and having bound some Feuze round three or four Inches of the Extremity of each of their Tails, they lodged them together in a Bag; and somewhat after Suppertime, when all the Town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the House of Mr. *Snarle*. There *Ned's* Friend, with his Knife, dext'rously

picked away the Putty from a Pane of the Window of a Side-chamber, where no Light appeared; and having put Fire to the Feuze of each Tail successively, they slipped their Cats, one by one, in at the Window; and again, having pegged the Pane into its Place, they withdrew to a little Distance, to watch the Issue.

The poor Cats remained silent, and universally inoffensive, while they felt no Damage. But, as soon as the Fire had seized on their Tails, they began to speak to you in a Language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to Sentiments and Sounds of diabolical Intention.

Mr. and Mrs. *Snarle* had been jangling over the Fire in an opposite Parlour; when their Dispute was suddenly settled by this Outcry, as they imagined, of a Legion of Infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a Countenance of pale and contagious Pannic at each other. But *George* the Footman, a strong and bold Fellow, having just before entered on some Business to his Master, turned and ran to the Chamber from whence the Peal came. He threw open the Door with his wonted Intrepidity; but this was as far as mortal Courage could go; for the Cats, spying a Passage whereby, as they conceived, they might fly from their Pain, rushed suddenly

ly and jointly on the Face and Breast of George, and back he fell with a Cry of Terror and Desperation. On however went the Cats, and flying into the Parlour, one fastened a Claw in each Cheek of Mr. *Snarle*, and, as his Lady screamed out and clapt her Hands before her Face, another fastened, with four Fangs, on her best Brussels Head, and rent and tore away after a lamentable Manner.

The Chamber-Maid and Cook, hearing the Uproar from the Kitchen, were afraid to ascend and still more afraid to stay below alone. They therefore crept softly and trembling up Stairs. The Torture the Cats were in, did not permit them to be attached to any single Object. They had quitted Mr. and Mrs. *Snarle*, and now flew about the Parlour, smashing, dashing, and overturning Piers, Glasses, and China, and whatever came in their Way, as though it had been the very Palace of Pandæmonium itself.

George was again on his Legs; his Master and Mistress had eloped from the Parlour, and met the two Maids in the Middle of the Entry. They concluded *nemine con.* to get as speedily, as they might, from the Ministers of Darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the Street-Door; but alas this was not possible; one of the

Devils guarded the Pass, and clinging to the great Lock with all his Talons, growled and yelled in the Dialect of twenty of the Damned. The Stairs however remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their Fright, that this could not be done in the Way of a Race.

As they mounted, by the Help of the Walls and the Banisters; says Mrs. *Snarle* to her Mate, in a languid and soft Voice, my Dear, and my Jewel, 'tis all along of you that I am thus haunted, your old Friend, I find, makes no Distinction of Persons; and, when he comes to take you Home, as come he will, 'tis twenty to one but he takes me for Company. Indeed, my Angel, cries Mr. *Snarle*, in a Tone of like Complacence, I should much rather he would be pleased to take me single, wherever it may be his good Pleasure to carry me; for, I know of nothing that I have done so heinous neither, to have one Damnation heaped on the Top of the other.

Having scaled as far as the Dining-Room, they all entered and bolted the Door, and Mr. *Snarle* opening a Window, saw a large Posse of Neighbours who had gathered below. What is the Matter, Sir, cried one of them, what is the meaning

ing of this horrible Uproar and Din? one would think that Hell was empty, and that all its Inhabitants were come to keep Carnival in your House.

O, a Ladder, a Ladder, cries Mr. *Snarle*; deliver us, good People, good Christian People; a Ladder, we beseech ye, a Ladder, a Ladder! that indeed, cries a Wag, is the last good Turn an honest Fellow has Occasion for.

The Ladder was soon brought, and this Panic-stricken Family were helped down and, charitably, conducted to the great Inn of *St. George* and the *Dragon*, where, with the help of Sack Whey, warm Beds, and their remaining Terrors, they got a hearty Sweat, and were somewhat composed by Ten o'Clock next Morning. They then got up, and having breakfasted on a Pot of milled Chocolate, they hurried to *London*, without adventuring to send to the haunted Mansion, for any Change of Cloaths or Linen; for, they would rather have put on Garments that had been dipt in the Blood of *Nessus*, than have touched any Thing in a House of which, with the Furniture, Plate, Bedding, and other Appurtenances, the Devil, as they conceived, had taken legal and full Possession.

In truth, there was scarce an Inhabitant of the whole Town of *Hamstead*, who differed in Opinion on this Head, inso-much that, as Day after Day began gradually to shut in, all People, who had Occasion to pass by the Dwelling of the late ejected Mr. *Snarle*, kept more and more aloof to the opposite Side of the Way, in Proportion as their Apprehensions encreased with the Darkness. And all Things in the House remained as safe from Depredation, as though they had been guarded by a Regiment of Dragoons.

Imaginary Howlings were heard by the whole Neighbourhood, and still continued to issue from thence Night by Night. And it was as firmly believed, as it was currently reported, that while Mr. *Snarle* made his Escape through the Window, *Satan* clawed off a Collop from his Posteriors, in earnest of his Carcass in Remainder, on a further Day.

The Cats, in the mean Time, lived plentifully and at free Cost on the cold Meats which they found in the Kitchen and Larder; and, as the Anguish of their Tails was now no more remembered, they kept undisturbed Possession of their new Acquisition, so that, during their Residence, not even a Mouse was stirring.

In about a Week after Mr. *Snarle's* Departure for *London*, he sent an Undertaker, and a Friend on whom he depended, with Authority to enter the haunted House, to take an Inventory of all the Effects, and to sell them to the Inhabitants by public Auction. They accordingly borrowed a Ladder, and got in at the same Window by which the Family got out. They found all quiet; and, stepping somewhat timorously down Stairs, they opened the Street and back Doors, and Parlour Windows, and then prevailed upon two or three reputable Neighbours to enter, and witness the Inventory they were going to take.

The Cats, in the mean Time, finding all late Impediments and Embargoes removed, slunk silently and unperceived away; and retreated in excellent Plight to their respective Habitations. Though *Gammar Gruff* and *Goody Gurton*, gave many a Curse to the Rats, who had so flead and mauled the Tails of their Tabbies.

The Inventory being ended, public Notice was given throughout the Town, of the Sale to begin precisely at Ten the following Morning. At the Hour appointed, there was scarce a living Animal left to continue the Possession of any House in

Hainstead. All crouded to see the Goods and Chattels of the Devil sold according to Law. The Auctioneer mounted his oratorical Eminence, and pranced and paraded for Half an Hour, like the Sign of the *Flying Horse* in *Holbourn*, without proceeding a Foot in the Business on which he came. Sir, Madam, good intelligent People, observe! observe, I say, yon Table; what a Beauty, what an admirable Curiosity is there! that Table, Gentlemen and Ladies, is all of virgin Yew, taken pure and undefiled from its native Forest. There's a Complexion, there's a Polish! it is a Looking Glass, in which, the favourite *Sultana*, or Daughter of the *Grand Seignior*, might behold every Charm reflected with Advantage. Note the Variety of its Tints, the Luxuriance of its Veinings. How prodigal Nature has been, in expending on this favourite Piece of Vegetation, such a Number of Excellencies, such a Profusion of Beauties! Neither has Art fallen short of the Graces and Perfections of Nature herein. Mark the Taste, the Manner, the Mouldings; how jointed and framed together, as one organized Body. The Operator no Doubt took a Pleasure, by his Workmanship, to rival the Beauties of the Subject on which he wrought. — I set it up at five Guineas — What is five Guineas, my Friends? — Not the Half of what ye will bid at the

the second Word——and, what is five times five Guineas, to the intrinsic Value? —— The Curious, indeed, have nothing so rare in their Cabinets—— Neither ever had Prince *Arthur*, or any of the Knights of the famous Round-Table, the Honour of sitting round such a Table as this. Gentlemen—— Ladies—— Who bids? —— You think the Merits above Price, and that may discourage you—— bid something—— bid any Thing—— It is the first Article of Sale—— I will make a kind of Present of it—— I set it up at five Shillings—— I set it up at five Pence—— What the Devil is come over ye Neighbours; has Money and common Sense quitted the World together?

Ay, ay, thought all present, the Devil, the Devil! that is the Case indeed. And thus, our Orator might have been preaching, like Saint *Anthony* to the Fishes, till the Day of Doom; before any of his dumb Auditors would have returned a Word of Answer.

The Fact is that, as the Devil was a Personage, however respectable, with whom the well-meaning Inhabitants of this ancient Village did not chuse to have any Manner of Dealings; neither desired to go Snacks, in Matters of Property, with Beings whom they held much wiser than themselves,

selves, and of whose Honesty they had but a very slender Opinion; these Agents of Mr. *Snarle* were obliged to return, just as rich as they came, their Reckoning deducted; and Mr. *Snarle* soon found himself under the Necessity of disposing of those, his questionable Commodities, at less than half Value to some *London* Undertakers. But, what he lost, in Point of Property, he gained in Matter of Morals; for he grew extremely cautious of adding to the Measure of his former Iniquities, for fear of another Visit from his recent Guests.

As Mr. *Fenton* could not but be frequently apprized of these Prodigies and Alarms, that kept all *Hamstead* waking, and nightly grouped every Family into a single Room. He compared, in his own Mind, the Discomfiture and Banishment of the unfortunate *Snarle*, with the Circumstances of the Provocation which *Ned* had received. He found that all answered, as well in Point of Time, as to *Ned's* natural Unluckiness and Talents at Invention. Yet he could scarce conceive how a Child, little more than eight Years of Age, should be capable of contriving Mischiefs, so formidable in the Execution, and so extensive in their Consequences. Now *Ned* was so happy, on this singular Occasion, that nothing transpired. Wherefore, as Mr. *Fenton* could produce no Manner of Proof, he

was too delicate to ask any Questions on the Case, lest, on one Hand, he should tempt the Boy into a Lye; or, on the other, be obliged to chastise, or check him for Faults that his Generosity might induce him to confess.

Matters, therefore, with Respect to *Ned*, preserved their State of Tranquillity; though Mr. *Fenton* would often view him with an Eye of Wonder and Suspicion; and could hardly bring himself to believe that a Boy of his extraordinary Genius, should be no other by Birth than a Beggar's Brat. But here, pardon me, Mr. *Fenton*, if I dissent from your Opinion. With humble Deference to your Judgment in other Matters, I conceive that an Infant, begot on a Dunghill, brought forth in a Pigstye, and swathed with a rotten Remnant of the Covering of an Ass, may have Talents and Capacity above the Son of an Emperor.

Friend. The Singularity of your Sentiments often strikes me with Astonishment. Do you really think in a way apart from all other People? or is it a Distinction that you affect? Here you set yourself at Fifty-cuffs with universal Persuasion, with historical Facts, and with the Experience as well as Opinion of all Ages. You seem wholly to
have

have forgot the Circumstances that attended the Birth and Discovery of *Cyrus*, of *OEdipus*, of *Romulus* and *Remus*, with a thousand other Instances, whereby it is evident, that the Beauty, Prowess, and Virtues, of great and glorious Ancestors, naturally devolve upon their Offspring.

Author. The great Teutonic Theosopher, *Jacob Behmen*, affirms that a Father begets the Soul as well as Body of his Child; and this strongly coincides with your Judgment of the Matter. All animal Nature also concurs in the same Position; and the Offspring of a Lion, an Eagle, and an Ass, invariably partake of the Qualities of their Progenitors.

In the very early Ages of Mankind; when Honour, and Empire, Precedence, and Station were assign'd to superior Merit alone, to Prowess in the Field, or Wisdom in the Council; it is but natural to suppose that the more immediate Descendants, of such Heroes or Patriots, inherited, in a great Measure, the Beauty, Strength, Genius, and Disposition of those from whom they sprung. But some thousands of Years are now passed, my good Sir, since all this Matter has been totally reversed; and the World affords but very rare Instances, where *Wasberwomen*, or *Shepherds*, where a *Catherine of Russia*, or
Kouli-

Kouli-Kan of Persia, or Theodore of Corsica, by the mere Force of Genius, have raised themselves from Obscurity to Dominion. These Instances, also are very far from making any Thing in Favour of your Argument; though, unquestionably, were you to write their Romance, you would, agreeable to your Thesis, derive their respective Pedigree from the Queen's of *Utopia*, or some Emperors in *Terra australis incognita*.

When Time was young, when Men were respected and advanced (as I said) according to their personal Distinctions and Accomplishments, uncommon Beauty, Strength, and Agility of Body, informed by superior Genius and Talents, were accounted genuine Proofs of a royal or noble Descent. But, in Process of Years, when Art had introduced Luxury, and Luxury had introduced Corruption among the Great, a feeble distemper'd Frame, informed by a perverse pusillanimous and impatient Temper, became an Indication, by no Means improbable of the genuine Descent of a Child of Quality.

Fr. My dear Friend, be cautious! to speak lightly or degradingly of Dignity and Station, does not become People of a certain Sphere.

Ans.

Aut. With all Deference and due Submission, to those who sit in the Seat of *Moses*, or in the Throne of *Cæsar*, when we speak as Philosophers, we should speak independent of vulgar Prejudice.

I am not insensible of that internal Respect which the World is pleas'd to pay to external Lustre. If one Man acquires a Crown, another a red Hat, and another a Coronet, by Means that deserved the Gibbet of *Haman*; they instantly become the presumptive Proprietors of I know not what Catalogue of fine Qualities and Accomplishments. Wherefore, as I am so singular, so perverse, or so unhappy, as to differ from the Judgment of so wise a World in this Matter, it is the more incumbent upon me to bring Proofs that are self-evident, at the same Time that I treat so reverable a Subject with all possible Delicacy.

In the first Ages of ACORNS, when all that sustained the simple Nature of Man lay open and in common, like Light and Air; as People knew of nothing further that was to be had, they thought there was nothing further to be desired. As they had no Wishes they felt no Wants; and neither Pride, Envy, Covetousness, or Debauchery could commence,
before

before they contrived the Distinctions of Property and Materials of Intemperance, and thereby contrived the Causes of Quarrel and Corruption.

But, as *Horace* says, “ *quum oppida
“ caperunt munire,*” when they began to build, and set out Land-Marks, to plow and to sow, to spin and to weave, to handle the File and Hammer; in Proportion to the Advancement of Invention and Arts, on Necessity Convenience arose, upon Convenience Elegance, upon Elegance Luxury; new Desires encreased and multiplied with the Means of Gratification; real Wishes became the Offspring of imaginary Wants; as those Wishes waxed warm the Passions were enkindled; and the Vices, lastly, grew in mathematical Proportion to the Growth of the Passions.

All Histories, as well profane as sacred, in every Age, in every Nation, and in every Instance, bear unquestionable Testimony to the above State of Facts. And hence ensues the Necessity of our growing worse and worse, till the Pinnacle of Art shall put a Limit to Desire, till Invention shall be exhausted, and no longer prolific of new Wants and additional Wishes in Man.

But,

But, so long as untried Allurements, so long as untasted Pleasures, so long as new Objects can be set up to our Imagination in our eager Pursuit after Happiness on Earth, our Wishes will enflame our Impatience to reach the Prize; in Proportion to that Impatience our Endeavours will be exerted; in Proportion to such Exertion the Fences of Law and Morals will be broke through or trampled down; and, in Proportion to the Insufficiency of moral Restraints, all Sorts of Fraud and Violence, of Licentiousness and Corruption, of Debauchery and Profligacy must prevail throughout the World.

Fr. From what you say, I should conclude that People of Wealth, of Station and Power, are the least impassion'd and the most virtuous of all living; forasmuch as they are already in Possession of what their Inferiors so earnestly continue to thirst, and to chafe, and to labour after. The Great are above Temptation; the World has nothing further to exhibit for their Seduction; and, in this Light also, they are become the most respectable of all People.

Aut. Whenever you can make it evident, that to humble the Spirit of Man, you ought to place him in Authority; that, to convince

convince him of personal Defaults and Infirmities, you ought to enclose him with Sycophants and servile Dependents; that, to make him temperate, you should seat him at the Table of a *Lucullus*; and that, to humanize his Disposition, you should remove him as far as possible from a Sense of the Miseries of his fellow Creatures; when, to cure a Man of Distempers incident to his Nature, you would place him in the Midst of adventitious Contagion; then, and not till then, will Wealth, Station, and Power be productive of Reformation and Virtue in Man.

Your Error lay in supposing that sensual Appetite and spiritual Ambition would cease or abate on Gratification or Indulgence. But this is not possible. The Spirit of Man is a deathless Desire; its Cravings cannot be satiated till it is possessed of some Object that is adequate to its Nature: and, as this World has no such Object to exhibit, Gratifications only serve to provoke to further Desire, or finally to sink us into utter Despondence. And this makes the Moral that was intended by the Philosophers, when they fabled that the Son of *Philip* broke into a Passion of Tears, on finding that no more Worlds remained for him to conquer.

Your

Your Pardon yet, I pray ——— With respect to your Opinion that the Descendants, of the Mighty and the Exalted, inherit the Qualities and Excellencies of their Progenitors, you speak as though this Earth and all that was thereon were invariably permanent ; whereas the knowing-Ones will tell you that the one and the other are subject to annual, and even diurnal Revolutions.

Perhaps there is not a Beggar or Slave, upon Earth, whose sometime Progenitor was not a Prince or an Emperor. Perhaps there is not a Prince or Emperor, upon Earth, whose sometime Progenitor was not a Slave or a Beggar. Have you then the Discernment to perceive in the Beggar the Lineaments of the Prince, or in the Prince to retrace the Lineaments of the Beggar? You have not, sage Sir. I will tell you a Story.

The Cardinal *Campejius*, or some such great Cardinal, happen'd to have a Dispute with the Duke of *Modena*. Altercation rose high. Do you know, says the Prince in Passion, that your Father was no better than my Father's Hog-Herd? I know it full well, coolly answered the Cardinal; and I am persuaded that, had your Highness been the Son of my Father, you would have

have continued of the same Profession to this Day.

In such a World as this, all Things are in perpetual Change, Rotation and Revolution. It is Nature's Process. As the Summer and Winter gradually succeed and encroach upon Each-other; or, as the Sun dawns and arises from Darkness till he reaches the mid-day Fervour of his culminating Beam, and thence declines till he sets in utter Darkness; even so mighty Nations, as well as Families, have their Commencement, Ascent and Summit, Declension, Decay and Period. The Vertue of all Nations and Families begins in Poverty, thence arises to Industry, Genius, Honour, perhaps to Conquest and Empire, there's their Zenith. But then comes on the Load of ponderous Wealth that gradually weighs them down, from this Meridian, to Indulgence, Sensuality, Guilt, Corruption, Prostitution, Slavery, Perdition.

Let us now, with the Eye of Philosophy, consider two Men in the most contrasted State that this World can admit, suppose a King and a Beggar. Here, the King is more highly fed and more gayly cloathed than the Beggar; but, if these are Advantages deserving Estimation, we behold both this Luxury and Lustre surpass'd by the Bee in the Garden, and the Lily

Lily in the Valley. Further, whatever the native Qualities of the King or Beggar may be, independent of the said external or personal Distinctions; we may, however, be assured that an Education in the Midst of Sensuality and Deception, of the Exhibition of Temptations and Gratification of Lusts, of Parasites and Pandars, Obeisance and Prostration, of corporal Indulgence and mental Imposition, can be no very good Friend to the Virtues.

If we carry the Comparison further than this, we find the Body of the King to be as frail, as obnoxious to Pains, Disease and Inclemencies, even as naked, poor and perishable as that of the Beggar.

But, if we take the Eye of Faith, to see further than with that of Philosophy, we behold their Souls alike immortal, of equal Dignity and Extent. We see Creatures resembling the Creator himself, breathed from his own Spirit, form'd in his own Image, and ordained to his own Beatitude and Eternity. Here, all other Distinctions fall away and lose their Respect, as an Instant would do in Comparison of Ages, or a Molehill in Comparison of yon boundless Expanse. And here, we find a Beggar whom the King, himself, is bound to reverence, as being the unquestioned Heir of a KING, in Comparison of whom

whom all other Kings are but as Beggars. How utterly vile and contemptible is all Dignity and Dominion to such and Heirship as this! an Heirship hourly approaching, perhaps just at Hand; when the magnificent Ruin of Man shall be rebuilt, when his Weakness shall put on Power, his Corruption put on Glory, and his Mortal be wholly swallowed up of Immortality!

Fr. I confess that, for once, you have convinced me. Give me Leave to proceed.

C H A P. XI.

SOME Time after this, Mr. *Fenton* privately took *Ned* into his Closet, and calling him a good Boy, and giving him a few Shillings to buy Play-Things, desired him to give the best History he could remember, of himself and his Adventures, before he met with *Harry*.

Sir, says *Ned*, the first Thing that I remember of myself, is my going from House to House a begging with my Mammy. I dreamed indeed that I was once in a fine House, and among fine People, but I don't know where nor when, and so I believe, as I say, it was only a Dream.

Do you remember your Daddy, *Ned*? no, Sir, I never had a Daddy, that I know of. My Mammy was very cross to me, and used to take from me all the Money and Victuals that I begged; and that was a great deal, for I never let People rest till they gave me something. And so Sir, as I was saying, my Mammy was very cross to me, and used to half starve me, and gave me a Beating for every Hour in the Day.

Did

Did she teach you your Prayers, *Ned*? no Sir, I believe she had no Prayers to teach me; for she used to swear and scold sadly. And so, Sir, as I was telling you, we begged from House to House, sometimes in a Town, and sometimes in the Country; till the Day she run away from me.

How came your Mammy to run away from you, *Ned*? why Sir, we were begging in your Town, and had got some Halfpence and filled our Bag, when my Mammy took up a Child at the Town's End, and run with it till she got into the next Fields. The Child, Sir, cried sadly, and my Mammy went so fast that I could not keep up with her, do my best. And so, we heard a Man shouting behind us, and my Mammy turned and saw him running after her very fast; and so she threw down the Child and her great Bag on the Ground, and made the best of her way to the next Hedge, and got through it, Sir, and so I never saw any more of her.

What became of the Child, *Neddy*? when the Man, Sir, came up, he lifted it off the Ground, and he kissed it a great many times, and made it quiet; and I'm thinking he was so glad to see it, he took no Notice of me; howsomever, he took up

my Mammy's great Bag, and turned back and went the way he came. Then, Sir, I fell a crying and roaring terribly, to be left all alone, and to have Nobody in the World who would have any Thing to say to me; and I wished for my Mammy again, bad as she was to me. And I strove to follow her thro' the Hedge but wasn't able. And so, I saw a great House on one Side; and I was very sad when I went to it; and there it was that I met my own young Master; and he put Cloaths upon me with his own dear Hands; and he took me to himself; and he is ever since so kind to me, that it troubles me very much; for I can do nothing at all for him, you know, Sir, and that grieves me more than all the World.

Well *Neddy*, says Mr. *Fenton*, don't cry my Child. Be a good Boy, and mind your Book, and be sure you tell no Lies, nor do Mischief to any Body; and I will take Care of you, and be a Father to you myself. But tell me, *Ned*, would you know the Woman you call your Mammy, if you should see her again? yes, yes, Sir, cried *Ned*. There wasn't a Day of my Life but she gave me Reason to remember her; I should know her from all the World, if I wasn't to see the Face of her for a hundred Years to come.

I find,

I find, *Ned*, you are not over fond of your Mammy. No indeed, Sir, answered *Ned*, I love Master *Harry's* little Finger, and I would love yourself if I dare, Sir, better than a thousand such Mammies as mine was; and that I suppose is very naughty; for all good Children, they say, love their Fathers and Mothers. Well *Ned*, says Mr. *Fenton*, if you happen at any Time to see her, among the great Number of Beggars that come to our Door; don't you speak to her, or shew that you take the least Notice of her; but come and tell me, or honest *James* in my Absence, that we may take Care of her, and force her to confess whether she is, in reality, your Mother or not.

While Mr. *Fenton* was speaking, *Andrew* entered with Tidings that a Chariot was overturned, not twenty Yards from the Door, and that he feared the People in it were much hurt. Mr. *Fenton's* Humanity was much alarmed at the News; he ordered the Servants to follow him, and instantly hurried out to give all the Assistance he could to the Strangers.

The Chariot happened to be overturned, by the slipping out of one of the Linchpins that kept the Wheel on the Axletree. The Company had already got

out. They were an agreeable young Couple, Mr. *Fielding* and his Wife, who had come from *London* on purpose to take an Airing on the Hill. Mrs. *Fielding* had suffered nothing, except from her Fears; but Mr. *Fielding's* Right Arm was something bruised, by his endeavouring to preserve his Lady in the Fall.

Mr. *Fenton* appeared the greatest Sufferer of the three, and addressed the Strangers with a Countenance that convinced them how feelingly he was interested in their Safety. He left *Andrew* to have the Chariot set to Rights; and, having conducted his new Guests to his own House, he ordered up a Bottle of Sack and some Naple Cakes to the Parlour.

When they were all seated, and the Glass had gone round; I find, Sir, said Mr. *Fielding*, that People are apt to be disgusted with what they call Accidents, and which may afterward turn out to their greatest Advantage. Perhaps I should never have known what true Humanity was, if our Carriage had not been overturned this Day. If you knew all, said Mr. *Fenton*, with a tender Bluntness, you would be far from laying any Humanity at my Door, since I rejoice at an Accident, where the Damage is all yours, and the Advantage

Advantage that arises from it is all my own.

I'd hold Fifty to one, cried Mrs. *Fielding*, that this is the very Mr. *Fenton*, we have heard so much about. Indeed Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, you surprize me much; if I had the Pleasure of ever knowing you, there is something in that Face I should not have readily forgot.

No, Sir, said Mrs. *Fielding*, I speak from Information. I never had the Happiness of being known to you, till now. We have a Fosterer in this Village, *Rose Jenkins*, a poor Widow, one of those many Persons you have down on your List. She was Nurse to our only Child, while he lived and was with us, she was a constant Visitant; but, as soon, as soon as ——— Here Mrs. *Fielding* hesitated, her Lip trembled, and her Eye glistened with a filling Tear ——— I say, Sir, as soon as a very sad Affair happened; the poor Woman came near us no more. One Day, as we were taking the Air through this Town, I thought I saw a Face that was familiar to me. I called to the Coachman to stop. It was my old Nurse. She had a Family of small Children, and had fallen sadly to Decay before you came, Mr. *Fenton*, to settle in the Town. I chid her for becoming a Stranger to us. Ah, Madam, said

the kind Creature, the Tears bursting from her Eyes, how could I go near a Place where every Thing would put me in mind of my dear lost Child — she still continued to weep — and I — wept for Company — I put a Guinea in her Hand, and insisted on her coming to see us. She did so. It was then, Mr. *Fenton*, that we learned your Name and Character. And you must expect the Mortification, now and then, of hearing a little of those many Things that are spoken to your Advantage. I am sorry, Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, that my Nothings should be talked of; lest it should intimate that other People are less ostentatious.

Mrs. *Fielding* was still affected by what she had been saying. And, though Mr. *Fenton* wished to know what the sad Affair was at which she had hinted, he declined asking any Questions, for fear of renewing her Affliction.

Mr. and Mrs. *Clement* had walked abroad, upon a Visit, with their Pupil *Harry*. So that Mr. *Fenton* and his Friend *Ned*, with Mr. and Mrs. *Fielding*, made the whole of the present Company.

You are happily situated, Sir, says Mr. *Fielding*. I blame myself and all others, who have any Independence, and yet live
in

in a City. Health, Pleasure, and Spirits are all for the Country. Did any Poets or Philosophers ever place their golden Æras, or golden Scenes, amidst such a Town as *London*? a Man can scarce be himself, he is confused and dissipated by the Variety of Objects and Bustle that surrounds him. In short, Sir, I am like many others, the reverse in Persuasion of what I am in Practice, I live in a City, although I detest it. It is true that I am fond of Society and Neighbourhood, but Experience has shewn me that *London* is not the Place in which I can enjoy it.

No Sir, said Mr. *Fenton*, if I was a Lover of Solitude, if I wished to be the most recluse of all Anchorites that bid adieu to the Commerce of Mankind, I would chuse *London* for my Cell. It is in such a City alone, that a Man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there, as a Hailstone amidst a great Shower, he jumps and bustles about awhile, then lies snug among his Fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon Earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his Fraternity.

I am not for a Cell, Sir, replied Mr. *Fielding*. I love Society, but yet a Society that is founded in Friendship; and People, in great Cities, are so divided and dissipated

ed by the Multitude of soliciting Objects and Acquaintance, that they are rendered incapable of a particular Attachment. I imagine, however, that in a well peopled and civilized Part of the Country, a Man might make an Election of Persons deserving his Esteem, such as he would wish to live with in a happy Interchange of kind Offices and Affections. This indeed is my Plan for my Remainder of Life; but the Lawfuits, in which I am at present involved, will not permit me to go in search of my *Utopia*.

At Law! exclaimed Mr. *Fenton*; then Sir, you are much to be blamed, or much to be pitied.

I hope, rather to be pitied than blamed, rejoined Mr. *Fielding*. Four Suits descended to me on the Part of my own Father, and three on the Part of the Father of my Wife; and my Adversaries, on all Sides, are such Cocks of the Game, that no Overtures can induce them to listen to any Terms of Compromise or Accommodation.

If Matters of Wealth or Property, said Mr. *Fenton*, are really Matters of valuable Estimation in Life, it is much to be lamented that there is no Place, on Earth, wherein

wherein Property can be said to be fixed or ascertained. Throughout the Regions of *Mahomet*, and *Asiatic* Despotism, Life and Property are, alike, Tenures at the Will of the Ruler. Again, throughout the *European* Continent, no Man, indeed, no Nation can be assured of their Possessions, exposed as they are to the Ambition and Avarice of their almost perpetually invading Neighbours. Lastly in these Northern Islands, whose Defence Nature herself appears to have undertaken by a Guardianship of circling Rocks and Seas; this does not however defend us from intestine Convulsions and Changes. Think, what a general Change of Property has been made, in *Great Britain*, during the two very late Revolutions; I am told that, in a neighbouring Country, the Alienation has been nearly universal; perhaps a third Revolution is also at Hand.

It is affirmed that the civil Constitution of *England* is the best calculated for the Security of Liberty and Property, of any that was ever framed by the Policy of Man; and originally, perhaps, it might have been so; when twelve simple and impartial Men were appointed for the speedy Trial and Determination of Life and Property.

Our Ancestors, unquestionably, were at that Time unblest'd by the liberal and learned Profession of the *Long-Robe*; they would not otherwise have committed the Disposition of Property (a Matter held so much more valuable than that of Life) to a few Men, who could have no *Virtue* under Heaven to recommend them, save the two illiterate Qualities of *Common Sense* and *Common Honesty*.

Those were Ages of mental Darkness and no Way illumin'd, as we are, by those immense and immaculate Volumes of refined and *legal Metaphysics*, that now press the Shelves of the Learned, and are read with such Delight. A Man, in those Times, had no Play for his Money; he was either stript or enrich'd of a sudden; whereas now, in the worst Cause, Hope is left during Life; and Hope is said to be the greatest Cordial in this Vale of *human Controversy*.

It is greatly to be lamented that the learned, in our Laws, are not as immortal as the Suits for which they are retained. It were therefore to be wished that an Act of Parliament might be especially passed for that Purpose; a Matter no way impracticable, considering the great Interest those Gentlemen have in the House. In
Truth

Truth it seems highly expedient, that an Infinity of Years should be assigned to each Student of the *Belles Lettres* of our Laws, to enable them to read over that Infinity of Volumes which have already been published; to say nothing of the Infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally Necessary for understanding the Profession, of critically distinguishing, and oratorically expatiating on Law against Law, Case against Case, Authority against Authority, Precedent against Precedent, Statute against Statute, and Argument against Reason.

In Matters of no greater Moment than Life and Death, Juries, as at the Beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the Hearing and Decision. But, in Matters so sacred as that of Property, our Courts are extremely cautious of too early an Error in Judgment. In order therefore to sift and bolt them to the very Bran, they are delivered over to the Lawyers, who are, equally, the Affirmers and Disputers, the Pleaders and Impleaders, Representers and Misrepresenters, Explainers and Confounders of our Laws. Our Lawyers, therefore, maintain their Right of being paid for their Ingenuity in putting and holding all Properties in Debate. Debated Properties, consequently, become the Properties of the Lawyers, as long as Answers

swers can be given to Bills, or Replies to Answers, or Rejoinders to Replies, or Rebutters to Rejoinders; as long as the Battledors can strike and bandy, and till the Shuttle-cock falls of itself to the Ground.

Soberly and seriously speaking, *English Property*, when once debated, is merely a *Carcass of Contention* upon which interposing Lawyers fall, as customary Prize and Prey during the Combat of the Claimants. While any Flesh remains on a Bone, it continues a Bone of Contention. But, so soon as the learned Practitioners have pick'd it quite clean; the Battle is over, and all again is Peace and settled Neighbourhood.

It is worthy of much Pleasantry and shaking of Sides to observe that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely perplexing Cases, where the Sages of the Gown and Coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the Matter; they then bequeath it to the Arbitration and Award of two or three plain Men; or by Record, to the Judgment of twelve simply honest Fellows who, casting aside all Regard to the Form of Writs and Declarations, to the Lapse of Monosyllables, verbal Mistakes and Misnomers, enter at once upon the Pith and Marrow of the Business, and in three Hours determine, according to Equity and Truth, what had been suspending in the
dubious

dubious Scales of Ratiocination, Quotation, Altercation, and pecuniary Consideration, for three and twenty Years.

Neither do I see any Period to the Progress of this Evil; the Avenue still opens and leads on to further Mischiefs. For the Distinctions in Law are, like the Newtonian Particles of Matter, *divisible ad infinitum*. They have been dividing and subdividing for some Centuries past, and the Subdivisions are as likely to be subdividing for ever; inasmuch that Law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable, is become a greater Grievance than all that it was intended to redress.

I lately asked a pleasant Gentleman of the Coif, if he thought it possible for a poor Man to obtain a Decree, in Matter of Property, against a rich Man? he smiled and answered, according to Scripture, that *with Man it was impossible, but that all Things were possible to God*. I suppose he meant, that the Decrees of the Courts of *Westminster* were hereafter to be reversed.

Perhaps Sir, said Mr. *Fielding*, neither our Laws nor our Lawyers are so much to blame as the People who apply to them for Protection, for Justice, Satisfaction, or Revenge. Might not the Parties, who adventure on the Course of Litigation, begin where

where they are most likely to end their Career, in the Award of a few Persons, or a Verdict of twelve Neighbours?

But the Nature of Man is prone to Contention and Quarrel. There is a certain Portion of Yest or Fermentation in his Mass that will have Vent in some Way, and our Courts of Law are the most obvious Receptacles for the Ebullitions of Pride, Avarice, Envy, Resentment, and Wrathfulness, the Insolences of Temper, and Overflowings of Fortune.

Mr. *Scruple*, an Attorney, a very singular Man in his Way, was lately recommended to me, as a Person equally qualified for alluring or compelling my litigating Opponents to an Accommodation. And he told me an exceeding pleasant Story, as well respecting the Process and Forms of our Courts of Law, as respecting the contentious Disposition of our Neighbours.

Some Time since, *Walter Warmhouse*, a substantial Farmer in *Essex*, was advised, by Serjeant *Craw*, that he had an unquestionable right to a certain Tenement in the Possession of *Barnaby Boniface*, his next Neighbour and Gossip, who fattened by the dint of good Ale and good Humour.

Barnaby

Barnaby, who equally hated Debate and dry Bowels, offered to leave the Matter, in question, to any honest Neighbours of *Walter's* own chusing; but *Walter*, proud of a weighty Opinion and as weighty a Purse, rejected the proffered Compromise with Scorn, and took a mortal Aversion to honest *Barnaby* because he refused to surrender his Possessions on demand.

Walter Warmbouse accordingly began the Attack, in Form. But Mr. *Scruple*, who had the uncommon Conscience to remember that *Barnaby* had once recovered his Purse from a Highway-Man, determined as far as possible to preserve the Property of his old Friend. For this Purpose he kept warily and cheaply on the defensive; and, while he held a watchful Eye over the Motions of the Adversary, he followed him close through a thirteen Years Labyrinth of Law-Forms; and, what with Exceptions to Bills and Replies, expensive Commissions for Examination of Witnesses, Demurrer, Imparlance and Essoign; with Hearings, and Rehearings, Defer of Issue thereon, Costs of Suit and Costs of Office; he pretty nearly exhausted both the Purse and the Patience of the valorous Plaintiff *Walter Warmbouse*. Whereupon his prudent Patron, the good Serjeant *Craw*, deemed it high time to
consent

consent to a Motion for referring the Case to the Arbitration and Award of certain Umpires, though not of his Client's choosing, as at first proposed.

Soon after this Order, Serjeant *Craw* had occasion to travel to the farther Parts of *Essex*, and his Road led to the Concerns of his old Client *Walter Warmbouse*. Here, *Walter* happened to meet him, and warned him of the manifold *Dangers of the Way*, and of the *Numbers of Thieves and Highwaymen that infested the Passages that lay just before him*. And pray then, very smoothly says the Serjeant, is there no way through your Fields Mr. *Warmbouse*? there is, Sir, said *Warmbouse*, as good as any in *England*. And may I not be permitted to pass? Most safely, and a thousand welcomes.

Hereupon, Client *Warmbouse* opened the Gate that led from the Road into the Fields, and in issued the Equipage of his learned Advocate and kind Patron.

Goodman *Warmbouse* was mounted on a round ambling Nag, and rode much at his Ease by the Chariot of his *Malefactor*. They chatted, as they went, about the Prices of Cattle and Improvement of Lands, the Fall and Rise of Grain, the Necessity of Industry; and above all, of the Advantage of good Enclosures, which,

as the Serjeant observed, were Emblems of the *English* Laws, and secured every Man's Property from Question or Encroachment.

While thus they beguiled the Way, *Walter* led his respectable Patron through this Field and that Field, and through yon Gate and t'other Gate; and now went a' Head like a Fox, and now doubled like a Hare; till, having mazed it and circled it for the Space of three Hours, he finally conducted the Serjeant to the very Gate at which he had first entered.

How, how! exclaims the Serjeant, methinks we are just where we set out; we have not gained an Inch of Ground by the many Miles we have travelled!

Quite as much, replied *Walter*, in a Journey of three Hours, as your Honour gained for me in a Journey of thirteen Years; and I leave you, as you left me — just where you found me.

Your Story, cried Mr. *Fenton*, is as pleasant as it is apt, and reminds me of an Observation, made by *Harry the 4th of France*, that is equally pertinent to the Subject.

A certain

A certain Judge of a Court of Law, in that Kingdom, had grown aged on the Bench, and honoured by the innumerable Sentences which he had passed, and which were all deemed conformable to the most perfect Measure and Dispensation of Equity. The Gainers of the several Suits applauded his Discernment and Justice to the Skies; and even the Losers allowed that they had no right to complain. The Fame of his Wisdom and Integrity reached the Throne; the Monarch was curious to see a Judge of so peculiar a Cast and Character; and he sent for him under Colour of thanking him for the great Honours which he had done to his Regency.

After a most gracious Reception, and some Compliments at the Levee, the Prince took him apart and in Confidence said.

“ My Lord Judge, the infinite Complaints that come before me from all Parts of the Kingdom, respecting the erroneous or iniquitous Sentences daily passed by your Fraternity, cast the highest Lustre on the Singularity of your Conduct, and give me an eager Curiosity to know by what Measures you have been enabled to content all Parties. I adjure you then, by all that you reverence, to disguise nothing from me

me on this Head. You have not any thing to fear from my Censure of Means that have proved so very successful, and you have all things to hope from my Approbation."

The Judge, thereupon, cast himself at the Feet of his Prince and, rising, addressed him thus.

To you, my Sovereign, as to Heaven, I will open my whole Soul. — In the first Place, in order to enable myself to give a Guess whether the Judgments, to be pronounced, might be right or wrong, I gave all possible Attention to the Merits of each Case during the Process; I daily took Minutes of the Pleadings on either Side; I enlarged and commented on those Minutes while Matters were fresh in my Memory; and I never interrupted any Cause, till it had run itself out of Breath through the Circuit of Forms and due Course of Law.

In the next Place, may it please your Majesty, I never took Bribe or Present of any Kind, or from any Hand; lest Favour or Inclination should insensibly tempt me to *cogg*, or give a *partial Turn to the final Cast*.

Thus prepared, as soon as Matters were ripe for a Decree; that is to say, as soon
as

as the respective Lawyers had agreed among themselves, that *nothing more was to be said*, nor any Thing *more to be got*, on either Side of the Question; I summed up the repugnant Merits so equally and impartially, with respect to Circumstance, Evidence, and Ordinance of Law, as induced both Parties, now wearied and wishing for Rest, to think that the Decree must inevitably be given against themselves; and having appointed a certain Hour for uttering the fatal Sentence, I got up under visible Concern, and retired.

From the Bench, so please your Graciousness, I withdrew to my Closet, and having locked myself up, I called upon my tutelary and never erring Directors in the solution of all Knots and unwinding of all Intricacies; in short I went to a little Drawer and took out ——— *my Box and Dice.*

Box and Dice! exclaimed the Monarch, Half starting from his Seat. Yes, Sire, replied the Judge, I repeat it, Box and Dice. And if your Majesty will be pleased to attend, for a few Moments, I trust to convince you of the Propriety of this Proceeding.

Humanum est errare. This, my Liege, is a Maxim that has never yet been controverted

troverted by Precept or by Practise; and it is as much as to say, that Life is a mere Labyrinth of Errors, in which all Men are appointed to travel, and to stray.

Nothing, save Number and Measure, is yet determined upon Earth. Nothing is certain, save that two and two make four, and that Lines are equal or differ according to their Dimensions.

All Men, further than this, depend upon *Reason*, as their Enlightner and Director in the Search of Truth. And yet Reason, itself, has nothing whereon it may rest or depend. It first doubts, and then proceeds to examine. It calls in Evidence and Arguments, on this Side and on that Side, *pro* and *con*. It compares, canvasses, and discusses; sifts and boulds Matters, suppose to the very Bran. It endeavours to poise the Scales of its own Uncertainty, and now recovers some lapsed Circumstance, and casts it into this Scale; and again throws some new Proof or Discovery into that Scale; and so changes its Opinion from Day to Day. While Prejudice and Partiality stand invisibly at its Elbow, and at length determine the long suspended Balance, by casting their own Weights into one Scale or the other, according as Interest or Pleasure would wish to preponderate.

Truth,

Truth, so please your Supremacy, has been sunk in so very deep a Well, as to mock the five-inched Fathom of mere human Ratiocination; whether it be a Dealer or Retailer of Physic or Metaphysics; of the Distinctions in Law, or the Distinctions in Philosophy. And I flatter myself that I alone, the least and most unlikely of all your Majesty's Subjects, have hit upon a Method for fishing up Truth, by a Line which I acknowledge is not of my own twisting.

Within my Memory and, nearly, within that of your Majesty, particular Laws have been in Force for *Trial by Combat*, and *Trial by Ordeal*; and though, at present, those Laws are held to have been iniquitous and wholly absurd, they could not have been instituted without just and ponderous Reasons. They related, my Liege, as my Sentences do, to the Interposition of Providence in the *Jewish Lots*; whereby all Doubts, however general, could be speedily ascertained; where the Nation drew Lots according to Tribes, the Tribes according Families, and the Families by Individuals, till the Criminal was detected.

Thus, in Trial by Combat, I have known and read of manifold Instances, wherein
guilty

guilty Courage and Prowess have been foiled by the Weak and Fearful. And, in Trial by Ordeal, Heaven never failed to guide the Steps of the hoodwinked Innocent between the narrow Intervals of the burning Plowshares. And thus, conscious of my own Infirmary and Blindness, I have referred all my Decrees to a Power of better Discernment, and he never failed to determine according to Truth.

Indeed, said the Monarch, I cannot wholly disapprove your Method, when I reflect on your Motive. And, according to your Account, when I think on the Plague and Anxiety, Loss of Time and Loss of Fortune, to which my Subjects are put by these Professors of the Law; you have clearly convinced me, my good Lord Judge, that it would be INFINITELY BETTER TO CAST DICE AT THE BEGINNING, THAN TO GIVE THE MOST RIGHTE-
OUS JUDGMENT AT THE END OF ANY LAW-SUIT.

WHILE the Gentlemen were thus plunged in the bottomless Gulph of the Law, Mrs. *Fielding* beckoned *Ned* to a remote Part of the Room, and was greatly taken with his lively and innocent Chat.

Pray, Mr. *Fenton*, said she, is this your Son? No Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, we know

know not to whom he belongs, poor Fellow; and I am persuaded, from many Circumstances, that he was stolen, in his Infancy, from his true Parents.

Mrs. *Fielding* instantly coloured like Scarlet; and, casting at her Husband an eager and animated Look, gracious Heaven! she exclaimed, who knows, my Dear, but this may be our precious, our lost and long lamented Boy, to whom Providence this Day has so wonderfully conducted us?

Madam, said Mr. *Fenton*, it is thought that Hundreds of Children are yearly spirited away from their Parents, by Gipsies, by Beggars to excite Charity, and by Kidnappers to carry to the Plantations; but I hear of very few that ever have been restored, except in Romance. Pray, had you any particular Memorandum or Mark whereby you would know him to be your Child, on the Presumption of his being found?

Alas, no Sir, said Mrs. *Fielding*; he was scarce two Year old when his Nurse got Leave to go and see, a Relation, the only Visit, poor Woman that she made from the Time she took my Child to the Breast. She left him in the Care of the House Maid, who used to carefs him with particular

cular Tendernefs. He flood with her at the Door; ſome one called her in ſuddenly; but, quickly returning, my Child was gone!

Ah! could the Wretches who took him have gueſſed at the Heart-rending Anguiſh which that Loſs coſt me, it were not in the Nature of Barbarians, of Brutes, of Fiends themſelves to have imagined a Deed of ſuch Deadlineſs. For three Days and Nights, Life hover'd like a Flame that was juſt departing, and was only retained by my frequent and long Swoonings that, for a Time, ſhut up all Senſe and Recollection. Neither do I think that my dear Huſband ſuffered much leſs than myſelf, however he might conſtrain and exert his Spirits to keep up, as it were, ſome Appearance of Manlineſs.

We diſpatched Cryers throughout the City, and through all the neighbouring Towns, with Offers of vaſt Recompenſe to any who ſhould diſcover and reſtore our Child to us; and we continued, for Years, to advertiſe him in all the public Papers. But alas, he muſt have been taken by ſome very illiterate Wretches who could not read, and who never heard of the Rewards that were offered, their own Intereſt muſt otherwiſe have engaged them to re-

turn him. Pray, Mr. *Fenton*, how did you come by this pretty Boy?

Here, *Ned* assisted Mr. *Fenton* to give a Detail, respecting himself, of the Circumstances already recited; and Mr. *Fenton* mentioned the Precaution he had taken for seizing his former Mammy, if ever she should make her Appearance.

If Heaven should ever bless me with more Children, said Mr. *Fielding*, I have determined to fix some indelible Mark upon them, such as that of the *Jerusalem-Letters*, that, in case of Accident, I may be able to discover and ascertain my own Offspring from all others. Such a Precaution, said Mr. *Fenton*, is more especially incumbent on those who send their Children abroad to be nursed; where it is so practicable for Fosterers to impose a living Infant in the Place of one who has died; or, by an Exchange, to prefer a Child of their own to an Inheritance; for the Features of Infancy generally change to a Degree that shortly leaves no Trace of the original Cast of Countenance; and it is common with Parents to leave their Children at Nurse, for Years, without seeing or renewing the Memory of their Aspects.

Mr.

Mr. *Fenton*, says Mrs. *Fielding*, will you give me your Interest in this sweet Foundling? I will regard him as my own Child, I will be good to him for the Sake of the one I have lost. Tell me, my Dear, will you come and live with me? ——— What say you *Ned*, says Mr. *Fenton*, would you like to go and live with that Lady? O Sir, cried *Ned*, could I find in my Heart to leave Master *Harry* and you, to be sure I would give the World to be with this dear Lady. So saying, he catch'd at her Hand and pressed it eagerly to his Lips. Mrs. *Fielding* found herself surpris'd and agitated by this Action, and, taking him in her Arms, and repeatedly kissing him, the Gush of Passion which she had sometime suppress'd broke forth, and she shed a plenteous Shower of Tears upon him.

Word being now brought that the Chariot was put to Rights, and at the Door; Mr. and Mrs. *Fielding* took a tender Farewel of Mr. *Fenton* and *Ned*, and set off for *London*.

As we propose, after the Manner of the celebrated *Vertot*, to drop all the heavy and inanimate Parts of our History, and to retain nothing but the Life and Spirit thereof; we take the Liberty to pass over a few Months, during which nothing ma-

terial happened, save that our *Harry* encreased in Stature, and in all personal and mental Accomplishments.

It was the latter End of August, the Weather fair and pleasant, when *Harry* issued forth to his little *Campus martius*, accompanied by *Neddy* and the faithful *James*.

He was there met by his customary Companions in Arms, and they had nearly settled their Courses and Exercises for the Evening, when a young Phœnomenon of Nobility made his Appearance, like a Phœnix among the vulgar Birds, attended by two Servants in flaming Liveries.

All the Boys, except *Harry*, and *Ned* who kept close to him, immediately approached the glittering Stranger and paid their Respects with Admiration and a kind of awkward Obeisance; while *Harry* eyed him askance, with a half sullen and half disdainful Regard, and, notwithstanding the native Benevolence of his Temper, felt no kind of Complacence in his Bosom toward him.

The young Nobleman, to make a parade of his Wealth, and at the same Time to indulge his Petulance of Disposition, took a Handful of Sixpences and Shillings from

from his Pocket and, throwing them among the Crew, cried, a Scramble Boys, a Scramble!

Hereupon a Scuffle royal instantly ensued. All of them, save three, eagerly grappled at the Pieces that had fixed their Eye; while each at the same Time seized and struggled with his Fellow. Our Hero, mean while, observed all that passed with a distinguishing Attention. But, as the Cause of Quarrel was quickly conveyed from Sight, nothing worse happened than a few Trips and Boxes, to which the Parties had been accustomed, and therefore did not resent; insomuch that my Lord was wholly defeated of the benevolent Intention of his Generosity, and looked upon himself as defrauded of his Coin.

To compensate this Disappointment, and to make surer, for the future, of his dearly beloved Mischiefs; he took a Crown-Piece from his Pocket, and holding it up to the full View of the Assembly, he proclaimed it as the Prize of Victory between any two, who should step forth on the Spot, and engage in a Boxing-Match. At the Word an unknown Champion sprung forward, instantly stripped, and challenged the Field.

This unknown had arrived but that very Morning, with his Parents who came to settle at the Village. He was by Nature a very valiant but very quarrelsome Boy; he had consequently been engaged in a Number of occasional Combats, wherein he had generally come off victorious; and this gave him as full an Assurance of Conquest as though his Brow had already received the Wreath.

The Stranger in Bulk and Stature exceeded the Field, and no one had yet offered himself an Antagonist; when *Harry* stepping up, thus addressed him in a gentle but admonishing Accent.

I find, Sir, you are a Stranger; you are therefore to be excused for behaving amiss, as you are yet unacquainted with the Laws of this Place. But I must now be so free to inform you that, whoever quarrels here or boxes for Money, must afterwards take a Turn with me for nothing. As well before as after, briskly replied the Adversary; but I scorn to take you at an Advantage, prepare yourself and strip! you must first shew me, rejoined *Harry*, that you are worth stripping for.

The

The unknown instantly fired at what he held to be a boastful Insult, and, leaping forward, aimed a Punch at *Harry's* Stomach, with all his Force. When *Harry*, nimbly catching the right Wrist of his Adversary in his left Hand, and giving him, at the same Instant, a sudden Trip with his right Foot, and a Stroke across the Neck with his right Arm; the strange Hero's Heels flew up, and his Shoulders and Head came with a Squelch to the Earth.

As this unfortunate Champion lay, astonished, dismayed, and wholly disqualified by his Fall from further Contention; *Harry* generously stepped forward and offered to raise him. But, turning from him, he painfully and slowly arose, and muttering something not intelligible, he walked away with a sullen but much abased Motion.

Harry's Companions, hereat, began to set up a Cry of Triumph and Derision after the vanquish'd. But *Harry* suddenly stopped them and cried, for Shame, my Friends! he is a brave Boy and deserves to be honoured, though a Stranger to our Ways; and I hope, in my Heart, that he mayn't be hurt, nor discouraged from coming among us any more.

Our young Nobleman, mean while, had observed all that passed, and considered our Hero with an envious and indignant Attention; when *Harry*, calling to him the three Boys who had declined to partake of the Scramble for my Lord's Money; my good Boys, cries he aloud, you had the Honour to refuse to Quarrel and Tear your Companions and Friends to Pieces, for the dirty Matter of a few Sixpences, and the first Part of your Reward shall be many Sixpences.

So saying, he put his Hand in his Pocket and, taking out three Crowns, made a Present of one to each. Then, feeling a secret Touch of self Approbation, he turned to my Lord's Servants and addressed them, in an Accent, and with an Action rather too highly elevated. Go, he cried, my Friends, take your young Master home to his Father and Mother; and tell them, from me, that, since they have already made him a LORD, I wish the next thing they do, would be to make him a GENTLEMAN!

What, you Scoundrel, cried my Lord, do you tell me, to my Face, that I am not a Gentleman? and, flying instantly at *Harry*, he gave him a smart Stroke on the left Cheek. *Harry* had just begun to re-
collect

collect his Error. But, being again kindled to quick Resentment, he half repressed and half enforced a sudden Paunch which he reached at the Nose of his Lordship, who, giving a Scream, fell backward, and measured his Length on the Field.

The two Servants immediately stooped to raise their bleeding Master; and one of them, highly exasperated to see his Lord in that Condition, turned furiously upon *Harry* in order to chastise him. But *Jack Freeman*, his fellow Servant, strait caught him by the Arm, crying, hold *Patrick*, hold! remember *fair Play* and *Old England*!

So saying, he suddenly stooped, caught at our Hero's Hand, pressed it warmly to his Lips, and cried, O, my noblest Child, how I envy the Happiness of those who serve you! then turning, he took his Lord by the Hand, and straight led him away from the Field of Battle.

Friend. Appropo', to your turning a Lord into a Gentleman. When your Hero gave that just though over haughty Re-proof to the Insolence and Petulance of the gay Stranger, had he not a clear Conception of the Character of your true Gentleman?

Author. If he had not a positive, yet you see he had a negative Apprehension of the Matter. If he could not say what it was to be——yet he could tell you what it was, not to be a Gentleman. And he clearly perceived that neither Finery, Grandeur of Equipage, Title, Wealth, superior Airs, Affectation of Generosity, neither a Mischief-making Temper, nor a taking of Delight in the Broils, Conflicts, Passions, and Pains of others, were any constituent Qualities in this reverable Character.

Fr. I beseech you then, at this Interval, to satisfy my Impatience, and to make good your Promise that you would give me a Detail of the Qualities that entitle a Man to this Supreme of Denominations.

Aut. That perhaps may be done, with better Effect to the Understanding as well as the Heart, by instancing and exemplifying, rather than defining.

It has already been intimated that *Heclor* was the finest Gentleman of whom we read in History, and *Don Quixote* the finest Gentleman we read of in Romance; as was instanced from the Tenour of their Principles and Actions.

Some

Some Time after the Battle of *Cressy*, *Edward* the Third of *England*, and *Edward* the *Black Prince*, the more than Heir of his Father's Renown, pressed *John* King of *France* to indulge them with the Pleasure of his Company at *London*. *John* was desirous of embracing the Invitation, and accordingly laid the Proposal before his Parliament at *Paris*. The Parliament objected that the Invitation had been made with an insidious Design of seizing his Person, thereby to make the cheaper and easier Acquisition of the Crown, to which *Edward* at that Time pretended. But *John* replied, with some Warmth, that he was confident his Brother *Edward*, and more especially his young Cousin, were too much of the GENTLEMAN to treat him in that Manner. He did not say too much of the King, of the Hero, or of the Saint, but too much of the GENTLEMAN to be guilty of any Baseness.

The Sequel verified this Opinion. At the Battle of *Poitiers* King *John* was made Prisoner, and soon after conducted by the *Black Prince* to *England*. The Prince entered *London* in Triumph, amid the Throng and Acclamations of Millions of the People. But then this rather appeared to be the Triumph of the *French* King than that of his Conqueror. *John* was seated
on.

on a proud Steed, royally robed and attended by a numerous and gorgeous Train of the *British* Nobility; while his Conqueror endeavoured, as much as possible, to disappear, and rode by his Side, in plain Attire, and degradingly seated on a little *Irish* Hobby.

As *Aristotle* and the *Critics* derived their Rules, for Epic Poetry and the Sublime, from a Poem which *Homer* had written long before any Rules were formed, or Laws established for the Purpose. Thus, from the Demeanour and innate Principles of particular Gentlemen, Art has borrowed and instituted the many Modes of Behaviour, which the World has adopted under the Title of Good-Manners.

One Quality of a Gentleman is that of Charity to the Poor; and this is delicately instanced in the Account which Don *Quixote* gives, to his fast Friend *Sancho Panza*, of the valorous but yet more pious Knight Errant Saint *Martin*.

On a Day, said the Don, Saint *Martin* met a poor Man half naked, and taking his Cloak from his Shoulders, he divided and gave him the one Half. Now, tell me at what Time of the Year this happened. Was I a Witness? quoth *Sancho*, how the Vengeance should I know in what Year

Year, or what Time of the Year it happened? Hadst thou, *Sancho*, rejoined the Knight, any thing within thee of the Sentiment of Saint *Martin*, thou must assuredly have known that this happened in Winter; for had it been Summer, Saint *Martin* would have given the whole Cloak.

Another Characteristic of the true Gentleman, is a Delicacy of Behaviour toward that Sex, whom Nature has entitled to the Protection, and consequently entitled to the Tenderness of Man.

The same Gentleman-Errant, entering into a Wood on a Summer's Evening, found himself entangled among Nets of green Thread that, here and there, hung from Tree to Tree; and, conceiving it some Matter of purposed Conjuraction, pushed valorously forward to break through the Enchantment. Hereupon some beautiful Shepherdesses interposed with a Cry, and besought him to spare the Implements of their innocent Recreation. The Knight, surpris'd and charmed by the Vision, replied. — Fair Creatures! my Province is to protect, not to injure; to seek all Means of Service but never of Offence, more especially to any of your Sex and apparent Excellencies. Your pretty Nets take up but a small Piece of favoured Ground; but, did they enclose the World, I would

I would seek out new Worlds, whereby I might win a Passage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely but shamefaced Girls had a Cause, of some Consequence, depending at *Westminster*, that indispensably required their personal Appearance. They were Relations of Sir *Joseph Jeckel*, and, on this tremendous Occasion, requested his Company and Countenance at the Court. Sir *Joseph* attended accordingly, and the Cause being opened, the Judge demanded whether he was to entitle those Ladies by the Denomination of Spinsters? No, my Lord, said Sir *Joseph*; they are Lilies of the Valley, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet you see that no Monarch, in all his Glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar Characteristic of a Gentleman, is, the giving Place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a shining and affecting Instance in *Abraham*, perhaps the most accomplished Character that may be found in History, whether sacred or profane.

A Contention had arisen between the Herdsmen of *Abraham* and the Herdsmen of his Nephew *Lot*, respecting the Propriety

priety of the Pasture of the Lands wherein they dwelled, that could now scarce contain the Abundance of their Cattle. And those Servants, as is universally the Case, had, respectively, endeavoured to kindle and enflame their Masters with their own Passions.

When *Abraham*, in Consequence of this, perceived that the Countenance of *Lot* began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth.

Let there be no Strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my Herdsmen and thy Herdsmen; for we be Brethren. If it be thy Desire to separate thyself from me, is not the whole Land before thee? if thou wilt take the Left Hand, then will I go to the Right; or if thou depart to the Right Hand, then I will go to the Left.

Another capital Quality of the true Gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic a Piece of Oratory exhibited upon Earth, as that of *Abraham's* pleading with God for averting the Judgments that then impended over *Sodom*. But, the Matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am
constrained

constrained to refer my Reader to the Passage at full; since the smallest Abridgement must deduct from its Beauties, and that nothing can be added to the Excellencies thereof.

Honour, again, is said, in Scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the Character of a Gentleman; where it is written of *Sechem*, the Son of *Hamor*, that *he was more honourable than all the House of his Father*.

This young Prince, giving way to the Violence of his Passion, had dishonourably deflowered *Dinah* the Daughter of *Jacob*. But his Affections and Soul claved to the Party whom he had injured. He set no Limit to his Offers for repairing the Wrong. Ask me, he said to her Kindred, *ask me never so much Dowry and Gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the Damsel to Wife*.

From hence it may be inferred, that human Excellence, or human Amiability, doth not so much consist in a Freedom from Frailty, as in our Recovery from Lapses; our Detestation of our own Transgressions, and our Desire of atoning, by all possible Means, the Injuries we have done and the Offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular Distinction which the great Apostle

tle

tle makes, between his Estimation of a *Just* and of a *Good* Man. For a *just* or *righteous* Man, says he, *one would grudge to die; but for a good Man one would even dare to die.* Here, the *just* Man is supposed to adhere strictly to the Rule of Right or Equity, and to exact from others the same Measure that he is satisfied to mete; but the *good* Man, though occasionally he may fall short of Justice, has, properly speaking, no Measure to his Benevolence, his general Propensity is to give more than the due. The *just* Man condemns and is desirous of punishing the Transgressors of the Line prescribed to himself; but the *good* Man, in the Sense of his own Falls and Failings, gives Latitude, Indulgence and Pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one, save himself. The *just* Man is as a Stream that deviates not, to the Right or Left, from its appointed Channel, neither is swelled by the Flood of Passion above its Banks; but the Heart of the *good* Man, the Man of *Honour*, the *Gentleman*, is as a Lamp lighted by the Breath of GOD, and none, save GOD himself, can set Limits to the Efflux or Irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any superior Excellence, but grows, himself, more excellent, by being the Admirer, Promoter, and Lover thereof.

Saul

Saul said to his Son *Jonathan*, “ Thou
 “ Son of the perverse rebellious Woman,
 “ do not I know that thou hast chosen
 “ the Son of *Jesse* to thine own Confusion?
 “ For as long as the Son of *Jesse* liveth
 “ upon the Ground, thou shalt not be
 “ established, nor thy Kingdoms; where-
 “ fore send and fetch him unto me, for he
 “ shall surely die.”—— Here every in-
 teresting Motive, that can possibly be con-
 ceived to have an Influence on Man, united
 to urge *Jonathan* to the Destruction of
David; he would thereby have obeyed his
 King, and pacified a Father who was en-
 raged against him. He would thereby
 have removed the only Luminary that,
 then, eclipsed the Brightness of his own
 Achievements. And he saw, as his Fa-
 ther said, that the Death of *David*, alone,
 could establish the Kingdom in himself and
 his Posterity. But all those Considerations
 were of no avail to make *Jonathan* swerve
 from Honour, to slacken the Bands of his
 Faith, or cool the Warmth of his Friend-
 ship. O *Jonathan*! the Sacrifice which
 thou then madest to Virtue was, incom-
 parably, more illustrious in the Sight of
 God and his Angels, than all the subse-
 quent Glories to which *David* attained.
 What a Crown was thine, *Jonathan*, when
 thou wast slain in thine high Places!

Saul

Saul of *Tharsus* had been a Man of Bigotry, Blood and Violence; making Havock, and breathing out Threatenings and Slaughter, against all who were not of his own Sect and Persuasion. But, when the Spirit of that INFANT, who laid himself in the Manger of human Flesh, came upon him; he acquired a new Heart and a new Nature; and he offered himself a willing Subject to all the Sufferings and Persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Saul, from that Time, exemplified, in his own Person, all those Qualities of the *Gentleman*, which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated Description of that *Charity* which, as he says, alone endureth for ever.

When *Festus* cried, with a loud Voice, *Saul*, thou art beside thyself, much Learning doth make thee mad. *Saul* stretched the Hand, and answered, I am not mad, most noble *Festus*, but speak forth the Words of Truth and Soberness. For the King knoweth of these Things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these Things are hidden from him; King *Agrippa*, believest thou the Prophets? I know that thou believest. Then *Agrippa* said unto *Saul*, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.
And

And *Saul* said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this Day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am — except these Bonds.

Here, with what an inimitable Elegance did this Man, in his own Person, at once sum up the Orator, the Saint, and the Gentleman!

From these Instances, my Friend, you must have seen that the Character or rather Quality of a GENTLEMAN does not, in any Degree, depend on Fashion or Mode, on Station or Opinion; neither changes with Customs, Climates or Ages. But, as the Spirit of God can, alone, inspire it into Man; so it is, as God is, the same, Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever.

Friend. It is a Standard whereby I propose, for the future, to Measure and judge of all my Acquaintance. — But, let us return to our little Gentleman Monitor.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

NEVER did *Harry* feel himself so deeply mortified, so debased in his own Eyes, as when my Lord's Footman, in Terms and with an Action so uncommonly respectful, had stooped and kissed his Hand. His Heart, but just before, had whispered to him, that the Manner, in which he had admonished the young Nobleman, expressed more of the Pride and Insolence of his own Temper, than any friendly Intention to reform the Faults of another; and he already began to suspect that the Manner, in which he had dispensed his own Bounty, shewed the same Ostentation which he meant to reprove, and, with which he had been so highly offended in his Lordship.

Thus disgusted with himself, and consequently with all about him, he turned away from his Companions, walked sad and silent homeward; and, passing softly through the Hall, withdrew to his own Chamber.

James had followed *Harry* at such a Distance as just to keep him in Sight, and entering where his Master sat reading in the Parlour, Mr. *Fenton* enquired eagerly
after

after his Boy. *James* cast at his Master, a Look of much Solemnity, and, shaking his Head, in Token of Concern, ah Sir, said he, I'm sorry to tell you that Master *Harry*, To-day, was not altogether as good a Boy as I could have wished. Indeed I observe of late that, at Times, he is apt to be very sudden and passionate. I doubt, Sir, we shall have woful Doings by and by; he has terribly abused and battered the Son and Heir of the Earl of *Mansfield*, one of the worthiest Noblemen in all *England*. To be sure we shall have sad Complaints against him. I was present at all that passed; and truly Master *Harry* was very much in Fault.

You delight me, you transport me, cried Mr. *Fenton*, my only Affliction was that he had no Faults. I want him to have Faults, *James*, I want him to have Faults, such Faults as may make him feel them. But tell me minutely, as particularly as you can, how this Affair happened. *James* then gave a special Detail of what we have recited. Whereupon Mr. *Fenton* exclaimed, O, my noble, my generous, my incomparable Boy! where is he? let me see him, what is become of him?

Upon enquiry, Mrs. *Susan* reported that she had seen him stealing softly up Stairs. Mr. *Fenton*, then taking his Book in his Hand,

Hand, stole up after his *Harry*, and, opening his Chamber Door with the least Noise possible, saw him seated, in a dejected Attitude, in a far Corner of the Room; and, looking attentively at him, perceived that he had been in Tears.

He thereupon took a Chair, and gently seating himself beside him, what is the Matter my *Harry*, he said, what ails my Love? Don't ask me, don't ask me, Sir, cried *Harry*; I daren't tell you, indeed I dare not. You would love me no longer, you would hate me if I should tell you. Hate you, my Darling, cried Mr. *Fenton*, that is quite impossible, I can never hate you, my *Harry*. But come, be free with your Friend, tell me openly and honestly, for what do you think I should hate you? for my Faults, Sir, for my Faults. To be sure there isn't in the World so bad a Boy as myself; and, what is worse than all that, when I think and mean to do better than ever, something comes in the way, and spoils the Whole, and so turns all the Good that is in me into nothing but Naughtiness.

Here, *Harry* could contain no longer, but burst into a passionate Gush of Tears and Sobs; and, Mr. *Fenton*, tenderly embracing him, and taking him on his Knee, and clasping him to his Bosom, gave way
to

to the kindred Emotion that swelled in his own Breast, and mingled his joyful Tears with those of his *Harry*.

As soon as the Passion of these two Friends had subsided, *Harry* began to take new Courage from the Caresses of his dear Dada, who, as he sensibly felt, would never hate or forsake him, however he might condemn and detest himself.

Well then, Dada, says he, since you are so very good, I will trust you with my Story, so far as it has to say to the little that I can remember of my Faults in it.

You must know that I had no sooner got into your Field that you gave me for our Plays, than a young Master came up to us, so grandly dressed and attended, and with such a saucy Air that he seemed to say, in his own Mind, all these are but Dirt in Comparison of myself.

As I looked at him, he brought to my Mind the Story you once told me of *Hercules*, who was poisoned by his fine Coat. So I began to pity him, and, I believe, to despise him too; and that you know wasn't right; for you told me that, whoever despises another grows worse than the one he despises, and falls below him while he

he thinks to set himself above him; but that didn't come into my Head at the Time.

And so, Sir, to shew us all that he didn't matter Money, or that he loved Mischief the better of the two, he took out a Handful of Silver and threw it among my Companions, to set them by the Ears; and this provoked and began to make me very angry with him; and thus one Fault brought me into another after it, like Water my Chickens come clock.

But this didn't satisfy my young Lord, for they call'd him Lord, but he must take out a Crown, and offer it to any two of my Companions that would box for it. So a Stranger that was just come offered to box any one in the Company for it, but I don't repent of my beating him, because he was the Challenger.

But, the worst is yet to come, Dada. There was some of my Companions who refused to join in the Scramble for the Money, and that pleased me very much; and so to reward them I took out a Handful of Money, and gave them a Crown a piece. But you know, I needn't have taken out more Money than I meant to give them, if it wasn't partly to shew my Lord that I had as much Money as him.

self; and so I got myself up to the Head and Ears in the very same Fault that I found with him.

Now comes the worst of all. For, growing proud and conceited, as if I had no one Fault in the World; and as if the like of me was only fit to reprove others and teach them their Duty; I desired the fine Master to get himself Home; and since he was a Lord to learn also to be a Gentleman. Upon that he gave me a Blow, which I deserved very well; but I didn't matter his Blow a Phillip, if I hadn't thought it an Affront before my Companions. So my Passion begun to rise, and I gave him a half Stroke; but unluckily it hit him full in the Nose, and I'm afraid he's hurted very sadly.

Besides all, Dada, I know well enough there will come sad Complaints against me, and so I shall bring Trouble and Disturbance upon you; and that's Grief upon Grief.

Don't fear for me, *Harry*, I shall do well enough, says Mr. *Fenton*. But, *Harry*, you have not told me near as great News as you thought to do. I knew all along that you had a very naughty Boy within you; but I forbore to tell you so, because I rather wish'd you should make the Discovery

covery yourself, and now, God be praised, you have found out the Secret.

And what Good will it do me, Dada, to know that I am bad, when I don't know how to make myself better? for, To-day I thought and meant to be very good, and yet found myself in the End to be worse than ever. But, as you say, to be sure I have been very bad, though I hardly knew any Thing of the Matter till now. I now remember how I had like to murder poor Mr. *Vindex* with the Sword; and a hundred other Things, if I could bring them to Mind. What shall I do then, Dada, what shall I do to grow good?

I will tell you, my *Harry*, says Mr. *Fenton*. And, as you have generously entrusted me with one Secret, that of having a very bad Boy within you; it is but fair that I should entrust you with another Secret, which is that of having an exceeding good Boy within you.

What, two Boys in one, Dada, how can that be? it is even so, my Darling, you yourself told me as much. Did you not say that, this very Day, the one was struggling and fighting within you against the other? that the one was proud, scornful, ostentatious, and revengeful; the o-

ther humble, gentle, generous, loving, and forgiving; and that when the bad Boy got the better, the good Boy took him to Task, and reprimanded and severely rebuked him, and made him cry bitterly?

What you say indeed, Dada, is something very like it, only I can't think how one Boy can be two Boys. Do you remember, *Harry*, what you read last Night in the old Testament, about *Rebecka* the Wife of *Isaac*, when she was with Child? yes, very well, Sir. As how she was with Child of Twins, *and the Children struggled together within her; and she said, if it be so, why am I thus? And she went to enquire of the Lord.* Very right, my Love; and I now say to you what God then said to *Rebecka*. I do not mean that you have two Boys within you, of the bodily Bulk, Features, and Shape of yourself; but that you have two *different Spirits or Principles* within you which, like *Esau* and *Jacob*, have quite different and adverse Natures, Inclinations, and Desires; the one prompting and hurrying you into all that is Evil, the other inviting and leading you into all that is Good. So you see, *Harry*, and you have felt that, like *Rebecka*, you have your own *Esau* and your own *Jacob* struggling within your Bosom. And the War between them shall never cease, till the one

one shall have wholly conquered and subjected the other.

To make this Matter plainèr and clearer to you, my Darling, I will tell you a pretty Story out of the Book that is in my Hand.

Cyrus was a King and a great Conqueror, but, in his private Capacity, a very virtuous Man. On a Day, some of his Captains, just returned from an Expedition, informed him that they had brought him the greatest Wonder in the World, a young Princess called *Pantbea*, whom they had taken captive, and whose Charms exceeded all that could be imagined of Woman.

Cyrus, as I told you, was virtuous. He was already married; and he dreaded running the Risque of being seduced from his Honesty by the dangerous Allurements of this enchanting Beauty. He therefore obstinately, though reluctantly, forbid her Approach; and denied himself the Pleasure he might have taken in beholding her.

His own Honour however, and the Respect due to the Quality and Accomplishments of the Lady, demanded all possible Attention and Precaution in her Behalf.

For this Purpose he summoned his chief Captains and Favourites. He asked, which of them would adventure to take the Charge of this young Beauty; and he promised the highest Rewards to those who should honourably discharge their Trust, but threatened his deepe^r Displeasure to any who should betray it.

All of them shrunk at the Apprehension of taking upon them the personal Custody and Care of a Beauty, whom their great and virtuous Monarch had not even dared to look upon; and no one had offered to undertake this perilous Commission, till a valiant and noble Youth, named *Araspes*, stood forth.

From my Infancy, O *Cyrus*, said the graceful Adventurer, I have been educated in the School and brought up at the Feet of the divine *Zoroaster*. I am accustomed from my Childhood to combat, conquer, and scorn all sensual Seducers. I hold Virtue in mine Eye, as its only Object; my Heart esteems and affects it as my only Good; the Nature thereof is become one with my Nature; and I do not remember the Time wherein I have been tempted to deviate from Rectitude, or sink beneath the Calls of Honour. I cannot therefore but smile at the Fear of my Companions. Their Courage at a Breach or in the Field
is

is unquestionable. I have seen them face a thousand Deaths; I have seen them rush into Dangers; and yet they dread the Sight of a single and weakly Female. For me she can have no Terrors, since I am out of the Power and Reach of her Allurements. I will undertake the Charge of this formidable Creature, at the Risque of my Honour, at the Risque of my Life, and more than all at the Risque of the Favour of *Cyrus*.

Cyrus had long loved the Person, and contemplated and admired the Virtues of this Youth. He, therefore, with Joy and Confidence, committed this precious Deposit to his Trust; in full Assurance that the Person and Honour of *Panthea* could no where be so safe as in the Protection of *Araspes*.

The young Hero had in Reality all the Virtues that he boasted. His Education under so beloved and respectable a Master; his early and long Habit of opposing and rejecting the smallest Incitement to Vice; and the Delights which he was accustomed to feel in the Sentiments and Practice of what his Judgment approved, had in a Manner so wholly lulled his naughty Self to sleep, that he did not so much as dream that he had an Enemy within him.

This, my *Harry*, was his heavy Misfortune, and the sad Occasion of his Fall. For, not knowing that his evil *Eſau* was still alive in his Bosom; not knowing that he had any one to oppose or to struggle with; he kept neither Watch nor Guard, and so lay naked and open to the Mischief that came upon him, as I am going to tell you.

On his seeing the Lady who was committed to his Trust, he felt no Emotion nor Sentiment save that of Wonder, as in beholding the most perfect of the Works of his Creator; and he took a Pleasure in providing that she should be treated and accommodated with all possible Attention and Respect, as due to so accomplished and pre-eminent a Being.

As the Nature of his Commission gave him frequent Occasions of being near and about the Person of his amiable Ward, new Beauties grew daily visible and opened to his Eyes. But, above all, in conversing with her, the Music of her Accents, and the Elegance of her Sentiments fell insensibly on his Soul that drank them up, as a dry Ground drinks up the invisible Dew of the Evening.

His

His Occasions for attending her, and doing little Offices and Services about her, now daily encreased without seeming to do so. When he was called and intended to go elsewhere, his Feet imperceptibly carried him to the Presence of *Panthea*. His Slumbers were short, uneasy, and broken; and, at Meals he knew not whether or on what he fed.

At length his Eyes opened to the Calamity of his Condition. But, at the Moment wherein he perceived his Love, he found himself too far gone for the possibility of a Return. He was as a Mariner who had haled his Boat up on Land and, thinking himself secure, had fallen asleep therein; but, while he slept, a spring Tide came silently on, and covered the Shore, and gained upon the Beach, and swelled under the Boat and heaved it from Land, and turning bore it farther and farther to Sea. Then awaken'd the helpless Mariner unprovided of Sail or Oar, or of any Means to effect or attempt a Return. He saw his lost Estate, he stretched his Arms toward the Land, but while he reached it with his Eyes, he found himself carried, by an irresistible Power, still more and more distant from the Sight.

Thus fared it with the wretched, lost, fallen away *Araspes*. He awakened to his Condition, he looked around, but found himself helpless. He would have struggled, he wished his Return to Virtue; but his Wishes were sickly, as feeble as a Dream; and he felt himself borne away, by a secret and subtle Force, from that Honour of which he now barely retained a distant Prospect.

The imbosomed Fire that prey'd upon him, at length became insufferable, and he desperately determined to seek Relief. He threw himself at the Feet of the Object of his Desires, avowed the Ardour of his Passion, and besought her Pity.

The Princess replied, in a mild but resolute Accent, I do pity you, *Araspes*, I pity you the more, as it is all that my Power can ever do for you. Two insurmountable Barriers oppose your Desires, the one is my Honour, the other my Inclination. I am already married to a young Hero, the Prince and Patron of his People, the most accomplished of his Sex, and an Honour to human Nature. He is my first and last Love, he possesses my Heart wholly; but, were it emptied of him, it would not be emptied of its Virtue; and the Thoughts of any other would be an Offence.

Offence to my Soul. Be advised then,
Araspes, depart from Temptation, and seek,
 in Absence, a Cure for the Indiscretion of
 your Love.

Confused, astonished, speechless, *Araspes*
 lost, at once, the little that remained to
 him of Virtue and Reason. He knew not
 what he did, he would have proceeded to
 Violence; when the Princess, suddenly,
 drew a Ponyard and pointed it at her Bo-
 som. Whereat *Araspes* strait withdrew,
 overwhelmed with Shame, Disappointment,
 and Despair.

As soon as he had retired, the Princess
 took a little Tablet, whereon she inscribed
 the few following Words.

To C Y R U S

"Your Favourite has betray'd his
 Trust, he would have offered Violence.
 Think what is due to your own Honour,
 as well as that of

P A N T H E A

This she dispatched to the Monarch by
 one of her faithful Mutes — As soon as
Cyrus had perused it, he sighed, and dropt
 a Tear,

a Tear, as over the departed Virtue of his best beloved Friend — He instantly sent for *Araspes*. *Araspes* durst not disobey. He came indeed, but then he did not dare to look upward.

After a Silence, on both Sides — *Cyrus* cried out! Whoever thou art, account to me for my Friend, account to me for his Virtue! a Virtue that I deemed to be impassable, unaffailable. Whereupon, *Araspes* made the following most memorable of Answers.

As you are but lately entered on your Greek, my *Harry*, I will first read the Passage to you, and then give you the Sense of it, Word for Word.

Δυο ω Κυρε, σαφως εχω ψυχας. Ου γαρ δη μια γε εσα, αμα αγαθη τε εσι κ̃ κακη, κ̃ αμα καλων τε κ̃ αισχρων εργων ερα, κ̃ ταυτα αμα βελεται τε κ̃ ου βελεται πραττειν. Αλλα δηλον οτι δυο εσαν ψυχαι, κ̃ οταν μιν η αγαθη κρατη, τα καλα πραττειται, οταν δε η πονηρα, τα αισχρα επιχειρειται.

“ O *Cyrus*, it is manifest that I have
 “ two Souls. For, if I had but one Soul,
 “ it could not be, at once, both *good* and
 “ *evil*; not a *Lover*, at the same Time,
 “ of

“ of what is *bonest* and *disbonest* ; it could
 “ not at once *desire* and be *averse* to the
 “ same Thing. It is, therefore, most
 “ evident that we have two Souls ; and,
 “ when the good Soul hath the Dominion,
 “ good *Works* are performed ; but *evil*
 “ *Works*, when the evil Soul predomi-
 “ nates.”

Here, *Harry*, you see there was two Men in one Man, which is the same Thing as there being two Boys in you. For the Soul is the Man, *Harry*, and the Body is but as a Sign to give Notice to others that such a Man dwells within.

But, Sir, says *Harry*, since, as you say and as I find, I have two different Boys or Souls within me ; pray, how came they to be different ? did the same God that desired to make the one Soul good, desire also to make the other Soul evil ?

Your Question, my Darling, is very proper, though very deep. I will however endeavour, to the best of my Power, to accommodate my Answer to the Weakness of your Capacity.

God, who is nothing but Goodness, cannot possibly desire any kind of Evil ; and therefore cannot be, immediately, the Author thereof. But he can make or create such

such poor little insignificant Beings as you and I are, *Harry*; though all that God, himself, can do in our Behalf, cannot possibly make us good, or excellent, or perfect, any otherwise than by informing us with his own Goodness and Perfections.

This would lead me, my Love, to the unfolding that capital Secret, of which you are not yet susceptible; a Secret, upon which this World, Sun, Moon, and Stars, with all the Worlds upon Worlds that lie beyond them, depend and hang as your Hat would hang upon yonder Nail.

The Angels that are now in Heaven are great, good, perfect, and glorious Beings; because they are filled with the Greatness, Goodness, Glory, and Perfection of God. For they know that, of themselves, they are nothing; and that, in themselves they are no other than empty and dark Creatures, mere sensible Capacities prepared for the Reception, the Feeling, and Enjoyment of the Light, Virtue, and Blessedness of their bountiful Creator.

How the Spirit of Man came to be, in itself, so much worse than an empty and dark Creature. How it came to be filled and polluted with all Manner of Evil, with Selfishness, Pride, Covetousness, abominable Lusts, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Revengefulness,

vengefulness, and Wrathfulness. How it further came to have a different Spirit begotten within it, informing its Heart and tuning the Chords thereof to Sentiments of Humility, Charity, Purity, Love, Patience, and Peace; this, *Harry*, is the great Secret, of which you are not yet capable; the Secret, as I told you, whereon the World now hangs, whereby it has been changed, and whereby it will be renewed.

In the mean Time let it suffice, for you, to feel and to know that your dark Spirit so filled, as I said, with Evil, is yourself, my *Harry*, is all that you have of the Creature within you: And that the good Spirit, which is begotten within your evil Spirit, is breathed into you by the Power and Spirit of God himself, in order to oppose and conquer the Evil, and enlighten the Darkness, and purify the Foulness of your selfish or creaturely Spirit; that you may finally become as the Angels that are in Heaven, filled with the Purity, Glory, and Blessedness of your God.

Know therefore from henceforward, and let the Sense of it sink into your Soul, my Darling, that all the Evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the Good which is in you belongs to your God. That you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as
think.

think a good Thought, or form a good Wish, or oppose a single Temptation or evil Motion within you. From hence learn to be humble, and to think meanly of yourself, and not to ascribe to yourself any kind of Goodness or Virtue; for that would be Sacrilege, it would be to rob God of his peculiar Property of Goodness. From hence further learn never to prefer yourself to others, or to think better of yourself than of any one living; for, so far as you are a Creature, no one can be viler or faultier than you are; however God may be pleased, through his Mercy and Bounty to you, to be better in you than in others.

Never exalt yourself, my *Harry*, neither in Company or Conversation, of any kind, say I did this or I did that, or I said this or I said that; for, in exalting yourself, you exalt your own proud and evil Spirit above the good and meek Spirit of God that is in you. Let all Praise mortify and be a Reproach to your Conscience; but take Blame with Patience and Pleasure; in so doing you will approve yourself a Lover of Justice, as well as a Lover of your own Reformation.

Lastly, my Love, turn your whole Will and Affections, from your own evil Spirit, to the Spirit of God that is in you, for that is the utmost that any Man can do toward

ward his own Salvation. Reject, spurn, and detest every Motion to Evil; embrace, cherish, and take to your Heart every Motion to Good; you will thereby acquire the never ending Glory of having joined with God, in the Combat and Conquest that he is desirous of obtaining over all the Guilt, Uncleaness, and Depravity into which your Nature is fallen.

Here, *Andrew* came up with Notice to his Master that the Earl of *Mansfield* was below and requested to speak with him. At this *Harry* coloured up and cried, didn't I tell you, Sir, what Trouble I should bring upon you? Don't be alarmed, my Dear, says Mr. *Fenton*; do you stay here. If there is a necessity for your Appearance, I will send you Word.

The Father of young Lord *Bottom* was, in every Respect, the reverse of his Son. He had come on Foot, without Attendants, was dressed in a plain napped Coat, and had the Mein and Appearance of an honest Country Grazier.

My Lord, says Mr. *Fenton*, I should think myself greatly honoured by this Visit, if I was not so much concerned at the Occasion of it. I am truly grieved that my Son should have done such great Offence to young Lord *Bottom*. Sir, says the Earl, I find

I find you have quite mistaken the Intent of my Visit; I am come to thank your Son for the just and noble Lesson which he gave to mine; and which he has so forcibly impressed upon his Memory, as will not, I trust, permit him to forget it in a hurry. My Lord, replied Mr. *Fenton*, my little Fellow is very sensible of his Misbehaviour in this Business. He was the first to chide himself, and he told me the Story, very much, I assure your Lordship, to his own Disadvantage.

Mr. *Fenton*, rejoined the Earl, after what I have heard of your Boy, from one *Jack Freeman*, a very faithful and intelligent Servant of mine, I am quite impatient to see him, and there is nothing generous which I am not willing to believe concerning him. My Wife indeed is not, at all Times, in my way of thinking. She has taken her young Lord with her, to Town, to the Doctors; and I am concerned at the Violence of the Resentment which she expressed on this Occasion, as it may be a Means of deferring that Acquaintance and Intimacy, which I heartily wish to cultivate with the Family of Mr. *Fenton*. But where is this wonderful Boy? I request to see him.

Harry, hereupon, was immediately called down. As he apprehended that he was

was sent for to be severely chidden, a little resentful Haughtiness arose in his Mind, and strengthened it against the Violence of the Reproofs that he expected. He therefore entered with an Air that no way favoured of Mortification, and made but a cold though solemn Bow to the Earl.

Bless me, exclaimed my Lord, what a striking Resemblance! I never saw two Faces or Persons so much alike. There is no Difference, Mr. *Fenton*, between you and your Son, except what Age has made. Mr. *Fenton* smiled, and my Lord continued. I always had a Notion that your Heroes were huge Fellows, but here I think we have got Heroism quite in Miniature. Can this be the one, who as I am told, with a Trip or a Blow, overthrows and demolishes all before him? Come to me, my Dear, and give me Leave to salute you.

Harry respectfully approached; and my Lord, taking him in his Arms and warmly kissing him, said, I thank you, my little Man, for the generous Lesson which you gave to my very naughty Boy; and for the Difference with you taught him to make, for the future, between the Sauciness of a Lord and the Sentiments of a Gentleman.

Harry

Harry felt himself, at once, disconcerted, abased, and wholly cut down by this Compliment from his Lordship. At length, recovering himself, he answered. You mean to be sure, Sir, to reprove me the more by what you have said; but if you are in earnest, I'm sure it's a very bad Lesson which you teach me, Sir, when you praise me for my Faults and so encourage me in them. Faults, my Dear, cried the Earl, I heard of none such; what do you mean by your Faults? I mean, Sir, that when I told your Son as much as that he was not a Gentleman, it shew'd that I was still less of the Gentleman myself; and I very well deserved the Blow which he gave me for such an Affront; and I am ready to ask his Pardon whenever you please, my Lord. No, no, my Man, cried Lord *Mansfield*, you shall never Disgrace yourself so much as to make any Submissions to my naughty Boy. I shall think it no Disgrace, quick and affectingly replied *Harry*, to make Submissions to any one, who is Son to such a Gentleman as my Lord *Mansfield*.

My Lord, for some 'Time, looked with Astonishment at the Child; when, eagerly catching and pressing him to his Bosom, he cried out, On my Soul, you are the sweetest as well as the noblest Fellow I was

was ever acquainted with; and, Sir, I shall think it an Honour to be admitted among your Friends; and that's what I would not say to many in *Old England*. Mr. *Fenton*, continued the Earl, if you will give yourself the Trouble to enquire out my little Lodge on the Hill, you will oblige me; though I envy your Character I shall be glad of your Acquaintance. So saying, Lord *Mansfield* got up, after his blunt Manner, and precipitately withdrew.

On the following Evening, Mr. *Fenton* took *Harry* and Mr. *Clement* into his Study, and taking from his Pocket-Book a Number of Bank Bills, Mr. *Clement*, says he, I here make my *Harry* a Present of fifteen hundred Pounds, reserving only to myself the Privilege of advising how it may be laid out and secured for him to the best Advantage.

To-morrow Morning you and he are to set out on Foot for *London*, and there to take Lodgings as near to the *Fleet* Prison as you can conveniently be accommodated. You are then to apply to the Keeper, and to give him a Gratuity for making out a written List of all the Prisoners under his Custody, with their Quality and Condition annexed, as also the Sums respectively due,
and

and the Terms during which they have been in Confinement.

You are then to enquire from him the several Characters, Distresses, and Merits of all the Prisoners of Note, and to make an Entry thereof in a separate Paper; but then you are not to depend altogether on his Report. You are to go from Room to Room, to converse with the Prisoners apart, and to enquire from each the Characters, Fortunes and Disasters of the others.

This Inquisition, in all likelihood, will take you up above a Fortnight. But, above all, remember that those, among them, who are most affected by the Distresses of their Fellows, ought to be the principal Objects of your own Charity and Relief.

Let five hundred Pounds of this Money be appropriated to the Enlargement of such Prisoners as are under Duress for Sums not amounting to ten Pounds. You will thereby free the Captive; give means of Bread to the Hungry; and restore to your Country many Members that are worse than useless, that are also a dead Weight and Incumbrance upon her.

Let

Let the remaining thousand Pounds be applied to the Enfranchisement or Relief of those Prisoners of Note, whose Cases and Calamities call for singular Compassion. And be sure to keep an Account, where your Money may fall short of such valuable Purposes; and, as far as five hundred Pounds more will reach, we will supply the Defect.

Hereupon, *Harry* caught his Patron about the Neck, and repeatedly kissing him, cried, O Dada how happy, how very happy you make me! O, that we had Money enough to employ every Fortnight, the Year round, like this sweet Fortnight!

The very next Morning our Travellers set out on their generous Expedition. But, we forbear to say any Thing, relative thereto, till their Return; as they themselves are the best qualified and, in Truth, have the best right to give the Particulars of their own extraordinary Adventures.

Our *Harry* and his Friend *Clement* had not been gone above an Hour, when Mr. *Fenton* received a Card from the Countess of *Maitland* requesting his Company to Coffee in the Evening. She was Widow
to

to the late Earl, a very lovely Woman, had taken the most sumptuous House on the Hill, and was resorted to by Numbers of the first Figure, from among whom she was perfectly qualified to make an Election, exceedingly entertaining to herself, of the sensible, the elegant, and the ludicrous.

Mr. *Fenton* attended my Lady precisely at the Time appointed. When he entered, she was writing a Note at her Desk. On turning her Eye to the Door, she was suddenly struck with the Grace of his Figure, the Sweetness of his Aspect, and Ease of his Deportment. She was further struck with a Recollection as of something very interesting, but which had happened at a vast Distance, or of which she had dreamed. Her Heart was affected, she coloured up and again turned pale, without being yet able to move from her Chair. At length, recovering, and rising, and advancing toward him, Mr. *Fenton*, says she, this is a very singular Favour, a Favour for which I have long wished. This Sir, you know, is my third Time of asking, but my two former Cards were not so happy as to bring you. Madam, said he carelessly, I am but a very poor Visitor; however I could not refuse myself the Honour of attending your Ladyship's Summons,

Summons, at least for once. I have been now, said the Countess, three Months on the Hill. Within that Time I have applied to all my Acquaintance, in order to get some of them to introduce me to you, but none of them were so fortunate as to know any of your Name. To be known, Madam, replied Mr. *Fenton*, a Person must have been, in some way, considerable; indeed it is no way disagreeable to my own Inclinations to pass the short Remnant of an insignificant Life, as little noticed as possible. I have been just writing a Note, Sir, says my Lady, be so good to amuse yourself for a Moment with the Books and Paintings in my Closet there, and I will attend you.

Within a few Minutes after Mr. *Fenton* had withdrawn, Mr. *Sneer* enter'd. What, cried he, bowing, all alone, Lady *Maitland*? that's surprizing. Your Sex, it seems, are grown very careless of Improvement, when they neglect the Model by which they should polish their Manners. O you Wretch, exclaimed the Countess, what brought you here of all Things? I have a World of Company to be with me this Evening, and if they get but a Hint of your coming, I shall be left as much alone as the Statue in *Busby-Park*. Law Madam, cries Mr. *Sneer*, is it possible that with all your Discernment you should be

so much mistaken? permit me to assure your Ladyship, that I am plagued out of my Life, by the Solicitations of Numbers of the first Quality for my Company. You, you Brute, cried my Lady, your Company courted! it must be by *Indians* then, who have a Reason of their own for worshipping the Devil; why you make no more of Characters, than a Reaper does of Grass, when he is cutting down Weeds. O Madam, exclaims Mr. *Sneer*, they like me never the worse for that; every one gladly compounds for the maiming of their own Character, to have the Pleasure of seeing those of their Neighbours hewn down. But, pray Madam, what Company do you expect this Evening? Why there is Colonel *Sweetpounder*. Colonel *Sweetpounder* of all Things? Yes, Sir, and a very fine Gentleman too, in my Opinion. Why Madam, the Man would not want Sense, it is true, if he had not wholly mistaken the Manners of his Profession. He has been, as I am told, in some trifling Engagements, but never had the Rudeness to attack his Enemy, without white Gloves. He had like to have lost his Life, upon a Retreat, by the Delay which he made in search of his Sword Knot.

Here a Footman enter'd saying, Colonel *Sweetpounder*, my Lady. — Lady *Maitland*,
says

says the Colonel, your truly most devoted. More your's than you are any one's, Mr. *Sneer*; you are extremely happy, Sir, in your *tete a tete* with her Ladyship, but People have not always the choice of their Company. Severe, Colonel, very severe upon my Honour, says Mr. *Sneer*. He who wars on the World, replies the Colonel, should not hope to escape without a Scratch, Mr. *Sneer*; and I have Faults enough to make me angry with all who are censorious. Colonel, said the Countess, Mr. *Sneer* has been railing at me through fifty Families, and is but just come to assist me to rail at my Neighbours. On my Soul, Madam, says Mr. *Sneer*, I am resolved not to spare the least of your Failings, when I am once so ingenious as to discover where they lie. Your Justice, Mr. *Sneer*, to the Merits of this Lady, exclaims the Colonel, entitles you to say what you will against the rest of Womankind.

Mr. *Fenton* just then re-entering, the Countess introduced him to her Acquaintance. I hope in Heaven, Madam, cried Mr. *Sneer*, that the Company whom you expect may be wholly the reverse of this Gentleman's Appearance! the Mouth of Raillery must else learn the Language of Admiration, and that would be an Exchange

change by no Means suitable to my Taste. Mr. *Fenton* bowed, but was silent.

Here was rap, rap, rap, rap; and immediately Lady *Cribbage's* Chariot was announced. There now, cries Mr. *Sneer*, there is the happiest Woman in the Universe, that's certain. She divides her whole Time between the two Delights of her Life, CARDS and SCANDAL. She is never tired of either, and yet runs from one to the other, that Variety may give the higher Relish to both.

Lady *Cribbage* here entered, in all the Hurry imaginable. She flew and embraced the Countess with Transport. My dear dearest Lady *Maitland*, says she, how happy am I to have got to you at last! Heavens, what have I endured before I could get free of that odious *London*? what a Gauntelope have I run! a hundred and fifty Visits, no less upon rep: and through such a Sortment too, as your Mercers say. But there is no dispensing with these Fopperies; they had all dropt Cards at my Gate; and I couldn't but return the Visit, in good Manners to myself you know. There was Lady *Gadabout*, and Mrs. *Chat-away*, and Mrs. *Tenderfides*, and Lady *Frump*, and Lady Dowager *Gossipper*, and Miss *Giglett* the merry Miss of threescore, that you know. La Madam, exclaimed the

the Countess, why, these are all Persons of distinguished Fashion. Ay ay, my dear Friend, replied Lady *Cribbage*, they are the Noughts of the great World; when such as Lady *Maitland* are pleased to figure before them, they acquire a Kind of value; they would not otherwise be pick'd up should they drop on the High-Way. — Colonel *Sweetpounder*, ten thousand Pardons! I really did not observe you. — Your Servant Sir — a fine Person! (half whispering to Lady *Maitland*) — And you here, Mr. *Sneer*? you are the Man of the World to whom we should pay our first Respects, if we desire that our Caps should sit straight, you know.

Why my Lady, says Mr. *Sneer*, would you be like the *Turk*, and allow no Brother Slanderer near your Throne? But the Field of Folly and Ridicule is wide enough for us both. Besides Madam, we assail in very different Manners; I am like the *Parthian*, no more than a back Stroke and away; but your Ladyship moves on like Time or Death, and mow down your Sex without distinction before you. O fye Mr. *Sneer*, said Lady *Cribbage*, what say you, Sir, can you think so hardly of me? no truly, Madam, answered Mr. *Fenton*; I am rather inclined to believe that you only prune. For I have often observed that, after very keen Hands, Reputation

sprouts anew, and flourishes the better. O, Lady *Cribbage*, Lady *Cribbage*! exclaimed Mr. *Sneer*, that's the severest Thing, upon my Honour, that was said this Day. What, allow a Lady the Will to do Mischief, and not allow her the Power! can any Thing be so provoking? Well, supposing it to be so, rejoined Lady *Cribbage*, I would rather be cut by that Gentleman's Razor than Mr. *Sneer*'s Hatchet. But, apropos, I wonder what keeps Lady *Philligree*, I met her on my last Visit, and she told me she had but half a Dozen more to pay and be with us; she brings with her a new Language for the Day, I'll engage. That Woman, says Mr. *Sneer*, ought to be strung up for minting our *English* Dialect. True, added the Colonel, if her Coin would pass. Ah Colonel, said Mr. *Fenton*, what Species of Folly or Faultiness will not acquire Currency, when impressed and uttered by Persons of Fortune and Figure?

Come, dearest Lady *Maitland* cried Lady *Cribbage*, while we choice Spirits are got together, let us know what Company you have summoned for the Evening. I hope in Goodness you have laid in a sufficient Fund for Merriment. I should droop to Death, if the Propriety of their Manners left no Room for Laughter. Fear not, said the

the Countess, but mark the Characters as they pass.

First, there is Sir *Bumkin Toilette*. Most excellent, exclaimed Lady *Cribbage*, the amphibious Wretch! he that is so like an Otter, between his Country Breeding that he can't get rid of, and his Court Breeding that he can't assume.

Again, there is Lord *Bottom* Earl of *Mansfield*, lately come to the Hill. Ay, added the Colonel, there is the Sample that Nature gave us when she intended to shew what Man ought to be. He, the Bear, cries *Sneer*; for Heaven's sake, Colonel, how can you praise a Man whose Manners are so wholly the reverse of your own? I allow that he has Talents and Learning, though he seems to know nothing about the Matter; and he piques himself, solely, on the most plebeian of all Virtues, that of being an HONEST MAN. Do you know him, Mr. *Fenton*? just enough, Sir, said Mr. *Fenton*, to make me fear that I should rather afford Matter of Ridicule to his Lordship, than hope to be merry at his Expence. I have been told, said *Sneer*, that, on his Return from his Travels, he was an accomplished *Cavalier*, but he suddenly took a disgust to all Manner of Politeness; and I question, at this Moment, if there are five Men in *England*

to whom he would say, *your Servant!* and I am confident, added the Colonel, that there are not five Men in *England*, whom he would not serve.

Talk not of him, dear Colonel, exclaimed Lady *Cribbage*; he says more shocking Things, in fewer and simpler Words, than any *Cynic* that ever breathed. Because Madam, rejoined the Colonel, he is too much our Friend to hurt us by Flattery, and he never reproves but with an Intention to reform. Well, well, cried *Sneer*, I own there is not much Matter for Laughter in his Character. Let us call another Cause. Who comes next, Lady *Maitland*?

The Widow *Mawkin*, says the Countess, the huge *Kentish* Fortune. She who keeps three marriageable Daughters in the Nursery, for fear People should be so impertinent as to enquire who brought them into the World. She is not yet in despair of a third Jointure. And she would bribe others, by her Smiles, to be as forgetful of her Age as she is herself. I never see her, cries Lady *Cribbage*, but she puts me in mind of a May-Morning, when the long Pole is awkwardly hung with Flowers and Garlands. She has been equally happy, adds Mr. *Sneer*, in adorning her Mind with

with the Flowers of Science, and is as ridiculously affected in the Parade of her Learning as she is of her Dress. I could pity or pardon all this, says the Colonel, if she were not so merciless in her Censures, on an Article of Female Virtue, to a single Breach of which no Man living will ever lead Mrs. *Mawkin* into Temptation. But, have you any more Blocks, Madam, for the hewing out of our Mercuries?

Yes yes, said the Countess, there's enough to laugh with, and enough to laugh at, I warrant you. There's our Friend *Billy Bustle*. O Lud! scream'd Lady *Cribbage*, I wish I had brought another Gown; this is he who is always so busy where there's nothing to do; he is so full of his Friendships that you never can escape without some Damage; and he spoils you a Suit of Brocade in his hurry to reach you your Coffee.

Then, says the Countess, there's Miss *Trinket*. O the pretty Bauble, cries Mr. *Sneer*, whoever marries her will have something to hang to his Watch. Again, there is *Franc Faddle*, whose Company is so universally courted. That's what amazes me of all Things, cried the Colonel, the insensible Wretch! he is quite callous to the

keenest Sting of Satire; the Fool is good humoured, it must be confessed; he is so desirous of promoting Merriment, that he actually enjoys the Laugh that is raised at his own Expence. It is then no longer, said Mr. *Fenton*, any Matter of Wonder that his Company should be sought after, since all love to laugh, but very few to be laughed at.

There was a Mystery in the Behaviour of Mr. *Faddle*, said *Sneer*, that no one dreamed of. It happened, some Time since, to be in Company where he had set himself up as a Butt to be shot at. The Novelty of the Thing surprized me. I examined him with Attention. I remarked the Cleverness of the Address with which he used to turn the Joke upon himself; and I discerned, under his Submission to the Triumph of others, an Understanding quite superior to that of his Ralliers. In a few Months after, I happened to join him in a private Walk. Mr. *Faddle*, said I, I can't conceive why you should offer yourself, as an Object of Jest and Ridicule, to People infinitely your Inferiors in every Thing except Fortune.

I am no longer under that Necessity, answered *Faddle*. You see I am in Mourning. A Relation has lately left me seven hundred a Year. You are the first, Mr. *Sneer*,

Sneer, who had the Discernment to detect me, and are entitled that I should Account to you for my Behaviour.

I am a younger Brother. Early in Life, I was left wholly dependent on my Mother's small Jointure; and Experience quickly shewed me that the Countenances of all about me caught a Coldness and Disregard from the Knowledge of my narrow Circumstances.

How to remedy this Evil; how to procure an Interest in the *Golden Idol* before whom all Nations and Languages fall prostrate, was the Question.

I found myself in a World where a Genius for Pimping, or a Genius for Knavery was indispensably necessary to the Acquisition of Favour. I was so unfortunate as to want Talents for those valuable Purposes. I could not even betray an Enemy, to serve a Friend. I therefore found myself excluded from the Patrons of the present Age, as I could neither contribute to the Modes of their Interest or the Modes of their Pleasure.

At length, I thought upon the Stratagem that surprized you. It requires no greater Art, said I to myself, than to be wise and humble, wise enough to acquiesce in being

ing deemed a Fool, and humble enough to submit as a Footstool, for others to raise themselves, in their own Opinion, and in the Eyes of the Company.

My Project succeeded beyond Expectation. I was admitted to an Intimacy with the Chiefs of the Land. My Company was coveted and sought by all the Great; and happy was the Peer who could boast, to his Visitants, he should have *Faddle* to Supper.

Mean Time, I was by no Means a Jest for all. I knew how to turn the Ridicule upon such of your middling Gentry as presumed to laugh like their Betters; and I never failed to pull down those from whose Interest or Favour I had nothing to expect.

I had a Number of these Right Honourable Patrons, each of whom would gladly have engrossed me to himself. They all contributed to make me relish the Jest. Independent of very considerable Presents, they have procured me some pretty Sinecures to the amount of about six hundred Pounds a Year. So that you see Mr. *Sneer*, I am now in a fair Way of being enabled to see others to permit me, in my Turn, to laugh at them.

I do

I do not feel in myself, said Mr. *Fenton*, a thorough Approbation of this Gentleman's Character. There is something unamiable in every Species of Imposition; and even the Merit of Mr. *Faddle's* Humility receives great Alloy from its Disingenuity. His good Sense however is laudable, since his Intention was innocent, with Respect to the Persons upon whom he practised his Stratagem. Does he bring up the Rear of your Visitants, Lady *Maitland*?

No, said the Countess, we have Lady *Homespun*, with an *et cetera* of no Characters, yet to come. — *Homespun*! exclaimed Lady *Cribbage*, upon my Word, the best Sort of a Gammer of Quality that I know. The good Woman would really be sensible Company, if she was not so utterly void of Education. Could you think how the poor Creature exposed her Ignorance t'other Day? she popped in where I was engaged at four handed *Cribbige*. Having peer'd over the Game with vast Sagacity; what, says she, I think your Ladyship has got to your old Game of *Quadrille*. Ha, ha, ha! Lady *Homespun*, I fancy, is one of those who think of getting into a Fashion, exactly at the Period that others have got out.

Madam,

Madam, said the Countess, if Lady *Homespun* had Time to spare, from the Duties of Religion and a Life of Benevolence, she would undoubtedly employ it in studying Matters more suitable to your Ladyship's Taste. Her Peccadillos, however, are pardonable on Account of her Pleasantry; for while she laughs, with great Justice, at the Follies of high Life; she laughs at herself also, with great good Humour, for being so sensibly out of the Fashion.

Here again was a loud rapping; and the Beals were repeated, with little intermission, till all the Company arrived. They succeeded so quickly, that Lady *Maitland* had scarce Time to receive each of them with a Distinction, and Manner of Address, that she judged most agreeable to their Humours and Characters.

In the first Place, Mrs. *Philligree* rushed in and cried, Lady *Maitland* I am most superlatively your's. I am your's, Madam, said the Countess, positively, beyond all Comparison.—Such a Stranger as Miss *Trinket*! you have enquired the Way at last, then. I felicitate you, Miss, on your new Acquisition. I am told that your Green Monkey is absolutely the greatest Beau, and the greatest Wit, within the Purlieus.

Parlieus of Saint *James*? — Sir *Bumkin Toilotte*, how happy you make us! I hear you have got rid of all your vile Country-Incumbrances of huge Houses and dirty Acres, and that the Court may now hope to have you all to itself. — Mr. *Faddle*, this was a Favour I ought not to have expected. Her Grace has Company this Evening and looks for you, without Question. But, hark'ee Sir! there are some here who have too much Discernment to be induced, by your Arts, to make a Jest of a certain Person who claims their best Respects. — Mrs. *Mawkin*! you put us under a thousand Alarms; we were afraid we shou'dn't have you. Dear Madam, how extremely rich and elegant is all this! and how condescending, in a Lady of your Taste, to appear to owe any Thing to Dress and outward Ornament. O, Mr. *Bustle*, thrice welcome! our Sex may now boast of having a Servant. For, these other Man-Creatures are so listless, or so awkward, as not to merit a Curtsey in the way of Wages — My Lord *Mansfield*, this is more than an Honour, it is a Benefit. If some of us are not improved before you leave us; I shall, for my own Part, take great Blame to myself — My dear Lady *Homespun*! how are the sweet Babies? how are your obliging Domesticks, how are all your Cats and Dogs? believe me, I take

take an Interest in the Harmony and good Humour of every Thing about you. I think, said Lady *Homespun*, they all begin to droop, since your Ladyship has ceased to make them happy by your Presence.

The Earl of *Mansfield*, looking about, perceived Mr. *Fenton*, turn'd precipitately to him and, catching him in his Arms, Mr. *Fenton*, he cried, how glad I am to meet you, what an Advantage I shall esteem it at all Times and in all Places! how is my *Harry*, my little Hero? Mr. *Fenton* bowed twice.

Here, *William*, said the Countess, Tea and Coffee! and order the Tables and Cards to be laid in the next Room. Lord *Mansfield*, what News? you are an Intimate of all the Foreign Cabinets.

Our domestic News, answered the Earl, is by far the most extraordinary. It is affirmed that our Freeholders, throughout the Shires and Burroughs of *England*, have entered into a Resolution against Bribery and Corruption.

Our Parliament also have this Moment, in agitation, an Act for establishing the two Virtues of PROBITY and CHASTITY, respectively, among the Sexes. To this Act they further propose to add several

ral Clauses, in the Nature of a Codicil annexed to a Will. Among others, it is intended to make a general Exchange of the Forms of good Manners, for the Offices of good Nature; and all Acts of Benevolence are hereafter to pass, by an immutable Law, for Proofs of high Breeding.

It is further to be enacted, that every Courtier or great Man may be sued upon his Promise; or even on such Intimations of Nods, Smiles, or Whispers, or Squeezes by the Hand, as may credibly be supposed to keep People in Expectation. No Advantage is to be taken of Ignorance by any Trader, nor of Innocence in the Commerce between the Sexes. The Glow of Modesty is the only Rouge that will be allowed to any fair Face of Quality, in these his Majesty's Dominions.

No Person of any Station, will hereafter be permitted to go abroad in search of Faults, till they can find none at Home by the help of a Candle. And lastly, all Slander is to be accounted petty Treason; forasmuch as it has been intimated, some how or other, that the Loss of a good Name is more deplorable, in its Consequences, than the Loss of any other Property, or even of Life.

Hey

Hey Day! exclaims the Countess, at this Rate we shall have Lady *Homespun* at the very tip Top of the Mode. — Ay, says Miss *Trinket*, but what will become of your Ladyship, who are now accounted the Pattern of all Elegance and Politeness? O Miss, cried Mr. *Faddle*, Lady *Maitland* will do well enough I warrant you. She has only to drop a few Articles that are superfluous to her good Sense and her good Nature. She will thereby, as I take it, be only undressed, and happily restored to all her native Loveliness.

Dem'me, exclaims Sir *Bumkin*, if Matters come to this pass, I shall have made a fine Kettle of Fish on't, shan't I? to throw away so many thousands of Pounds, with an Immensity of Time and Pains on Delicacy, and Taste, and Virtu, and the Beau-Monde, and all that ——— What, cries Mrs. *Mawkin*, are our Parliament beside themselves? here has the World been growing up, these six thousand Years, to its grand Climacteric of courtly Accomplishments, and now they would overthrow the whole Building, and mix us of the Pinnacle with the Dust of the Vulgar. If we of high Life are to be laid under Restraints, with Cits and Villagers, what Advantage will Fortune give us? it will no longer be of any Use to its Owners.

——— This

——— This is preposterously, cried Mrs. *Philligree*, the most laughable Scheme that ever was conceivable on this Side the Tropic. Our Parliament would affect to be an heteroclite to all other Parliaments. But the best on't is that their Power is immensely too little for the Greatness of the Immenfity of their Undertaking ——— Pardon me, Madam, replied the Colonel, I know of nothing beyond the Ability of our Parliament. In Spirituals, alike as Temporals, their Power is the same in *England* as that of the *Pope* is at *Rome*; they can bind or loose, at Pleasure, in *Heaven* as on *Earth* ——— Beside, Madam, adds *Sneer*, with Respect to our Parliament, this is very far from being a laughable Scheme; I rather hold it to be both loveable and laudable. They must thereby forego no inconsiderable Advantages on their own Part. They will no longer be interested in the Prostitution of their Constituents, or the Sale of their Country. They have it even in Contemplation to decline their capital Privilege of maintaining their Families at the Expence of their Neighbours; and propose, for the future, to pay their Debts. ——— I hope, my Lord, says Mr. *Bustle*, your new Laws are not to be put in Force against the Offices of Friendship and civil Manners. No, Sir, says Lord *Mansfield*, only against the Parade of them.

Here

Here, Mr. *Bustle* observed that the Coffee was filled out, and rose with Precipitation to help the Ladies. — Away you Wretch, keep from me a Mile! screamed out Lady *Cribbage*. No nearer, dear Sir, no nearer I beseech you, exclaimed Mrs. *Philligree* and Miss *Trinket*. — Mr. *Bustle*, says Lord *Mansfield*, I would advise you to tender your Services to Lady *Maitland* and Lady *Homespun*; if you happen to spill your Coffee on their Clothes, you will oblige them with an Apology for giving them away to the first poor Body. — I wish my Lord, says Lady *Cribbage*, that you knew how to Compliment some, with less Expencc to others. But apropos, my Lord, these same compassive Acts against Slander, and going from Home in search of Faults, as you phrase it; have they yet passed into a Law? — they have not, Madam. — O, then we may take Goodman Time by the Fock. Pray, Ladies, have ye heard any Thing lately of the two Miss *Wortby's*? — nothing new, answered the Countess, nothing more than that they are both very good and very amiable. — Poor Orphans, says Lady *Cribbage*, they are greatly to be pitied. The eldest has preferred an Intrigue with her Guardian's Footman to the honourable Addresses of Mr. *Melvin*, and is retired for a Month or so to her Aunt in the Country.

While

While her Sister, on the other Hand, preferred lawful Marriage with the Butler to a Settlement of a thousand a Year from his Grace of *A*———. Miss *Worthy*, said Mr. *Faddle*, is certainly gone to her Aunt's, as your Ladyship intimated, for Mr. *Melvin* and I are to be with her in a few Days, by her own Appointment.——— And I can vouch, added the Colonel, that her Sister has married the Butler your Ladyship mentions, for he is a very particular Friend of mine; a young Gentleman of great Merit, Family and Fortune, who assumed that Disguise, like a Hero in Romance, in order to gain the nearer Access to his Princess.

For Shame, Gentlemen, says Lord *Mansfield*, no more of your Vindications I beseech ye. Perhaps there is not a single Person, present, who is not at this Moment a Subject of Raillery, mayhap of Calumny to some other Tea Table. Let us also take up the Racket and return the Ball of Scandal. Indeed, I know few People of whom any good can be said, and none who may not be censured, without Offence to Truth. Beside, as Evil is now spoken so universally of every Body, no one is hurt thereby. If any, in particular, should escape Detraction, it might justly be suspected that they had no one Quality that deserved to be envied.

O fye

O fye, my Lord, cried Lady Cribbage, how can you think so uncharitably of People? there are many of my Acquaintance who have really valuable Qualities. 'Tis true, there is Lady Gamelove, and Mrs. Situp, and Miss Freak, and a Hundred others whose Heads will fit the Cap of Scandal turn it which way you will. But then there is Mrs. Orderly, and Miss Neighbourly, and a few more whose Reputations remain almost quite unsullied. If Mrs. Orderly has Faults, she however has the Discretion to keep them from View. Miss Neighbourly, indeed, does not set up for a Beauty; she knows she will have nothing to repent of for any Murders committed by her pinking Eyes; but then she is the best tempered and pleasantest Body breathing; she never fails to excite Merriment wherever she comes; 'tis a pity it should ever happen at her own Expence.

Have ye heard, Ladies, said Mr. Sneer, of the late very facetious Affair that happened, between Mr. Cornish and his Friend Lord Freelove? Mrs. Cornish had expressed to her Husband, an eager Desire of seeing foreign Countries; and, piqued at his want of Indulgence, she took the Opportunity of Lord Freelove's going abroad to accompany him as far as *Aix la Chapelle*.
From

From thence Lord *Freelove* wrote to his Friend, a long Letter filled with penitential Apologies, wherein he offered him the Disposal of his Fortune and Interest, as a small Compensation for having robbed him of so very valuable a Treasure. To this Mr. *Cornish* had the Candour to reply that he scorned to take an ungenerous Advantage of his Lordship's Liberality. That he was not sensible of any Injury his Lordship had done him. That, on the contrary, he looked upon his Lordship, as the one, under Heaven, to whom he was most obliged; to whom he considered himself as singularly indebted; and whom he should ever remember in his Prayers, for having eased him of the capital Incumbrance of his Life.

What surprises me most in this Adventure, said Mr. *Faddle*, is the Conscientiousness of Lord *Freelove* in a Matter of which nobody else makes a Scruple. There is Sir *Frederic Feeble*, a Man of threescore, and of so crazy a Constitution that the very first Disorder, with a little Help from the Doctor, must carry him off. And yet, within these seven Months, he has added to his Seraglio five *Lancashire* Virgins, beside three married Ladies whom he has taken into keeping, and who eloped to him from young and good looking Husbands.

Mr.

Mr. *Faddle's* Remark on the Conscientiousness of Libertines, said Mr. *Fenton*, reminds me of *Jack Wilding*, a quondam Acquaintance of mine. I had the Story from himself; it is an Adventure of which he boasted; and the Recital, in his Opinion, did by no Means detract from his Character, as a Gentleman.

Mr. *Wilding* was of a neighbouring Country, and was educated by pious Parents, in a scrupulous Observance of his Duties to God and Man. When they thought him confirmed in his civil and religious Principles, they sent him here to study our Laws in the Middle Temple; where he speedily learned that Pleasure was the only Good, and that the Laws of Nature were irreversibile by any subsequent Appointments. However, he piqued himself extremely on what is called the Punctilio of Honour, and would run any Man through the Body who should intimate that he had been guilty of an unjust or ungenerous Action.

Wilding was a young Fellow of Parts and Pleasantry, and still preserved a very specious Appearance of Virtue. A considerable *London* Merchant conceived a Friendship for him; and, when he was taken

taken under Arrest, on Account of some Debts and a Failure of Remittances, his new Friend advanced two hundred Pounds in his Favour, and made him a general Invitation to his Table.

The Merchant had lately married a lovely young Woman, who lost nothing of her Lustre in the Eyes of Mr. *Wilding*. For the sake of the Wife, he ingratiated himself as much as possible with the Husband. He spent a large Portion of his Time at their House; and while his Friend was abroad, or engaged in the Counting Room, he endeavoured, by a winning Address, and a thousand Assiduities, to thieve from him the conjugal Affections of a Woman, on whose Virtue he deposited his Hopes and Delights, all the Honours of his Family, and all his Peace and Prospect in Life.

Wilding, in order to establish his Credit with the Merchant, had punctually reimbursed him his two hundred Pounds. A Nobleman, to whom the Dice had been lately unfavourable, made him an Offer of a Place at Court on a preliminary Compliment of a thousand Pounds. *Wilding* consulted his Friend on this advantageous Proposal. The Merchant had not the Money but promised to procure it, and, in his Eagerness to promote the Fortune

of this Traitor, he went directly and solicitously abroad for the Purpose. This was an Opportunity which a Man of his Gallantry could not neglect. The grateful Mr. *Wilding* accordingly seized upon it to accomplish the Fate of his Benefactor; and the happiest Lot he left him was, ignorantly, to contribute toward the begetting of Sons and Daughters who, like Maggots, were to be propagated from the Bed of Pollution.

If I didn't fear to be tedious, said Lady *Homespun*, I could give you a recent Instance of Ingratitude even greater than that which Mr. *Fenton* has mentioned, and attended with Circumstances that affected me extremely. The Company instantly urged her to gratify their Curiosity, and she began as follows.

Some Weeks ago, I sent to the Servants Office to enquire for a Female of some Education, who might assist me in the Instruction of my little Girls. The Day following a young Woman came to be hired. Her Appearance was most bespeaking; and, with a Countenance expressive of every Virtue, she look'd a Renunciation of the smallest Title thereto.

I asked

I asked for her Character, but she answered, with an Air of the deepest Humiliation, that she never had been at Service; that she was an unfortunate Stranger who deserved no one's good Word, and that she had nothing to ask but my Acceptance of her Labour, and the Shelter of my Roof.

I had not the Heart to reject her; and on Trial I found that she was Mistress of the polite Languages, and of every female Accomplishment, though she did not seem to have reached her two and twentieth Year.

She grew extremely fond of my Children. She used to look with a melancholy Kind of Pleasure upon them; and frequently during the Times of her dressing or instructing them, I observed her Tears striving to steal away unnoticed.

This, with the thousand Elegancies that accompanied her Words and Actions, made me impatient to know whence and who she was. She perceived my Curiosity and with a beseeching and mortified Air, ah Madam! said she, seek not to hate me; seek not to know the Story of my Shame, since it cannot be told without reflecting

Discredit on Persons of Worth and Honour.

The Day after, Sir *Hammer Homespun* came in, where *Peggy*, for so she called herself, was chatting with my little Girls at the further End of the Room. I am come, my Dear, said he, from a Visit to Mr. *Grace*, the new Acquaintance in whose Praise you heard me speak so largely. I enquired out his House and went up without Ceremony. As I entered his Chamber, I was struck with a new and very affecting Object. He sat opposite to a Pier Glass wherein I observed him, unnoticed; and on each Knee he held an Infant, over whom he wept plentifully, while he caressed them, in Turns, and temperly press'd them to his Bosom.

At length he perceived me and rose in Confusion. You have caught me, Sir *Hammer*, said he, lamenting the Loss of a false Woman, whom yet I cannot cease to love, and whose Fault has not been able to abate my Fondness for these her innocent Offspring. The misguided Wretch, while I was lately in the Country, eloped with Lord *Riot* from her own Honour and Happiness. Lord *Riot* has since paid his Trespass with his Life, but what is become of my *Peggy* I know not. Can I depend on your Goodness to enquire her out? 'tis
a Pity

a Pity that One so lovely should be utterly lost. Here is a Bill for £500, dispose of it, my Friend, as you think best for her Advantage, and let not her Necessities plunge her deeper in Guilt.

Here the Children shriek'd out, and cried that *Peggy* was dead, their *Peggy* was dead! We instantly ran to 'em, and found her in a Fit, in which she continued several Hours without Sign of Life. As soon as she opened her Eyes, she turned them languidly upon me. Ah Madam! said she, you know me now. I am faulty indeed, but much more unfortunate. And, as you were lately desirous to hear my Story, you shall have it without Extenuation or Disguise.

I am Daughter to a poor Farmer who was Tenant to the Father of Mr. *Grace*. When I was about nine Years old, the young Gentleman, who was lately returned from the College, happened to be out a Sporting, and called in at my Father's. I considered him as a Species quite different from all I had seen of Man. His Presence gave me a Pleasure till then unfelt, and his Parting was as the Loss of something extremely dear.

From that Time he chose our Part of the Country for the Scene of his Diversi-

ons, and his Visits became longer and more frequent. He never failed to bring me some little Present, and I betrayed my Affection by many artless Testimonies.

In about three Years, old Mr. *Grace* died. My Father got, no one knew how, into plentiful Circumstances, and sent me to a boarding School where I was carefully educated in all the becomming Matters of which I was capable.

I now began to apprehend from whom my Advantages flowed, and my young Heart was penetrated with the most lively and affecting Gratitude. I grew more reserved however, as my Sentiments grew more ardent; and, whenever my Benefactor came to visit me, we appeared under a mutual Restraint from the Suppression of Passions, which I thought it indecent, and he unseasonable to express.

When I arrived to the Age of sixteen Years, Mr. *Grace* publickly addressed me for Marriage. Can you think it, Madam, that while my Heart embraced the Overture with the warmest Transport; it was yet with the strongest Reluctance, that I yielded to a Happiness which I deemed so injurious to the Honour and Interest of him whom I loved, as I loved my own Soul.

Five Years, the happiest sure that ever were passed upon Earth, I lived blessing and blessed by my Heart's chosen Master, and bore him three lovely Resemblances of the Image that was always present to my Soul.

One Night Mr. *Grace*, returning later than usual, brought home a wounded Gentleman, but entered as privately as possible for fear of alarming me. This Gentleman was Lord *Riot*, whose Life Mr. *Grace* had saved, at the Peril of his own, from the Resentment of an injured Husband who had set upon him with Advantage.

As it was feared that his Wounds were mortal, the Surgeons advised that he should not be removed, and he lay six Weeks at our House, where, induced by Hospitality and the Desire of my Husband, I attended him with a Care and Tenderness that he rewarded with Perdition.

When he took his Leave of us, he seemed to labour under a Sense of insufferable Obligations. As soon as his Health was established, he sent me a Diamond Necklace of great Value; but Mr. *Grace* was then in the Country, and I directly returned the Traitor's Present. The next Day he sent up his Name and requested to

be admitted; but I excused myself from receiving the Visits of Gentlemen in the Absence of my Husband. The Day following however, having bribed my Servants, he was permitted to enter my Chamber; when, without addressing a Word to his Lordship, I severely rebuked my Maid for such an insolent Intrusion, and withdrawing hastily to my Closet, I clapt to the Door.

After this I heard no more of Lord *Riot* for some Time, but, alas! he and his diabolical Instruments were not idle. One Evening, being seized with an unaccountable Drowziness, I lay down and was insensible to every Thing that passed, till I awakened the Day following in a strange Bed, and in the Arms of my cruel and accursed Undoer.

I instantly screamed out and, pushing him violently from me, sprung into the Floor. While I huddled on my Cloaths, all the Horrors of my Condition rose full upon my View. I flew to the Door, but finding it locked, I was seized with sudden Madness. I dashed the Piers and Jars to Shivers. I caught whatever came in my way and threw it at the Villain who, terrified by my Fury, made his Escape through a back Door and bolted it after him.

Some

Some Women whom he sent to me recovered me from a Fit. The dear and tender Images of Husband and Children then came to my Mind. My Rage was drowned in my Grief, I wept and sobbed without ceasing.

For three Weeks I continued thus immured and inconsolable, my Fits of Frenzy still returning whenever Lord *Riot* presented himself to my View. At length I assumed the Patience to expostulate with him on the irretrievable Ruin he had brought upon me, my Wreck of Fame and Honour, and what was infinitely worse, my Loss of Husband and Children, to whose Faces I never more should dare to lift an Eye.

While I continued to reproach my Betrayer, we heard a Bustle below Stairs. He flew to some Pistols that hung in the Apartment. The Door burst open. My Husband suddenly entered. Lord *Riot* fired at him, and somebody fell. But I waited not to enquire into the Issue of the Scuffle. The Face of my injured Husband was now more dreadful to me than that of my Ravisher. The Doors lay open. I hurried to the Street. I flew along I knew not where, and running into

a little Shop, I sat down by the Counter, and fainted away.

The poor Woman of that little House behaved herself toward me with much Humanity. I told her Part of my unhappy Story. And, as I determin'd for ever to hide myself from Family and Acquaintance, and as far as possible from the World; she put me in the way of getting into Service, whereby I have received the only Consolation of which I am capable, on this Side the Grave, that of your Ladyship's Favour and Protection.

Here Mrs. *Grace* closed her distressful History. As Sir *Hanmer* and I greatly pitied and esteemed her, we endeavoured to give her Comfort, by observing that there was nothing in this Adventure, wherewith the most censorious, or even a Husband of the most delicate Sentiments could reproach her. Ah Madam, said she, when my Body was as pure as my Spirit, I was every way unworthy of Mr. *Grace*, and shall I now bring Pollution to his honourable Bosom? How will the World interpret my residing three Weeks in the House and Custody of a Libertine? Alas, I have no Portion save Disgrace to bequeath to my dear Infants, nor any Legacy to my Kindred but Confusion of Face. But——I feel

feel that I hasten to the End of my Sorrows.

As she spoke her Countenance altered, and we persuaded her to lye down and try to take some Repose.

Within an Hour or two after, a Gentleman came and hastily enquired for my Husband. It was Mr. *Grace*. My dear Sir *Hanmer*, said he eagerly, rejoice with me! my *Peggy* is innocent, she is virtuous as ever. That Ruffian Lord *Riot*, by the Promise of a thousand Guineas, prevailed on her Woman to give her a sleeping Potion, and had her conveyed to his House during her State of Insensibility. O my *Peggy*, might I but behold you once again! *Riot*, finding it impossible to subdue her to his Pleasure, refused to pay the Woman the Price of her Perfidy, and she in Revenge told me where he held my Wife secreted. O my distressed, my shamefaced Angel, what is become of you? I took out a Replevin and forced my way into the Villain's House. He aimed a Pistol at me, but happened to shoot his Accomplice. He then drew his Sword, but at the second Pass I pierced him to the Heart. The Traitefs did not immediately die of her Wound; she survived till within this Hour, and in her mortal Agonies she revealed

vealed to me all the Circumstances of this diabolical Plot.

Here we consoled Mr. *Grace*, by informing him that his Lady was safe and in the House, but that she was something indisposed and had lain down to rest. His Impatience was too great to be restrained from seeing her. I entered her Chamber first, and apprised her of his coming. As he tenderly approached, she started up in her Bed, and her Bosom was agitated with agonizing Emotions. She gazed wildly at him. She attempted to speak but could not find Utterance; when seizing his Hand, and catching it to her Lips, she sunk down gently, and expired upon the Pressure.

As some of the Company still continued to honour Lady *Homespun's* pathetic Narration with their Tears. Lady *Cribbage* cried out, Cards, Cards here immediately, to drive away Melancholy!

After Cards, an elegant Supper was served up; and after Supper the Conversation happened to turn upon Dress.

Is it not amazing, cried *Sneer*, (with a sarcastical Glance at the Ladies) is it not amazing to think that the Nature and Reason of Things should be so wholly inverted

verted as, in some Cases, to mean and effect the very Reverse of their original Intention and Institution? the first use that was made of the *Fig-Leaf* demonstrates that *Dress* was solely appointed for the covering of Shame and Nakedness. And yet Woman has been so ingenious, in Process of Time, as to turn the Loss of her Robe of original Innocence, into Matter of Pride and Ostentation.

The covering from Cold as well as from Shame, said *Faddle*, may be allowed of some sensible Use, with respect to *Dress*; at least among us who are placed so far North of the Tropic.

Our Neighbour *Lewis*, last Winter, had Occasion to pass through the Streets of *Paris*. His travelling Palace was drawn by eight white Steeds. The Frost was intensely sharp; the Glasses were all drawn up; and this warm Enterprizer for universal Monarchy sat shivering amidst the wrappings of his Furrs and Robeings.

As he passed, he espied a young Man of a portly Personage, standing at an Angle, clad in a single Silk Coat, with his Hair powdered out, and his Hat under his Arm.

Lewis

Lewis instantly pulled the Bell; his Coach stopped; he let down a side Window; he ordered the Stranger to be called; and, as nothing makes a Man so mannerly as the sensible want of something from the Party to whom he applies, the Monarque addressed him with the most gracious and affable Air, and requested to know by what Means he could keep himself so warm, in such Extremity of Weather.

That, Sire, answered the Stranger, is a Secret which my Honour forbids me to reveal, and which nothing shall extort from me, save the Commands of your Majesty. I promise you, Sir, said the King, that I shall not be ungrateful, and that you shall have no Cause to repent your having entrusted me with your Recipe. I engage then, Sire, that provided you follow my Prescription, there shall not be so warm a Monarch in the Universe. I am impatient, pray inform me, what am I to do? As I do, so please your Majesty, put your whole Wardrobe upon your Back! the King laughed himself into a Heat, and that very Hour ordered a Commission in his own Guards to be made out for his Prescriber.

Your

Your Story, Mr. *Faddle*, is elegantly facetious, said Lady *Maitland*. I apprehend however that other valuable Purposes are answered by *Dress*, over and above the mere *Decency* and *Comfort* of Cloathing. Were it not for the various Distinctions of *Dress*, it would be impossible to point out the several Orders of Men throughout the respective Subordinations that are necessary to Society. Without this useful Expedient, we should be in utter Confusion, we should not know who was who; we should not know to whom Respect or Obedience was due, nor be able to ascertain the Prince from the Peasant.

O lud; cried Mrs. *Mawkin*, as your Ladyship says, how frightfully humbling and mortifying it would be! without the Richness of *Dress*, how should we of the Grand Monde shew any Difference between ourselves and vile Plebeians?

O Madam, answered Lady *Cribbage*, Plebeians are not confined to low Life alone; the great World has its Vulgar too, I assure you. The Difference does not lie in the Richness; I have seen an Ass cloathed in a very gorgeous Sumpter-Cloth. The true Distinction lies in wearing the Qualities of the Mind on the outward Habit,

Habit, in the Peculiarity of Fancy and Elegance of Taste.

Your Ladyship might surely have added, said Miss *Trinket*, that *Dress* is a Handmaid to Beauty too; it serves to adorn and embellish Nature with Art, and to make what was lovely still more attracting. However brilliant a Diamond may be in itself, it wants of its Value and Lustre, till suitably set; there may be an Elegance to be sure in the Manner of setting, but still it ought to be cased in nothing but Gold.

I greatly lament the Departure of Mrs. *Philligree*, said Lord *Mansfield*, it is she who would have adorned your Ornaments, Ladies; and have dressed out *Dress* itself, in a sumptuous *Outrè* of Terms, and new Cut of Phrase. I agree indeed with the Countess, that some Tokens or Markings, such as those that *Dress* supplies, are requisite for distinguishing the several Orders and Subordinations of People in a Community; but I am sorry to find that these same Markings or Tokens should, very nearly, engross the whole of the Things intended to be signified. If you take the full-bottomed Wig from a Judge, what will become of his Wisdom? or Lawn and Sattin from Bishops, what would become of their Sanctity? or, should Monarchs be deprived of their Crowns and
Regalia,

Regalia, I doubt it would be a fearful Abridgment of Majesty.

I also agree with Lady *Cribbage* that the Qualities of the Mind are worn on the outward Habit. But, pray ye, what Sort of internal Qualities do those external Habits exhibit? even every Species of Affectation, Folly and Vanity that is conceivable. The whole futile Soul of a Female seems to have forsaken its frail Mansion and to float upon the Surface of her Attire. In the long Labours of the Toilette, where so much Pains, Time, and Treasure is expended on an elaborate Externity, does not a Woman as good as confess that the whole of her Value lies where the whole of her *Coe* is bestowed?

Now, in all these Operations, Female Vanity proposes to excite the same Sensations in others, that it feels in and for itself, on the pleasing Contemplation of its own Image. Ah misdeeming and pitiable Objects! while ye pass along, or sit exalted in your imaginary Pre-eminence, some of your Sex behold you with an Eye of Contempt, others with an Eye of Envy, and all with an Eye of Malevolence, inquisitive after your Miscarriages, and desirous of publishing and magnifying the smallest of your Failings.

Men,

Men, indeed, behold you with an Eye of Pleasure, because they draw an Inference from your Vanity that flatters their own. They contemplate you as dressing at them. They consider the Labours of your Toilette as a Confession of *desiring to be desired*; as an Advance on your Part, and a Kind of Challenge for them to approach and capitulate.

I own that Beauty, as Miss *Trinket* has observed, may occasionally derive a Sort of Accession from *Dress*, like a Diamond encased in precious Metal. But how much more generally do we observe conceited Ugliness and Deformity deriving additional Darkness from the Lustre that surrounds it, like a Turnip or Toadstool encircled by Gems.

Whether Finery gives additional Force to the Magnet of Beauty, for exciting and drawing our Affections to it, is an Article of which I am much in doubt. What say you to this Question, Mr. *Fenton*?

I hold, my Lord, said Mr. *Fenton*, that Finery is merely a *Narcissus*, that neither loves nor is beloved by any except itself. It is much to be questioned whether Belle or Beau ever engaged the Affections of any sensible Person of the opposite Sex; and, where

where they themselves have been susceptible of the delicate Passion, they from that Moment ceased to be Belles or Beaus. *Paris* is the only Beau, as I remember, that ever was capable of loving a Woman; and yet, as you all know, she was not a dressed Lady to whom he gave the Prize.

Dame *Iris* was the greatest Belle in all the Heaven of Pagan Theology. She was, as we may say, the female *Joseph*, dressed out in her gay Coat of many Colours; and yet we do not find that she ever attracted the love of a single Immortal, or even Mortal, though she duly and daily Visits them in all her Finery, and fails not to shed Showers of Tears at their Disdain.

Finery may dazzle, it may awe, but cannot possibly excite the smallest Pittance of Affection. This can alone be done by something more personal, by something less superficial. Even the *simplex Mundities*, that Ornament of a clean Simplicity, recommended by *Horace*, can operate only by Intimation of deeper Purity. The Virtues alone can weave the truly enchanting Robe of Female Influence, and the Graces alone gird on the *Castus* or Girdle of irresistible Beauty.

Among

Among the infinite Variety of Female Fashions, which in Turns have been fantastically predominant upon Earth, I remember but of one so very obsolete as not to have revived in some distant Age or Climate. That the Memory of this same Fashion should not be wholly lost, it is recorded by Saint *Paul* in his first Epistle to *Timothy*. Here he recommends it to the Ladies to *adorn themselves with Sobriety and Shamefacedness, not with brodered Hair, or Gold, or Pearls, or costly Array.*

Saint *Paul* however, in this Piece of Advice, appears to have spread a Net for the Hearts of his own Sex. The haughty, reluctant, and stubborn Spirit of Man, can reject Wealth and Titles, can look with Indifference on the Symmetry of Shape and Features, and guard itself against the Attacks of Female Artifice; but Female Bashfulness is an unconscious Thief to whom the Doors of all Hearts are instantly thrown open.

In short, the Maid who would atchieve the whole Laurel of Conquest, must not be obvious or obtrusive; like *Daphne*, she must fly though pursued by an *Apollo*.

Here the Company, breaking up, gave distinct and pressing Invitations to Mr. *Fenton*;

Fenton; but he politely excused his Attendance for the present, on Account of a Multiplicity of indispensable Business.

On the following Morning, as he sat in his Study, some one tapped at the Door, and, on his desiring them to walk in, who should enter but Lady *Mailand* in an agreeable Dishabille.

Mr. *Fenton*, said she (deeply blushing and hesitating) I, I, — you must think it very odd — I say, Sir, I should not have intruded upon you, thus out of all Form; perhaps indecently unseasonable. — Please to be seated, Madam. —

The Business I come upon, Sir, is so very interesting, so concerning to my Peace, that I could not refuse myself this Opportunity of breaking in upon you. — Be assured, my dear Madam, that the greatest Pleasure you can do me is to let me know, as soon as possible, wherein I can serve you.

Here the Countess, looking eagerly and inquisitively on him, put her Hand in her Bosom, took out a Picture, and alternately surveying the one and the other, yes, she cried, it is, it must certainly be so. Then, reaching out the Picture, can you tell me Sir, said she, for whom this was drawn, or

or rather do you remember to whom you gave it?

Mr. *Fenton* took the Picture, looked at it, and started; when, recollecting Ideas and Passages, as from afar off; good God! he exclaimed, is it possible, can you be my little *Fanny Goodall*? yes, my dearest Cousin, answered the Countess, as surely as you are the still too amiable *Harry Clinton*.

Hereupon they both rose suddenly, and Mr. *Fenton*, catching his quondam *Fanny* in his Arms, pressed her to his Bosom with warm and kindred Affection. But the Agitation of the Countess was too big for Utterance, till, resuming her Chair, she gave Scope to her Passion, and burst into a violent Flood of Tears.

After a mutual and affecting Silence; ah! cries Mr. *Fenton*, in a Voice expressive of much Emotion, how am I, my lovely Cousin, to interpret these Tears? am I to consider them as further Proofs of your ancient Aversion to me, or as kindly and dear Instances of your returning Affection? — The Countess answered not; and Mr. *Fenton* continued.

You may remember, my Cousin, that I had very few Relations. My only Brother
ever

ever continued to behave himself toward me as an Alien and an Enemy; and my only Uncle and Guardian who, in his later Years, became your Father, was no way agreeable to my Taste or Disposition. In you therefore, from your Infancy, in you alone, my amiable Cousin, I had centred all my Sensations of Fatherhood, Brotherhood, all the Affections and tender Feelings that naturally arise from Kindred and Consanguinity. How have I been delighted with your infantine Prattle, how have I exulted in your opening Charms! on the Death of my first Wife you were my only Consolation; and, in your innocent Caresses and attractive Endearments, I felt a sweetness of Emotion that I never felt before.

On my Return from *France*, with what Transports did you receive me! we grew as it were, in our Embracements, to each other. You were then, as I apprehend, about ten Years of Age. But, on my next Visit, you refused to be seen by me. Soon after, you were taken ill. I daily went with an aching Heart to enquire after your Health, but your Mamma peremptorily refused me Admission to your Presence, till, on your Recovery, you were conveyed from me, and secreted into the Country.

Though

Though this Unkindness went near my Heart, it did not alter my Affections, I still continued to enquire after you, I still continued to be interested in you, and I preferred my ardent Wishes and Prayers to Heaven for your Prosperity.

Mr. *Fenton*, said Lady *Maitland*, (you have unquestionably your Reasons for chusing to be so called) I am very sensible Sir, I say, of your extraordinary Partiality to me from my earliest Years. Your Tenderness, as you mentioned, was that of the fondest of Fathers or Brothers. You knew the Degree and Kind of Affection that was suitable between such Relations, and you kept yourself precisely within the Limits. But alas! for my Part, I knew no such Distinctions. I was as a Piece of Virgin Wax, warmed and willingly yielding to the first kindly Impression. You made that Impression, my Cousin, you made it deep and entire. As I had but the one Heart, so I had but the one Love, and that Love was all your own without Distinction or Degree.

Gracious Heaven, exclaimed Mr. *Fenton*, what is this you tell me, Madam? is it possible that, at your Years, you should actually conceive a Passion for one who
might

might almost have been your Grandfather? ah, if that be the Case, what have I not to answer, for indulging you and myself in those innocent Caresses which, at that Time, fondly constituted the most pleasing Sensations of my Life.

Alas, replied the Countess, if you have any Thing to answer for, on that Account, the Charge indeed is very weighty which I have to bring against you.

I was not eight Years old when I begged this Picture from you, which you generously enriched with this Circle of Diamonds. Soon after, you went to *France* and, during your Absence, this Picture was my constant Companion, whom I caressed, whom I talked to, and to whom alone I made my Complaints in all my little Matters of Grievance.

I know not by what Instinct or Kind of Cunning it was, that I endeavoured to conceal my Affection for this your Resemblance, and never made my Court to it but when I was alone.

The Morning after your Visit, on your Return from *Paris*, as I was carelessly performing the Business of my little Toilette before the Glass; I took out your Picture, and surveyed it with new and encreasing

Delight. In the mean Time I did not know that my Mama stood behind me, attentive to all my Motions that were reflected to her by the Mirror. She heard me talk to your Picture, she saw me kiss it and eagerly press it to my Bosom. At last I turned my Eye to the Glass, and perceived a Piece of her Image, whereon I started, coloured, and trembled, and was thrown, I knew not why, into the utmost Confusion.

Ah *Fanny*, cried my Mother, what is this that I see? your young Heart, my Child, is certainly affected. Unquestionably you love your Cousin *Clinton*.

Ought I not to love him, Madam, does he not love me as well as I love him? No no, my Darling, said my Mother, I would to Heaven that he did. Your Cousin *Clinton* indeed is worthy of all Love, but then he has lately given away his Heart to another. He is married, my *Fanny*. — And can't he love me still, for all that, Madam? — By no Means, my sweet Innocent. When once a Man marries, he vows and swears, and obliges himself to love nobody living but his Wife; and what is more, my *Fanny*, it is accounted very naughty in any Girl to think of loving such a one afterward.

What

What Emotions did I then feel, what a Conflict of opposing Passions! but Repentment, for the Time, got the upper Hand. I had yet formed no Idea of the Relations of Sex, or Matrimony, or any conjugal Obligation, save that of Love alone. But then it was sufficient to me that I had given you my whole Heart, that nothing less than your whole Heart could satisfy me in return; and I felt myself offended and outraged to the last Degree, by your having imparted a Share thereof to another.

The Day following, as I sat, languid and much discomposed, as well by my Passion as want of Rest the Night before; my Mama came up to tell me that you were below and enquired for me. No, no, my dearest Mama, said I, it doesn't signify, I will not see him. Let him go to whomever he loves best. — But, what shall I say to him, my *Fanny*, what Excuse shall I make — No Matter for Excuses, Madam, tell him that I never desire to see his Face any more.

As something informed me that you could not help still loving me a little, I laid hold of that little Love to pique, and disoblige, and be revenged of you for your

Perfidy; and as long as you staid, the Thoughts of the Pain and Uneasiness I presumed you were under gave me vast Delight. But, as soon as I was told you were gone, my Heart sunk down, as from a Mount of Triumph into a Depth of Desolation.

My Mama came up to console me. She highly applauded my Spirit and the Resentment I had shewed; and she blamed you for marrying another, at a Time that you pretended so much Fondness to me. She further endeavoured to set me against your Age. She told me that you must soon be old and ugly and wrinkled, and that you was much fitter to be my Father than my Lover. She also spoke to me of my vast Fortune, of my Beauty and so forth; and that I might have my pick and choice of all the young and handsome Earls and Dukes in the Nation. She opened to me, in a Variety of glittering Prospects, all the Pleasures and Advantages of Wealth, Title, State, Equipage, with the Respect and Admiration of Crowds bending around me. As she represented them to my Imagination, I caught at each of them for Comfort; but alas, I did not find you among them; and all to me became empty.

That

That Night, my tender Mama forsook her own Bed and came to lie in mine. I saw that she had been afflicted; so, for fear of adding to her Trouble, I suppressed my own Emotions, and pretending to be asleep, I lay quiet by her Side, till toward Morning, when I was seized with a violent Fever. During my Illness I was told that you came daily to enquire about me; and that, I believe, above all Things contributed to my Recovery. One Day, my Mama came and informed me that you sat below in Tears, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see me. O, how sweet and comforting did those Tears seem to drop upon my Heart; but, mustering all my little Pride and remaining Dignity, no, no, my Mama, I cried, I will die first! if he doesn't first unmarry himself I will never see him any more.

When I had gotten Strength enough to walk about the Chamber, my Mama and I being alone, I went to my Drawer; and taking out your Picture, and turning my Head aside, I reached it to her, saying, here Madam, take this and lock it up from me; for while I love it and hate it so much, it Troubles me to look at it. My Mama thereupon took it from me, and caught me to her Bosom; but, without

saying a Word, she burst into Tears and straight quitted the Room.

As soon as it was judged that I was able to travel, my Parents, by the Advice of their Doctors, took me far into the Country. My Mother, in the mean Time, had unquestionably confided my Secret to my Father; for, though he was naturally of a severe and backward Temper, he became extremely tender and indulgent toward me.

As I was the only Child they ever had, their whole Care and Solitude was affectionately employed in procuring me a Variety of Gratifications and Amusements. When I was in Spirits, they were in a Kind of Triumph; but my Dejection was to them the most grievous of all Oppressions. They took down my *French* Mistress and Music Master with them; and they collected from all Parts the most agreeable set of Misses and Masters that they could muster; so that my Time was portioned out the most happily that could be between Business and Recreations that were equally pleasing. They had taken Care that your Name should never be mentioned before me; and though, at Times, my Soul was athirst and my Ear opened and turned to hear Tidings concerning you, yet a certain native Bashfulness and fear

fear of offending against Decency, did not permit me to enquire after you.

Thus a Length of Absence, and a Variety of Dissipations by Degrees greatly abated the Ardour of my Passion, inasmuch that I did not seem to feel any more for you. When any Occasion, however, renewed in me the Impression of former Scenes, a thrilling Sort of Chilness would run through my Blood. And, at other Times, when alone and thinking of you, a swimming kind of Stupor would fall sadly upon my Soul.

On our Return to *London* after five Years Absence, the great Number of People, with the Novelty and Variety of Objects that crowded upon my View, amused and engaged my whole Attention. But, when we enter'd the old Mansion; when I turned my Eyes on the Places where you sat, where you walked, where you talked and used to caress me, you became as it were actually visible to my Eyes; something seemed to wring my Heart, and I was seized with a Sickness near to Fainting. I took hold of my Maid by the Arm, and with her Help walked into the Garden for fresh Air; but there too you had got before me, on the Terrace, in the Walks and Alleys, where you used to run feigned Races with me, and to gather

Fruit for me, and to play with me at bob Cherry, and afterward to press the Lips that had gained the Prize. I then turned away from a Place that afforded me no Asylum from you. My Mother met and eagerly asked what ailed me; let us go, Mama, I cried, let us go some where else, I am not able to stay in this Place any longer. Accordingly, that very Evening we removed to Lodgings; and, in a few Days, my Dada took and furnished a new House.

I shall not dwell, my dear Sir, on a trivial Detail of the many Circumstances and little Incidents that happened during the Space of four succeeding Years. An Infinity of Suitors paid their Addresses to me or my Fortune, I neither knew nor cared to which, for I continued alike insensible to all. It is true that during such a Number of Years, having neither seen nor heard from you, I dropt all Thoughts of you, and scarce retained the Traces or Lineaments of your Person or Aspect. From the Impression however which you left in my Mind, I had formed to myself a dear though confused Image of the Lovely, of the Desirable, and this I looked for every where, but could no where find any Resemblance thereof.

In

In the mean Time my Parents urged me strongly to Matrimony. They affectingly represented that they should not die in Peace, if I did not afford them the Prospect of perpetuating themselves in my Offspring: such is the fond Succedaneum which short lived Creatures propose for eking out their Existence, and supplying the Lot of an inevitable Mortality by the flattering though poor Substitute of a Name, or bare Remembrance.

At length I told my Parents that, as I could not form any Choice of my own, I would trust wholly to their Judgment, and take up with whomsoever they should be pleased to appoint. Hereupon they recommended the Earl of *Maitland* to me. I kept to my Promise, and we were consequently married.

My Husband was comely in his Person, easy and affable in his Temper, and a Man of singular Sense and Letters for a Lord. He loved me with Passion, and, as I could not pay him in Specie, I endeavoured to supply my want of Affection to him by my Attention and Assiduities.

On the fifth Year of my Marriage my Father died of a good old Age; and in four Years more my dearest Mother left

me desolate. In her I lost the only Object of fond Affections that I had upon Earth, and my Looks tacitly reproached my Husband for his want of Power to console me.

I believe it was equally unhappy for my Lord, as myself, that we were not blessed with Children. The dear and tender Attachments, that bind Parents to their Offspring, serve also as a subsequent and more affecting nuptial Band for uniting those Parents more intimately to each other. It draws about them a new Circle of Interests and Amities; and, by creating a mutual Confidence, forbids the Intrusion of those Jealousies that must at all Times presuppose an Alienation of Regard. This however was not the Case between Lord *Maitland* and me. We never had a Child. Perhaps, in some Constitutions, a Union of Souls as well as Persons may be requisite for such an Effect.

During the two Years succeeding the Death of my dear Mother, I conceived a Disgust against Company and Entertainments. I took a religious Turn. I looked upon this World and all that it contained as quite unworthy the Regard of an immortal Being. The principal Part of my Time was taken up in Books and Offices of Devotion; in which Employment I alternately sunk under the most gloomy

gloomy Depression of Spirits, and again was elevated above myself into a new World of Joys and inexpressible Openings.

At length I was taken exceeding ill of what the Physicians called a Fever upon the Nerves, which confined me to my Bed above six Weeks. During my Illness, my Husband was the most constant and assiduous of all my Attendants. The affectionate Sadness, the painful Distress, the tender Solicitude, that was visible in all his Looks and Actions, made way into my Soul with an obliging Impression; and, while I reproached myself for my ungrateful Defect of Sensibility toward him, Love, or something tender and very like to Love took Place in my Bosom.

As soon as I was on the Recovery, my Husband disappeared without taking Leave or giving me any Notice; and for three Weeks I knew not what was become of him. At length he returned, pale and greatly emaciated. I had yet lost none of the Tenderness which I conceived for him during my Illness. I took him affectionately by the Hand, which glowed like a Coal of Fire. Ah, I cried, where have you been, what Looks are these, my Lord, what is the meaning of all this? he answered not, but withdrawing his Hand, and scarce deigning to look toward me; I
am

am not well, he faintly said, I must go to my Bed.

While his Servants undressed him, I stood in silent Astonishment, vainly guessing at the Cause of this extraordinary Behaviour; but, as soon as he had lain down, I took a Seat by his Side, and, seizing and pressing one of his Hands between mine, I broke into Tears.

After a sad and mutual Silence, ah Madam, cried my Husband, what am I to understand by these Tears? I am willing to consider them as Proofs of your Humanity, but I cannot consider them as Instances of your Affection. You love me not, Madam; you never did love me. All the Constancy and Complacency of the most ardent Passion, all my Endeavours and Assiduities have not been able to procure me the smallest Interest in your Heart. I blame you not, Madam; alas! we are not the Masters of own Affections. I am sensible that I never deserved your Love. That was a Blessing reserved for a more amiable Object. But then the Tenderness and Truth of my Attachment to you might surely have laid Claim to a Share of your Confidence. Ah, how precious had such a Confidence been to my Heart! it had stood to me in the Place of your Love,

Love, and I should not have reproached you for irresistible Propensities. Yes, Madam, I say irresistible, for I know you are virtuous. Perhaps it was not in your Power to refuse another your Love, but then you might have admitted your Husband to a Share of your Friendship.

You have my Friendship, I cried, my tenderest Friendship, my most affectionate Regards. If my Love is not so ardent as you could wish, you however have all the Love of which I am capable, and you possess it entire and undivided.

What is this you tell me, Madam? I would to Heaven you could still deceive me, that I had still continued in Ignorance! but that is past, it is over, Madam, my Eyes are opened to my Wretchedness; and I die in the double Want of your Faith and your Affection. I have seen your Lover, Lady; I saw him four Days ago from an opposite Window. He stood before this House, in Converse with another. I expected every Moment, that taking Advantage of my Absence, he would have gained Admission to you. I held my Sword ready to follow, to pierce his Heart, and sacrifice him to the Claims of my Honour and my Love. But, he suddenly disappeared and disappointed my Vengeance.

Gracious

Gracious Heaven, I exclaimed, what Madness is this? do you dream, or who is it that has thus cruelly imposed upon you? you shall see the Impostor, Madam, replied my Lord. So saying, he suddenly put his Hand back, and taking your Picture from under the Pillow, he indignantly demanded, do you know the Original of this Portrait, Lady? ah, I screamed, I confess it, I do know him, I did know him indeed; he was the Idol of my Heart, I delighted in him, I doated upon him! you then acknowledge, you avow it, rejoined my Husband, and at length you deign to make me the Confident of a Passion which I suppose, in your Favour, to have been involuntary. Ah, had I been earlier apprised of my Unhappiness, I might not have sunk under the unexpected and sudden Pressure as I do at this Day. But say, who and what is this formidable Rival, who robs me of my Peace; who tears my Life from me?

First tell me, my Lord, said I, how you came by this Picture? I found it in your Cabinet during your Illness, said he, when I searched for your Essences to relieve you from a fainting Fit. I flatter myself that I am not of a jealous Disposition. Curiosity first incited me to hurry it into
my

my Pocket. I afterwards surveyed it more at Leisure, and some starting Doubts arose. I endeavoured to suppress them; I argued with myself that it might be a Family-Picture, the Representative of a Brother or dear Relation deceased. But then some Enemy of my Peace again whispered to my Spirit that, if this had been the Case, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me; you would rather have boasted of such an Ornament of your Lineage; you would have been proud to exhibit it before all People. This staggered me I confess; and additional Doubts and Suggestions were impelled upon my Soul. She reserves this, said I to myself, for her own Eye and Inspection; to revise it, to gaze and dwell upon it in Secret; and to please her Sight with the favourite Image that is impressed upon her Heart. At each of these Reflections I felt a Sting in my Bosom; and the more I revolved and debated on these Uncertainties, the greater Strength they gained and drew nearer to Demonstration. Ah, I cried, her real Coldness and feigned Regards are now equally accounted for. She deceives me, she imposes upon me; and I will counterfeit in my Turn till this Mystery is detected. I then attempted and would have constrained myself to look at you with my accustomed Tenderness; but I found it impossible. I therefore withdrew suddenly and

and without any Notice. If she ever had a Tincture of Friendship for me, thought I, the Apprehension of my Loss will awake in her a Sense thereof. I disguised myself, and, as a Stranger, took Lodgings over against you. I took my Station at the Window. I was on the watch from Morn till Noon, to make a thorough Inquisition into your Conduct during my Absence. I shall discover her Disposition, said I, by the Visitants whom she receives; but, during a Fortnight of Observation, I could not perceive that, of the Numbers who called, any one was admitted. My jealous Passions abated; and I began to reproach myself for having ever conceived them; when, to my utter Confusion, there stood full to my View, in Dress, Aspect, Mien, Attitude, the distinguished Original of the Portrait which I had in my Pocket.

Here, I passionately broke in upon my Husband's Narration. God be praised, I exclaimed; he then lives, he still lives, my most dear and amiable Cousin, though I never wish to behold his Face any more! my only Relation, perhaps now my only Friend, you are still living, and I trust you are happy; and that is enough!

Your

Your Relation, your only Relation, Madam, cried my Lord! is he so near? is he no nearer, no dearer to you than Consanguinity will warrant? proceed my Lord, I said, I will then tell you all, without Disguise or Palliation.

I confess to you, answered my Husband, that the Sight of him struck my Soul with the fullest Conviction of my being betrayed. My jealous Pangs returned with double Poignancy. I was enkindled, I was set on Fire, my Heart was rent several Ways. A violent Fever seized upon me, but my Fury and thirst of Vengeance supported me under it. For four Days longer I held up in the impatient Expectation of once more beholding your Lover, that I might pierce him in a thousand Places, in every seducing Part about him. But Nature at length gave way, I sunk under the Oppression; and I returned, once for all, to behold, to reproach, and to expire before you.

O, my Husband, my Friend, my true Lover, I cried, how I pity, how I feel for you! I excuse your Suspicions however injurious to my Honour, since your Jealousy perhaps is not wholly without Foundation. I did indeed love the Person, for whom that Portrait was drawn, with Tenderness,

derness, with Passion. But believe me, when I assure you that I have not set my Eyes, either on the Original or Picture, these twenty Years.

What, is this you tell me? exclaimed my Lord. You are not yet, as I take it, thirty Years of Age. Could you love, even to Passion, at so very early a Period?

Here I found myself under the Necessity of discovering to my Husband the little Adventures, Impressions, and Sentiments of my Infancy, wherewith you are already acquainted. When I had finished my short Narrative, he seized my Hand, and pressing it passionately to his Lips, and then to his burning Bosom, he melted into Tears. O, my *Fanny*, he cried, my most noble, my adorable Creature! what a Combat have you fought, what a Conquest have you gained, of Grace over Nature, of Virtue against Passion! can you excuse me, will you forgive me? may I hope that you will restore me to the blessings of your Friendship? May I flatter myself that you gave me as much as you could of your Affections? that, if you had been able, you would have loved me with a Love like mine?

I will

I will not distress you, my Cousin, by a Description of the affecting Scenes that ensued. My Husband left me vastly rich, but still more forlorn. During the first Years of my Widowhood, I looked upon myself as a friendless and unnecessary Burden upon Earth. Though I thought of you at Times, it was not without a Resentment and a Tincture of Aversion, for your never having deigned to enquire or find out, whether any such Person, as your too affectionate *Fanny Goodall*, was in the Land of the Living. At length my Physicians and my Friends, (as they stiled themselves) prevailed upon me once more, to enter into the Light and Air and Amusements of their World. I consented. I found my Advantage in it. I gradually got rid of the grievous Oppression that lay upon my Spirits. Since all is Vanity, thought I, let us partake of the Dissipation, and make it as pleasing as we can; and accordingly you found me in the Engagements which you honoured with your Inspection Yesterday.

When you entered, I did not know you. The strange Name of *Fenton*, as well as the Alteration which Years had made in you, shut you out almost wholly from my Recollection. I felt myself however agitated I knew not why. Something in your
Person

Person and Manner renewed, in my Heart, Impressions kindred to those which were once its sole Concern. I could not look at you, I could not speak to you without Emotion. All Night I lay disturbed, in vain endeavouring to remember when or where I had seen you. At Morning a sudden Light darted in upon my Mind. I got up, and flew to your Picture which, at once, laid all open and detected your Disguise.

You are much altered Cousin. Had I first seen you as you now appear, I think my young Heart would not have been so deeply affected. The Ruin however is still very noble, and endearingly renews in me the Idea of what the Building once was.

Your abstracted Air, and the change of your Name seem to intimate some distressing Situation. But, if fifty thousand Pounds, or that Sum doubled will be of Use to you, I shall for once think that Fortune has been of Advantage to me.

My most dear and generous Cousin, replied Mr. *Fenton*, I shall never pardon myself those Grievs which the Excess of my Affection inadvertently occasioned you. No Brother ever loved a Sister, no Parent a Child, with sonder Passion. The Aversion, which I thought you had suddenly taken to me, was one of the most sensible Afflictions

Afflictions of my Life; and my Ignorance of what laterally became of you, can only be accounted for by an Abstract of my own Story.

Here Mr. *Fenton* called for Chocolate. And, after Breakfast, he gave Lady *Maitland* the following affecting History of his own Life and Adventures.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

[000]

...of my life, and my friends
...of your own only
...to the ... of ...



30
 MAY
 59

